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Collier's

NATIONAL WEEKLY

August 26, 1939

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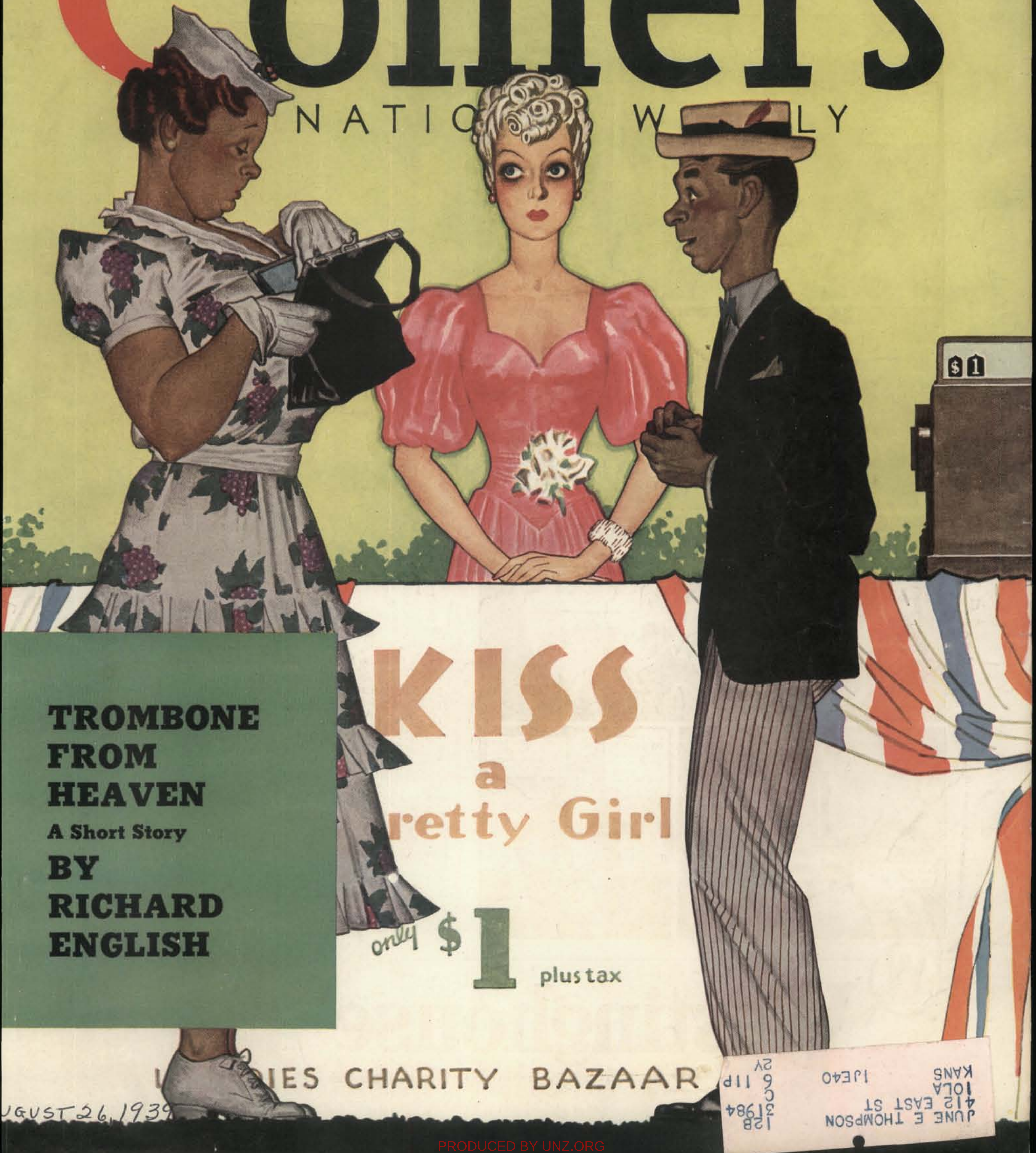
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Pretty Girl
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LADIES CHARITY BAZAAR

TROMBONE FROM HEAVEN

A Short Story

BY RICHARD ENGLISH

UGUST 26, 1939

JUNE E THOMPSON
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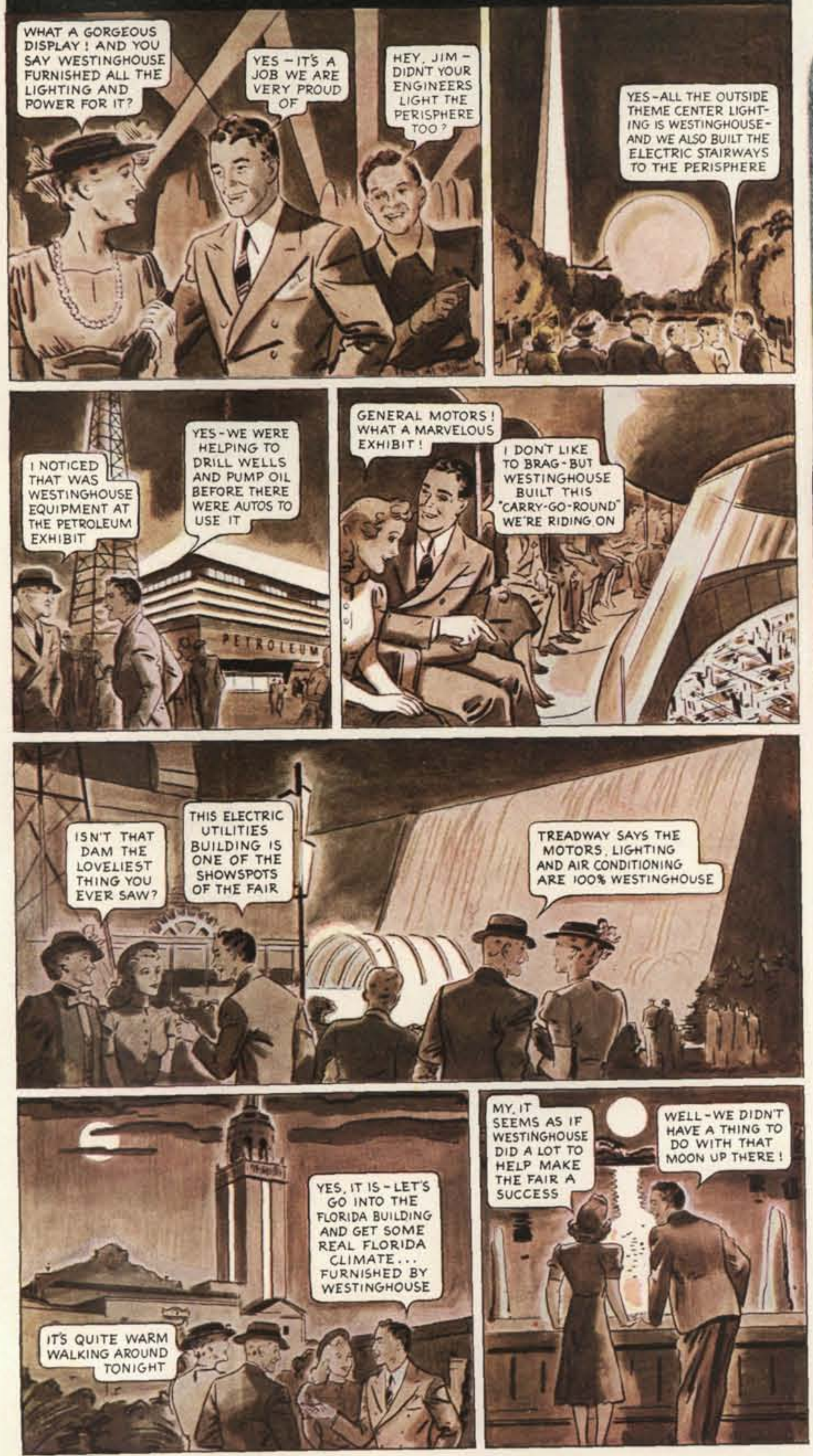
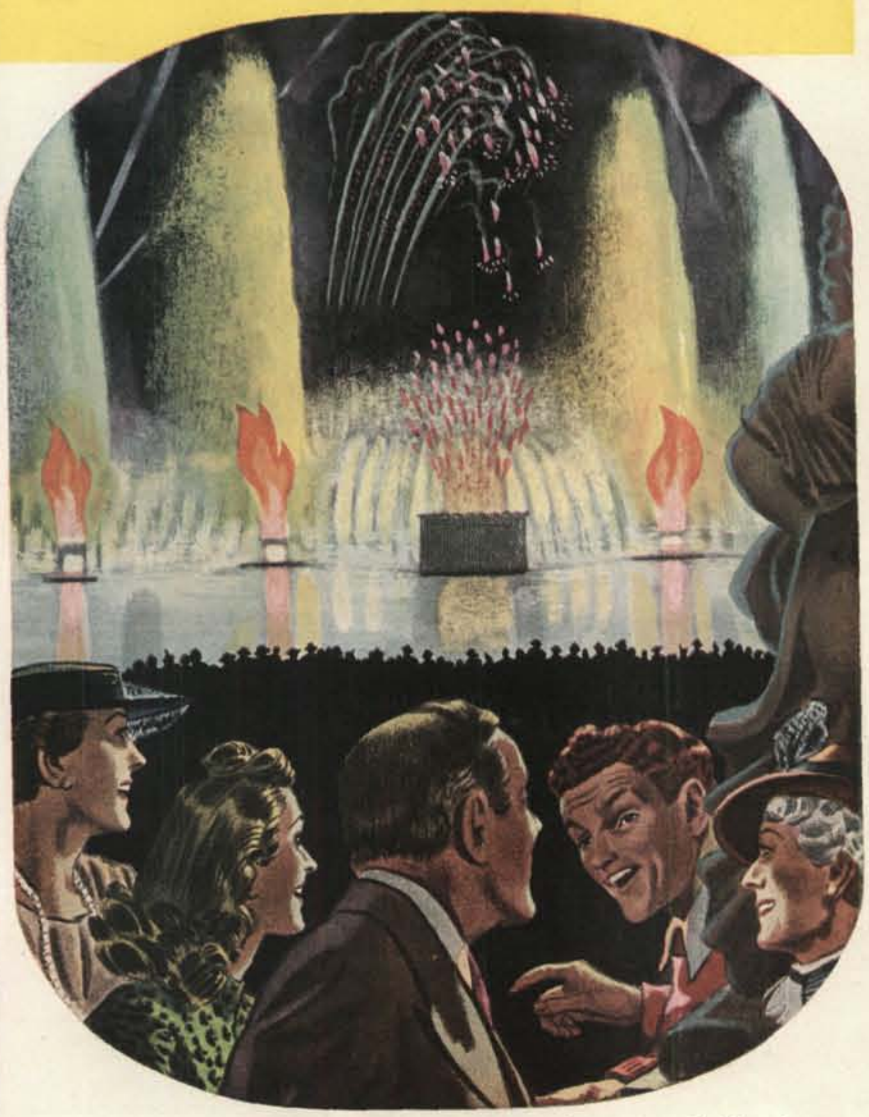
The MIDDLETON *Family* AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Around the Grounds with Westinghouse


WHAT A GORGEOUS DISPLAY! AND YOU SAY WESTINGHOUSE FURNISHED ALL THE LIGHTING AND POWER FOR IT?
YES – IT'S A JOB WE ARE VERY PROUD OF
HEY, JIM – DIDN'T YOUR ENGINEERS LIGHT THE PERISPHERE TOO?
YES – ALL THE OUTSIDE THEME CENTER LIGHTING IS WESTINGHOUSE – AND WE ALSO BUILT THE ELECTRIC STAIRWAYS TO THE PERISPHERE
I NOTICED THAT WAS WESTINGHOUSE EQUIPMENT AT THE PETROLEUM EXHIBIT
YES – WE WERE HELPING TO DRILL WELLS AND PUMP OIL BEFORE THERE WERE AUTOS TO USE IT
PETROLEUM
GENERAL MOTORS! WHAT A MARVELOUS EXHIBIT!
I DON'T LIKE TO BRAG – BUT WESTINGHOUSE BUILT THIS "CARRY-GO-ROUND" WE'RE RIDING ON
ISN'T THAT DAM THE LOVELIEST THING YOU EVER SAW?
THIS ELECTRIC UTILITIES BUILDING IS ONE OF THE SHOWSPOTS OF THE FAIR
TREADWAY SAYS THE MOTORS, LIGHTING AND AIR CONDITIONING ARE 100% WESTINGHOUSE
YES, IT IS – LET'S GO INTO THE FLORIDA BUILDING AND GET SOME REAL FLORIDA CLIMATE... FURNISHED BY WESTINGHOUSE
IT'S QUITE WARM WALKING AROUND TONIGHT
MY, IT SEEMS AS IF WESTINGHOUSE DID A LOT TO HELP MAKE THE FAIR A SUCCESS
WELL – WE DIDN'T HAVE A THING TO DO WITH THAT MOON UP THERE!



The Fountain Display at the Lagoon of Nations holds the Middletons spellbound with its beauty. This thrilling spectacle, presented every night at nine o'clock, combines music, lighting, fountains and flame in unforgettable patterns. It is one of thousands of attractions included in your ticket of admission to the Fair — one of hundreds to which Westinghouse has made important contributions. Wherever you turn, you will find evidence of Westinghouse engineering skill — climaxed by the wonders in the Westinghouse Building itself. Put this building on your "must" list when you visit the World of Tomorrow.

In San Francisco: Westinghouse engineering has helped provide the Golden Gate International Exposition with its exotic charm, and the Westinghouse Exhibit is one of its most fascinating features.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

WELL, DEAR, AS A WOMAN OF TOMORROW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE WORLD YOU ARE GOING TO LIVE IN?
IF IT'S HALF AS WONDERFUL AS THE THINGS WE'VE SEEN HERE, I WISH I COULD LIVE IN IT FOREVER!

W WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Westinghouse

The name that means EVERYTHING IN ELECTRICITY

Tune in Ray Perkins and the winners of the "Letters Home" Contest direct from the Westinghouse New York World's Fair Building — every Sunday afternoon, 5:45 Eastern Daylight Time, N.B.C. "Blue" Network.

★ ELGIN CELEBRATES ITS 75TH ANNIVERSARY ★

"Smartness counts.. SO I WEAR AN ELGIN 'De Luxe'"

Says **LuCILLE BAKER** Los Angeles, California

Socially popular and lovely —Lu Cille Baker holds a commercial pilot's license and has been soloing for over five years. Next best to flying, she enjoys deer hunting in Arizona. Archery, tennis and swimming are among her tamer pursuits. "My little Elgin carries on three generations of family tradition," she says.

NEW! 75TH ANNIVERSARY ELGIN

It's the new "De Luxe" model chosen by Miss Baker. Crisply tailored with an eye to tomorrow's style trend. Figure-eight loops at sides. 17 jewels. No. 3936. **$39.75**

ELGIN DELUXE MODELS $37.50 AND UP

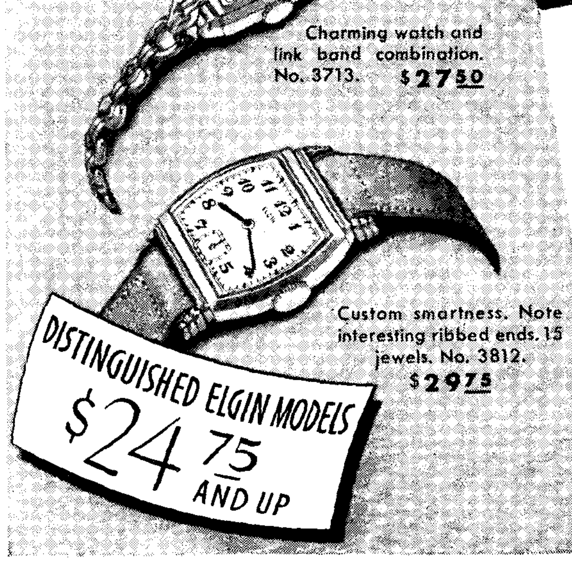
Smart—ingenious! The case is encircled in a metal loop. 17 jewels. No. 3820. **$37.50**

Distinguished design with terraced sides. 17 jewels. Ask for model No. 2983. **$37.50**

Blending the traditional and modern! Decorations of contrasting gold. 17 jewels. No. 3907. **$40.00**

Distinctly new! Joined to band by stirrup loops. 17 jewels. No. 3542. **$45.00**

Copr. 1939 by Elgin National Watch Company



Modified cushion shape, with ray design at ends. 15 jewels. No. 3916. **$33.75**

A design usually found only in higher-priced watches. Dependable. No. 3804. **$24.75**

Charming watch and link band combination. No. 3713. **$27.50**

Custom smartness. Note interesting ribbed ends. 15 jewels. No. 3812. **$29.75**

DISTINGUISHED ELGIN MODELS $24.75 AND UP

See the newest Elgins at your jeweler's now. They offer amazing technical advances.. superb styling. Made possible by 75 years of finest American craftsmanship.

DO YOU love beautiful things? Then these new 75th Anniversary ELGINS will win you completely. They have a touch of smartness that is different. To own one is to be the envy of your friends.

The ELGIN "De Luxe" that Miss Baker has chosen is a fine example. There's exquisite good taste and breeding in every line of it. And for men, there is a wealth of models of direct, masculine sincerity.

You *must* see these charming, gracious masterpieces at your jeweler's now. For in addition to their outside beauty, they have a technical perfection . . . an accuracy . . . that is amazing. They have been created in conformance with new and incredibly exacting standards. Into them have gone all the prideful craftsmanship and scientific care that have made ELGIN America's leading timepieces for three-quarters of a century.

New 75th Anniversary ELGINS are priced from $16.50 to $750. Lord and Lady Elgins from $47.50.

See how time is taken from the stars! Visit the Elgin Watch Building at the New York World's Fair—erected in celebration of ELGIN'S 75th Anniversary.

☆ ELGIN ☆

FOR 75 YEARS A TRADITION IN DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN FAMILIES

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Managing Editor
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Editorial Director

Collier's

August 26, 1939

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WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
W. B. COURTNEY	Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER	Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Sports
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater
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DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS	Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction
IFOR THOMAS	*Photographs*
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction
JIM MARSHALL	The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN	Associate Editor

Next Week

LOS ANGELES, the City of Angels, is the largest city, geographically, in the world and, to hear San Franciscans tell it, the world's largest country town.

Populated to a large extent by men and women who went there to die rather than to live, it developed a weird sort of civic consciousness. Officially its civic morals were those of Winfield, prize town of Kansas in which to rear children. Actually, it was gangster-ridden and boss-ruled.

Recently, Los Angeles has been trying to clean house. It has changed administrations and kicked out dozens of grafters. But, as George Creel explains next week, there still is much that is sinister and much that is droll in the private and public morals of this "Unholy City."

REVENGE, writes Edward L. McKenna, is a pretty thing to play with, to brood over, cherish and nurse to oneself. Because it is, Martin McDonnell, the fight manager in "Some Day He'll Come Along," was content to wait. He waited for three years for the boy to come along. When McDonnell finally gets his revenge, it is at the end of those three years. And also at the end of Mr. McKenna's corking prize-fight story.

ANOTHER prize-fight story, somewhat less strange than fiction but no less interesting to fight fans, is the story of the rise and fall and rise of a Seattle middleweight, known to his friends as Al but to others as "Hostile Hostak." Frank Richardson Pierce is the chronicler.

IT'S salad bowls at twenty paces as "The Men Mix It." Dorothy Ducas and Adele Brown give a round-by-round description of the battle of Eastern Gourmets vs. Celebrated Westerners in these salad days.

WHAT about Paulette Goddard, the slim protégée of Charlie Chaplin? Well, here's about her, says Kyle Crichton in relating the "Perils of Paulette."

ERNEST HAYCOX comes back from "The Border Trumpet" country with a story of the modern West, and of a boy who went away and a girl who thought she should wait for him. "Cabin Nineteen," by Philip Clark, introduces as lovable a family of ne'er-do-wells as ever stopped at a tourist camp—even a camp like old Bert Stillwell's. Marian Sims, Erich Maria Remarque, Alan LeMay and Frederick Hazlitt Brennan are in there too. And only one little week to wait.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

RICHARD ENGLISH
Trombone from Heaven. Sliphorns must sing, in Brooklyn or in Tennessee. Page 9

HENRI TROYAT
Undertow. What Frenchman could resist such a romantic situation? Page 14

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
Grieve No More. Love and sorrow under the big top. Page 20

BEN AMES WILLIAMS
The Old Block. Death steers the lifeboat flotilla. Page 26

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Big Bum, by Duane Decker. Page 22

SERIAL STORIES

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
Flotsam. The eighth of twelve parts. Tragedy piled on trouble. Page 15

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN
Some Like It Here. The third of six parts. Much ado about something. Page 24

ARTICLES

JIM MARSHALL
Poor Man's Paradise. Why the Northwest has everything, including "Keep Out" signs. Page 11

ARTHUR J. DALEY
Water Boy. Peter Fick, the world's fastest swimmer. Page 17

J. RICHARD (DIXIE) DAVIS
Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now. Conclusion. The "Kid Mouthpiece" loses the decision to Dewey. Page 18

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Business Woman. Sally Rand, without fan or bubble. Page 23

●

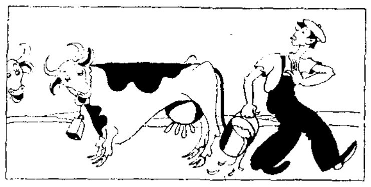
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Golden facts. Page 6

EDITORIALS
Hope for Housing.
Nothing to Worry About. Page 58

COVER ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

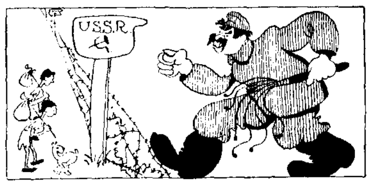
NATURALLY you can have no idea how it gratifies us to catch great men in error. Does magnificent things to our morale. Takes the curse off our own dismal mistakes. So we laughed meanly for some time when we found out about a Holstein-Guernsey dido at the government experimental farm at Beltsville, Maryland. The Agriculture Department, bemoaning that Guernsey cows gave too sparingly of a fine quality of milk and that Holsteins were downright lavish with a relatively inferior quality, decided to do something about it. After considerable pondering it was decided to breed Holstein cattle to Guernseys and, of course, get animals who would produce large quantities of superior milk. Anyway, they got animals. But the creatures, having failed apparently to read Mr. Henry Wallace's instructions, gave up a minimum of milk of a noticeably inferior quality.



BUT as far as we're concerned the one that makes our week for us comes from Mrs. May Williams of San Diego, California. Mrs. Williams is the mother of the lanky, socking, rookie right fielder of the Boston Red Sox about whom we published an article not long ago. Mrs. Williams bought twenty copies of Collier's that week, stopping only when the local supply was exhausted. "I am sure," says Mrs. Williams, "that Ted is worthy of the lovely things said about him. He has never given his father or mother a moment's anxiety or worry—always a clean, upright, honest boy. A real Salvation Army product. We love our son. His father said, 'Dear me, I didn't know our poor son had to go through so much to get where he is.' You see, Ted is very closemouthed, never telling us anything but the cheerful things. He's a good boy."

NOT that we're looking for an argument. Nor do we gloat. But having been reproved by Mr. Dean R. Brimhall, director of the special employment section of WPA, we can't resist this—for Mr. Brimhall's sake. He got a bit warm because we printed a letter from Texas telling of several members of a Mexican family enjoying the security of WPA's pay roll. He wrote us that we "should know that WPA does not hire two people from one family." And we replied, in this column, that we rather expected letters refuting Mr. Brimhall. Well, they're coming in. Here's one from a timekeeper on a Florida project. A father and son are on his list. Likewise two brothers. And here's another from a WPA worker who works side by side with his brother. And here's a mother and daughter. "Maybe," says one of the letters we might not have got if it weren't for Mr. Brimhall, "they don't tell that guy what's going on."

TOWARD the end of Mr. Ed Gawl's letter he becomes a bit inarticulate. He knows it too, explaining that his rage mounted as he wrote. "When I think of it," writes Mr. Gawl from Galveston, Texas, "I get so mad that my wife makes me eat vegetables only, fearing to feed me meat." It's all about Russia's refusal, he tells us, to open her gates to the refugee Jew. "My Communist friends," he says, "almost sold Joe Stalin and the Soviet racket to me. I was almost convinced that the U.S.S.R. was the answer to persecuted mankind's prayer. Here at last, I was ready to believe, was the everlasting haven for the oppressed, a square shake for the unhappy. I'm cured. Russia is no better than Germany. The longer I live to see what goes on in Europe the more Yankee I get. I'm so patriotic that I'm a nuisance."



FOR many years Frank Condon has been writing good short stories and worrying about his golf score. But recently, however, we published one of his stories—Ill Wind—and a bag of letters from Mr. Condon's hitherto calm public is the result. From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Mr. Maxwell Milestone writes that Mr. Condon "may be a good writer but he doesn't know golf." Mrs. W. H. Jellenoe of Pasadena, California, tells us that he's "a fair golfer but as a writer he shoots in the 120's." Mr. John Esrum of Chicago, Illinois, says that Mr. Condon "probably never played golf and shouldn't have taken up writing for a living." And all this about a man who'd rather be known as a good golfer than anything else.

FAME'S a grand thing. W. D.

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Keep posted about your Heart

- *and live longer!*

YOU may feel as vigorous and healthy as ever. But if you have reached middle age you would be wise to have your heart examined from time to time.

Usually a person's arteries gradually harden as he grows older. This process is particularly serious when it affects those arteries on which the heart muscle itself depends for nourishment. If an artery in the heart hardens and thickens, its diameter narrows, clogging circulation and reducing the heart's vigor. In advanced stages this condition is known as arteriosclerotic or coronary heart disease. It sometimes occurs prematurely in persons in the fifties or forties, or even younger.

The men and women who make headlines with sudden death from heart disease are often those who didn't know anything was wrong with their hearts. In the earlier stages of heart disease a person may feel no pain—have no idea his heart isn't equal to any strain he might place upon it.

By the time definite heart symptoms appear, some damage has been done. A sense of heaviness, oppression, or actual pain in the chest is the first warning many receive. So-called "acute indigestion," or a pain radiating to the shoulder, armpit or upper arm calls for immediate investigation. Shortness of breath during or after slight exertion may indicate heart trouble. On the other hand any of these symptoms may have a less serious origin. Your physician should decide.

Heart Disease under 40

While there is a variety of causes of heart disease in younger people, it is often a consequence of rheumatic fever. A child who suffers from swollen joints or muscle pains should receive prompt medical care. The "poison" of rheumatic fever may affect the valves and muscle of the heart, though it may be years before the damage is detected. Promptness in recognizing this ailment, proper medical treatment and aftercare may save the heart from serious injury.

As you and your heart grow older you may need to change your manner of living to avoid overexertion. Work and play should be regulated so that you get enough but not too much physical exercise. Extremes of effort such as pulling, straining, and heavy lifting should be avoided if possible. Sufficient rest is of great importance. Keeping weight down to normal is also advisable to avoid a strain on your heart.

Thousands of men and women with heart disease are actively at work today because they followed medical advice.

The Metropolitan booklet "Protecting Your Heart" contains much valuable information for young persons and old. A post card will bring you a free copy. Address Booklet Department 939-C.

Plan to visit the Metropolitan's Exhibits at THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR *and* THE GOLDEN GATE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION IN SAN FRANCISCO

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD . . . ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. . . . LEROY A. LINCOLN, PRESIDENT

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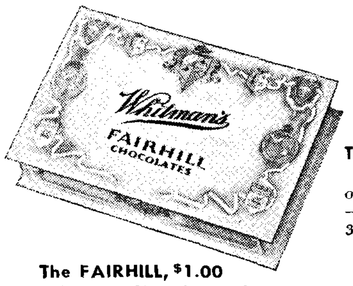
Bridal Wave
—a message for men!

A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS
THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

THERE ARE WAVES which express "oceans of love"; and waves which say "washed up". It's a wise man who makes the bridal wave a permanent wave.

Whether you are married or not, form the habit *now* of remembering your particular "her". Thoughtful men make the best husbands. It's so easy to remember — so foolish to forget! You cannot fail to please her with a box of Whitman's Chocolates. Will you remember that, too?

For 97 years, Whitman's have been the messengers of thoughtfulness between a man and a woman. There are no finer confections, and the packaging is in keeping with the excellence of the contents. Whitman dealers are ready to help you select and to mail anywhere. (P.S.—*She* is reading this, too!)



The FAIRHILL, $1.00
Outstanding box of candy at $1.00 a lb. A delightful variety. Also 2, 3 and 5-lb. Fairhills.

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The SAMPLER, $1.50
World-famous box of favorite confections —17-oz., $1.50. Also 2, 3 and 5-lb. Samplers.

GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES
. . . IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO!

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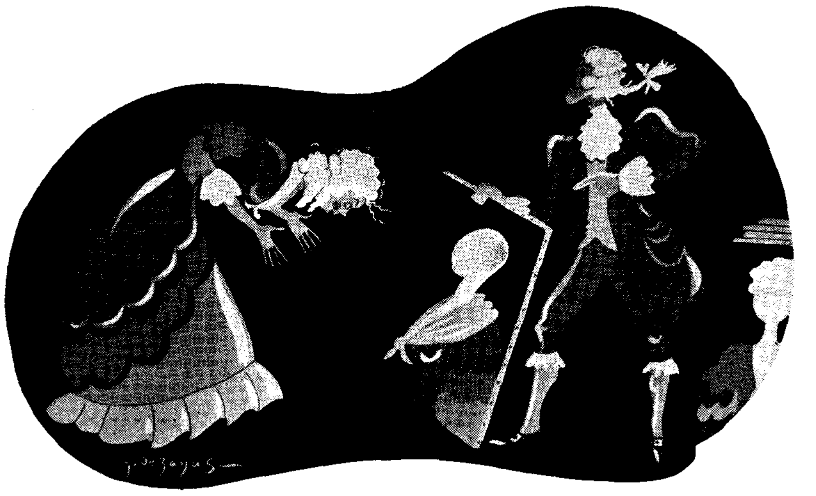


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In 18th-century America, many portrait painters traveled from town to town with an assortment of pictures of men and women, complete in every detail except the space for the face. One desiring an oil painting of himself merely chose the body he liked best and had his head painted on it.—*By C. H. Hendricks, Bloomington, Indiana.*

Sunstroke and heat exhaustion are different kinds of prostration and require opposite methods of treatment. Sunstroke, which results from exposure to the direct action of the sun, increases the temperature and demands cold applications, while heat exhaustion, which usually overcomes unhealthy persons while working in excessively hot places such as boiler rooms, decreases the temperature and requires warmth and stimulation.

In a time-lapse movie film of the six-months' life cycle of a cotton plant, one frame or picture was taken every ten minutes, with the result that the 182-days activity of this plant was shown on the screen in eighteen minutes and twelve seconds, 14,400 times faster than the actual growth.

In the Atlantic nearly three hun*dred miles west of the north coast* of Scotland stands Rockall, a round granite rock only twenty feet in diameter and seventy feet in height. Despite the fact that Rockall appears as difficult to strike as a flagpole, many ships have crashed into it and been wrecked, the last and most notable being the steamer Norge, which, on June 28, 1904, rammed it and sank with 646 persons.

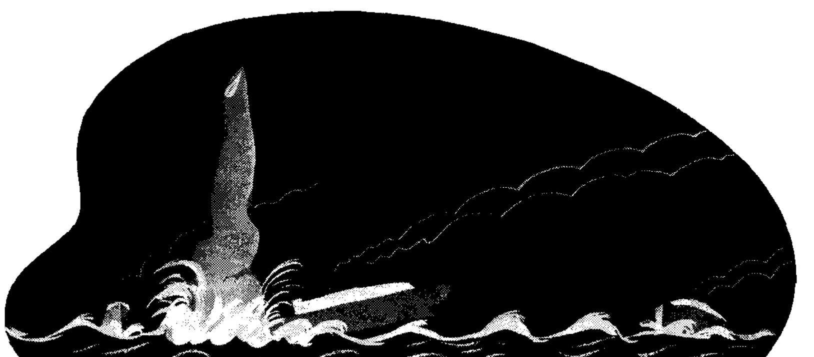
Few foreign books ever impressed America as much as Trilby, the story of the artist's model in Paris, published by Du Maurier in 1894. Trilby became the name of sausages, cocktails, shoes, cigars and corn cures. Macon, Florida, changed its name to Trilby and still has it, with a Svengali Square, a Laird Lane and a Taffy and a Little Billee Street.

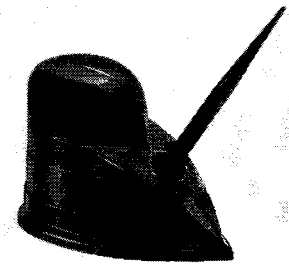
Probably the largest collection of portable sundials, numbering almost 150, is on public exhibition in the Harvard University observatory in Cambridge, Massachusetts. These dials, which have to be set by a compass, tell time as well as stationary dials, despite the fact that they are small enough to be carried in a coat pocket. One is even mounted in a finger ring.

Up to a century or so ago, many families in rural England used an "outside mourner," instead of crepe on the door, to indicate that a death had occurred. Dressed in black clothes, a black silk hat with black streamers and wearing a sad expression, the man walked up and down in front of the house until the day of the funeral.

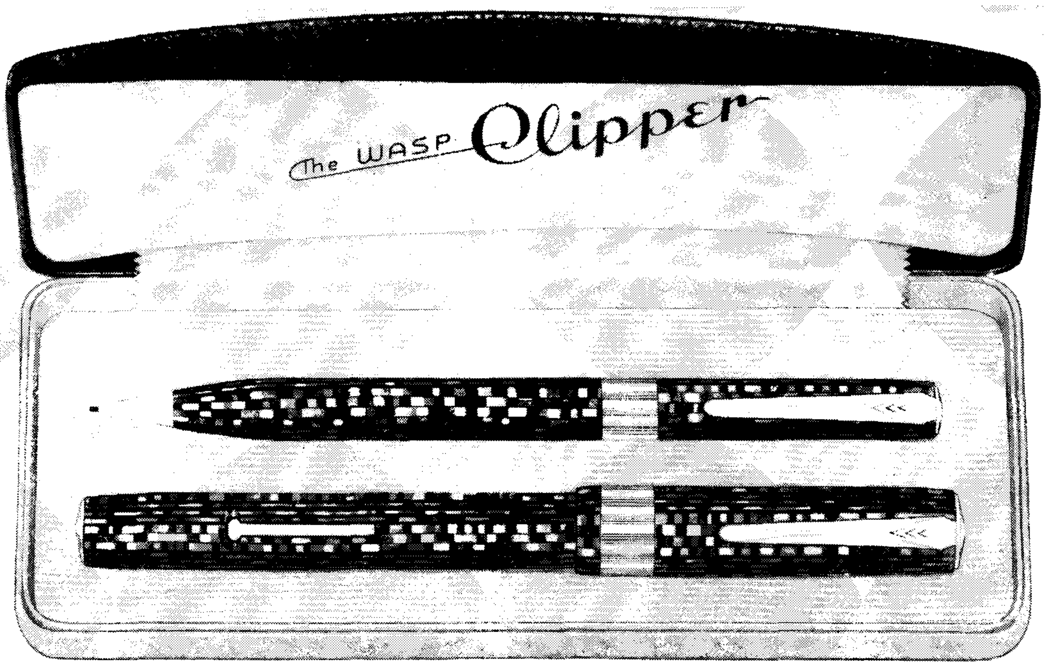
When a country enters a war, its suicide rate immediately decreases one third. *Chief among the reasons* is that this new interest and excitement counteracts the frustration and boredom that many people find difficult to bear in time of peace.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**





Wasp Rite-O-Way Pen Set ...Always Ready for Desk Work... Months Without Refilling! $1.50—stainless steel point. $3.50—genuine gold point.


The WASP Clipper

De Luxe Super-Value Set, $7.50 Complete. Other Sets, $5

The WASP Clipper PENS $1.95 $2.95 $3.95 $5.00

PRINCELY GIFTS

For School, Home and Business

PRICED for YOU and ME

Now! Teamed with Permanently Sharp Fineline . . . the Pencil Sensation!

SPEED-LINE DESIGN
"NO-TEAR" CLIP
FULL-LENGTH Skrip VISIBILITY →
ONE-STROKE FILLING
MODERN COLORS
GENUINE GOLD POINT, IRIDIUM TIPPED. WRITES 2 WAYS
Fineline
LEADS
WASP
HB

Such striking style and lofty quality generally lead people to think **WASP CLIPPER** writing instruments are high-priced, but they're far from that! Compare them with others in their price class; here are the surprising differences that shout at you: Genuine iridium-tipped 12k gold points, instead of gold-plated brass or steel; velvety points that write 2 ways, regular or hairline; full length fluid visibility with warning to refill; forceful ONE-stroke filling, emptying and cleaning that keeps these stream-styled beauties in top condition always. And look! They're mated with Fineline, the first real pencil writing improvement in 24 years! With its double-length, strong lead, 39 per cent smaller writing point than any leads produced heretofore, Fineline is PERMANENTLY sharp, glides "light as air"—it's a new writing experience! What a gift for anybody, on any gift occasion!

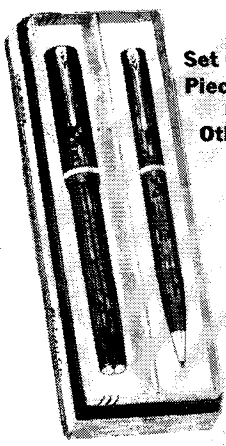
All* Wasp Clipper *pen points are made of genuine gold for longer life, better writing qualities. Some companies substitute gold-plated brass and steel to increase profits. Have your dealer guarantee the pen you buy has a genuine gold point. If you buy a* Wasp Clipper *this guarantee is not necessary.

NOW 144% MORE Skrip CAPACITY THAN OLD-STYLE PENS

Double-length propelling eraser. Wind it out as needed.
Wasp Fineline Pencil. Uses double-length, thin, strong Fineline leads with 39% smaller writing point. 95c up.

Wasp Fineline Pencil. For Home... School... Business ... Drafting... Shorthand, 95c up.

Now science produces Fineline leads with 39% smaller writing point—world's first permanently sharp lead—first real pencil writing improvement in 24 years! Developed for Wasp by Joseph Dixon Crucible Co. Fineline double-length leads, regular package, 15c, ECONOMY package, 25c. Black, red, blue, indelible.



**Set Complete, $3.95
Pieces bought separately, $4.95
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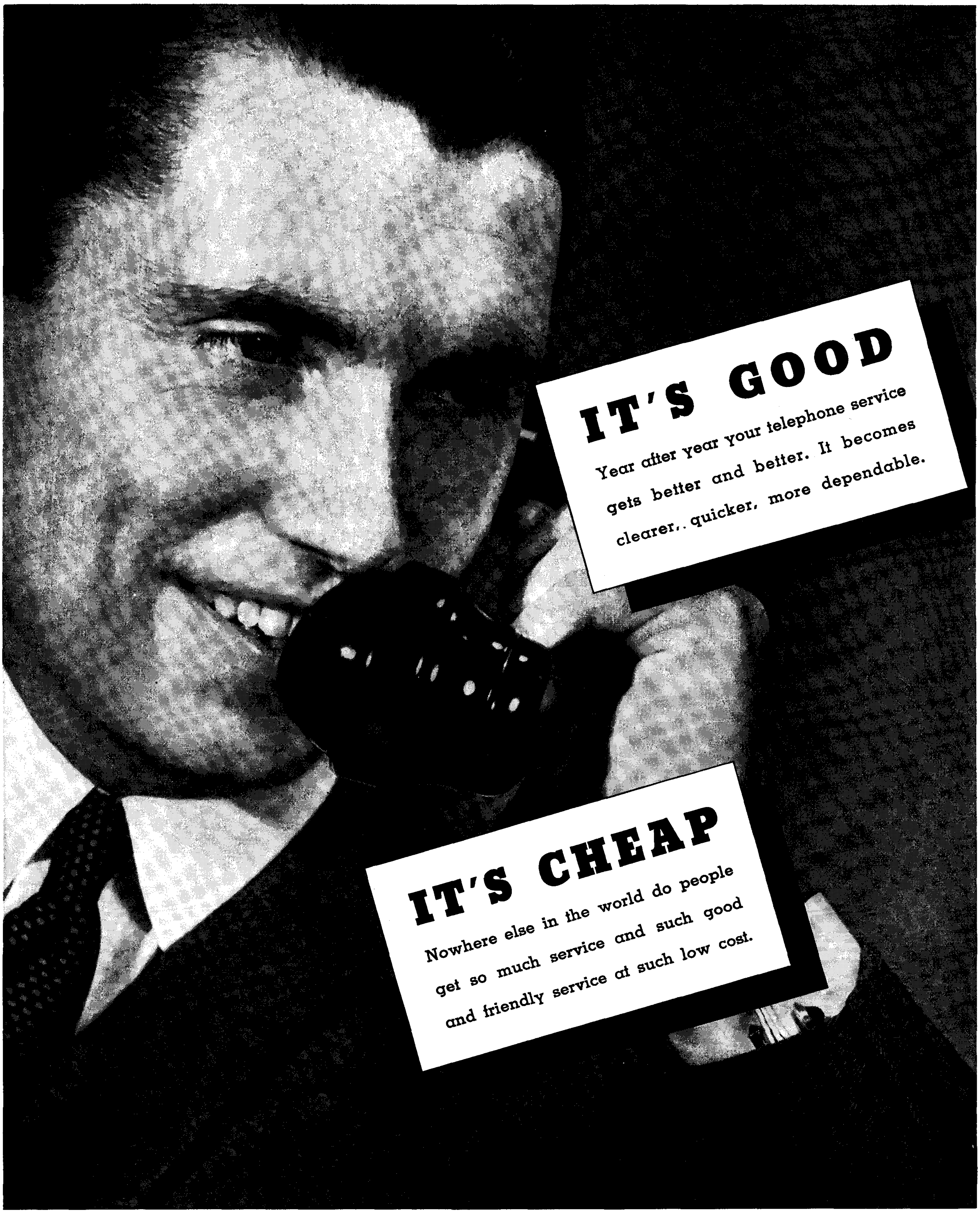

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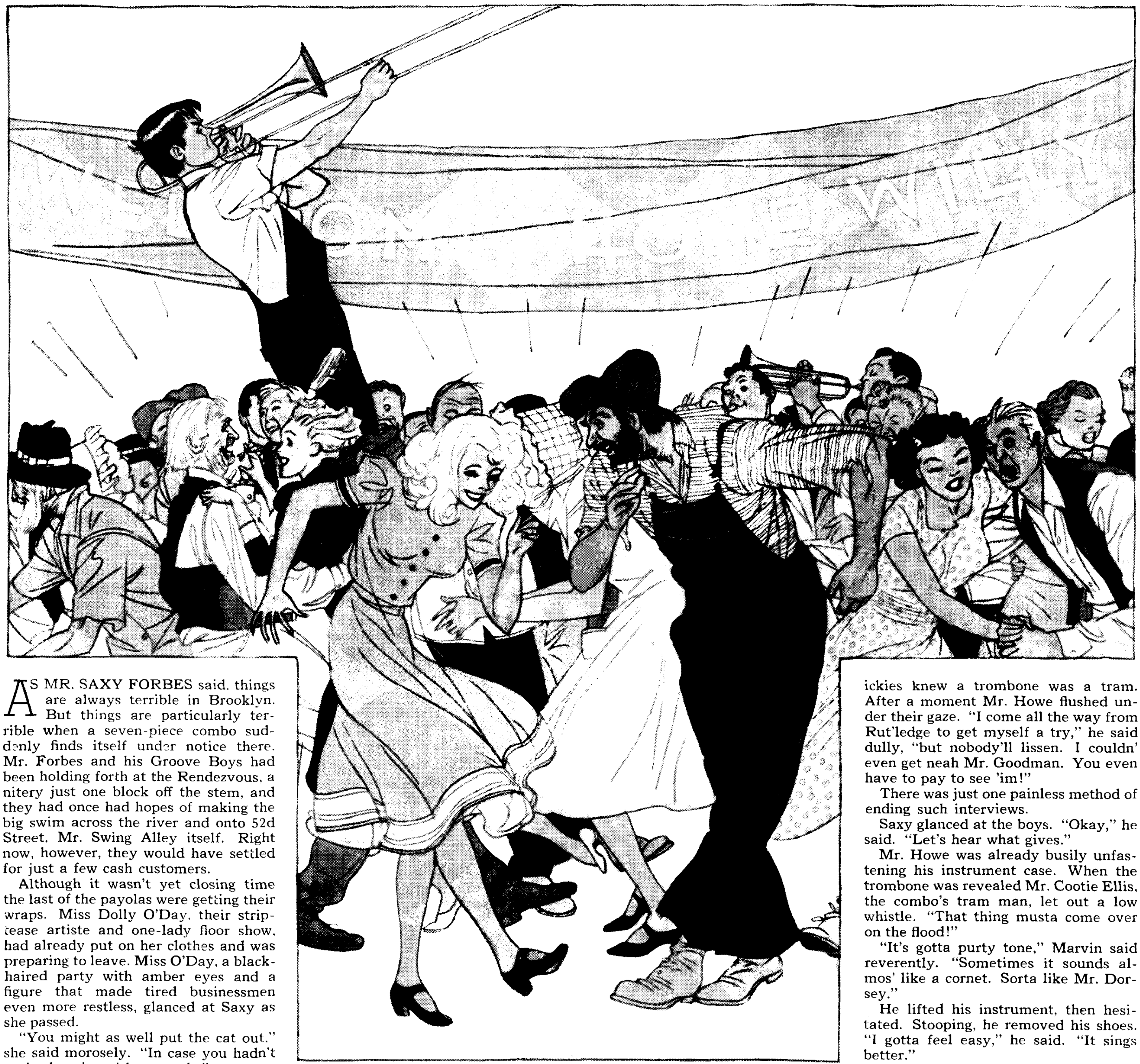


Marvin was standing up there with his eyes closed and blasting it out

Trombone from Heaven

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

As MR. SAXY FORBES said, things are always terrible in Brooklyn. But things are particularly terrible when a seven-piece combo suddenly finds itself under notice there. Mr. Forbes and his Groove Boys had been holding forth at the Rendezvous, a nitery just one block off the stem, and they had once had hopes of making the big swim across the river and onto 52d Street, Mr. Swing Alley itself. Right now, however, they would have settled for just a few cash customers.

Although it wasn't yet closing time the last of the payolas were getting their wraps. Miss Dolly O'Day, their strip-tease artiste and one-lady floor show, had already put on her clothes and was preparing to leave. Miss O'Day, a black-haired party with amber eyes and a figure that made tired businessmen even more restless, glanced at Saxy as she passed.

"You might as well put the cat out," she said morosely. "In case you hadn't noticed, we're without trade."

She went out as Saxy sighed and gave the boys the office. They stood up and, cheating their gaze above those vacant tables, joined sadly in their "good-night-now" chorus. The manager looked back scowling. The chorus trebled away at that and the boys started to gather up their go-toys. It was then that Mr. Saxy Forbes felt he was being watched.

Mr. Forbes, a pudgy party, straightened slowly, glancing over his shoulder. A slender young man in store clothes and heavy shoes was watching him with wide blue eyes. There was black hair that, with the exception of one cowlick, was carefully plastered down. In one hand he carried a battered hat and in the other a worn trombone case.

Mr. Forbes stared at him, scenting a rib. "What gives?" he asked suspiciously.

"Me?" said the young man, sounding abashed.

"You," said Mr. Forbes.

"Oh," said the visitor, coloring. "My name's Marv'n Howe and I saw yo' picture outside theah. I—I was hopin' we might talk a spell."

Even Mr. Forbes, who, personally, had never been south of Asbury Park, could tell his caller was just in from the side-meat-and-cornpone circuit. He was still staring at him as the other boys came crowding in around their baton. Mr. Howe was watching him with large, hopeful eyes. "I didn' mean to be no fuss," he said simply. "It's jus' that I got the call."

"Call?" Mr. Forbes asked faintly.

Mr. Howe nodded. "I come of a singin' and hummin' family," he said. "I got music in my heart but I can't carry no tune. Instead, it fixes to come out my slide trombone."

There was a heavy silence. Even ickies knew a trombone was a tram. After a moment Mr. Howe flushed under their gaze. "I come all the way from Rut'ledge to get myself a try," he said dully, "but nobody'll lissen. I couldn' even get neah Mr. Goodman. You even have to pay to see 'im!"

There was just one painless method of ending such interviews.

Saxy glanced at the boys. "Okay," he said. "Let's hear what gives."

Mr. Howe was already busily unfastening his instrument case. When the trombone was revealed Mr. Cootie Ellis, the combo's tram man, let out a low whistle. "That thing musta come over on the flood!"

"It's gotta purty tone," Marvin said reverently. "Sometimes it sounds almos' like a cornet. Sorta like Mr. Dorsey."

He lifted his instrument, then hesitated. Stooping, he removed his shoes. "I gotta feel easy," he said. "It sings better."

His horn was up again and suddenly there was a muted tone and he was into St. James Infirmary, belling it out with his hand.

SAXY FORBES' brown eyes widened and the Groove Boys were suddenly still. Cootie Ellis edged a little nearer.

"It's a rib!" he said hoarsely. "The guy's a ringer!"

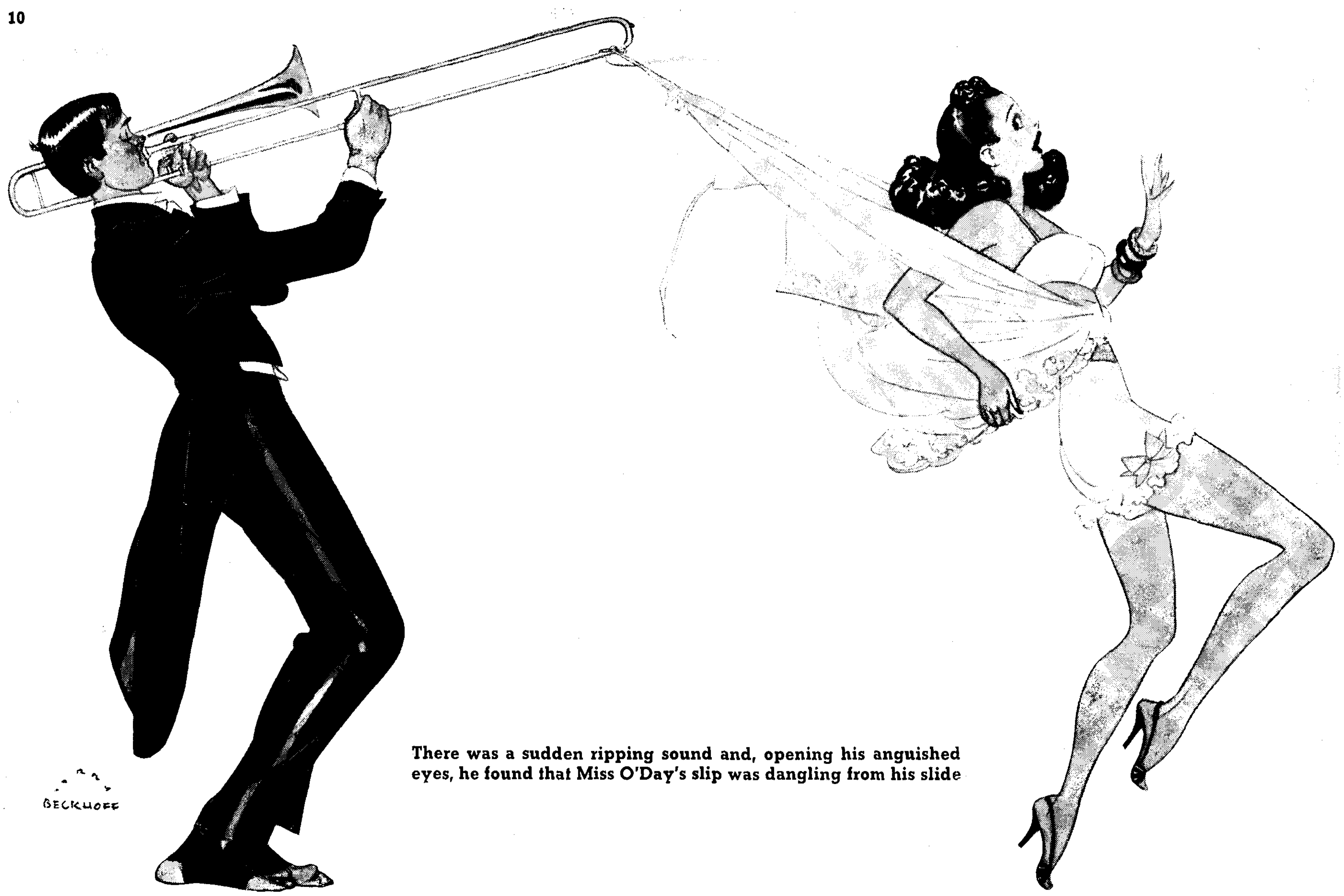
Mr. Forbes shook his head, his awed gaze never leaving the slim boy with the old trombone.

When it was over and Marvin had again opened his eyes, he looked slowly around. "It jus' come to me," he said wonderingly. "I had a feelin'."

Mr. Forbes nodded weakly. "Where did you pick up that Teagarden trombone?" he demanded. "You from Texas?"

"No," said the trombone, "jus' from Rut'ledge, Tennessee."

Saxy nodded reverently, realizing that he *was* in the presence of a perfect ear. Red Glenn, their kettle man, was nudg-



There was a sudden ripping sound and, opening his anguished eyes, he found that Miss O'Day's slip was dangling from his slide

ing him. "I like that!" he said hoarsely. "That guy really opens my gate! Let's sit in a while, Saxy!"

Mr. Forbes was feeling the needle himself. "How about it?" he asked Marvin. "You could follow Cootie until you picked out the melody."

"I'm willin'," said Marvin, flustering. "It's kind o' yo' to let me try."

DURING the next two hours the Rendezvous housed a jam session that would have been an ornament to 52d Street itself. Marvin, almost overcome at playing with a live band, closed his eyes and gave. He couldn't read but he had it in his heart and that was all that mattered. When, as dawn straggled into Brooklyn and the boys, damp and exhausted, put it away, Mr. Cootie Ellis looked at him with dazed eyes.

"Mister," he said weakly, "if I hadn't heard it, I wouldn't have believed it!"

Mr. Howe colored. "Yo' play a pow'ful trombone yo'self."

"No," said Mr. Ellis, moved above and beyond any professional jealousy, "no, gate, as far as you're concerned, I'm strictly union."

Saxy Forbes had more than praise to offer. "Look," he said frankly, "we're in here under two weeks' notice and strictly scale but you got a home if you want it! How about it, guy?"

Marvin swallowed hard. After a moment: "I'll be mighty proud to," he said softly. "I'm purty set on amountin' to somethin'."

In less than twenty-four hours the Groove Boys learned that Mr. Howe's desire to achieve a place in the world amounted to an all-consuming obsession. An obsession with taffy-colored hair and eyes of jay-bird blue who answered to the name of Miss Leona Turnbull. It seemed she and her kin had a patch not far from Rut'ledge and she had been educated at the settl'munt school and was as pert and smart as she was good-lookin'. For the past two years her and Marvin had had an understandin'.

"She's folks," he said earnestly. "That's why I'm heah now. The Turnbulls always been folks and Leona ain't fixin' to marry jus' some fella livin' off the gov'munt. She wants a place of her own and alla trimmin's."

Before taking the stand he was introduced to Miss Dolly O'Day and the generously molded young lady, attired in a black satin evening gown that was as close as the next second, nodded absently, never having gone in for the snub-nosed trade. "How do you do?" she said shortly.

"Purty well," said Marvin. "Sorta itchy, though." He was dressed in buryin' clothes, like the rest of the band, and a little nervous about playing before a lot of strangers. By ten o'clock that nervousness had completely disappeared, and by midnight he was playing easier than any of them.

At twelve-thirty their one-lady floor show appeared on the side lines. Saxy came over to Marvin then. "She works under a baby blue," he said, "so we hafta feed her soft and easy. All you got to do is fake along with her."

Marvin nodded and, Miss O'Day's introduction over, Mr. Forbes led his men into Tea for Two, strictly rocking-chair. Marvin was blissfully playing along when Miss O'Day, who had been slowly undulating across the floor, hesitated prettily and right before his paralyzed gaze began to release the zipper down the side of her gown.

After the satin dress had slipped off one lovely, creamy shoulder and was greeted with shrill whistles and applause, Mr. Forbes was suddenly aware that he was minus his lead trombone. Marvin was staring at her, his lips frozen to the mouthpiece.

"Play it, boy!" hissed Mr. Forbes. "Get something out of there!"

Marvin colored and finally managed to get back on the melody. He was still in a dazed state as Miss O'Day slowly removed her gown and was down to things he had seen only in catalogues. She was working right in front of him and now, to his utter horror, she began to fumble with the straps of what was left. She was moving slowly toward a screen, preparing to exit on that last tantalizing strip.

Saxy cued them for an oomph break and Marvin closed his eyes and blindly reached out for a low C. When he brought the slide in, there was a sudden ripping sound and, opening his anguished eyes, he found that Miss O'Day's slip was dangling from his slide. Attired only in gossamer bra and shorts, she let out a wild cry and whirling around, hit Marvin between the eyes.

Mr. Howe slid gently to the platform, hardly aware of the sudden din and fury as the male customers, outraged at this lack of Brooklyn chivalry, stormed the floor. In the milling to reach the culprit several parties were trampled underfoot, and the battle was on for keeps.

Marvin was still being supported by Mr. Saxy Forbes as, with the rest of the band and Miss Dolly O'Day, he faced a magistrate, charged with disturbing the peace and inciting to riot.

THEIR hearing took place in a crowded courtroom the following afternoon. Miss Dolly O'Day was the first to take the stand and, crossing her legs for the benefit of the photographers, testified that the strip tease was regarded as a true art and not something inciting to riot.

Mr. Marvin Howe was then placed on the stand.

"I couldn' help myself," he said shakily. "When a man's got his eyes closed, almos' anything can happen."

They were dismissed with a stern admonition not to repeat same and, for the benefit of the late editions, Mr. Howe was posed shaking hands with Miss O'Day. When the photographers were gone Marvin forced himself to look at her. "I'm awful sorry," he said feebly. "I—I didn' mean nothin' personal. It's jus' that I ain't used to such goin's-on."

Miss O'Day stared at him, watching the color creep up his face. She had never before been exposed to a blushing man and it was sort of nice. "Skip it," she said finally, the amber eyes softening. "You can buy me some chop suey some night and call it square."

The matter of the strip tease and true art versus the Tennessee trombone received so much publicity that Mr. Frank Schilling, the Rendezvous' manager, tacked on a cover charge.

The Groove Boys, given the upbeat by Mr. Howe and his singin' slide, were no longer a tight crew, feeling the pressure of being under notice. It was gut-bucket jam from opening to closing, with all of them getting that old feeling when Marvin had to send it away, and so they found themselves playing better than they had ever hoped to.

Marvin was feelin' at home now, happy as a tick in hay, except when he came in contact with a certain black-haired party. Miss O'Day was unused to men who could take her or leave her alone. Finally, and rather pointedly, she reminded him of their chop-suey date. Obviously harassed, Marvin escorted her after work that evening and by the time they were down to their last tea biscuit Dolly had made up her mind. He was cute and she liked him. You got tired of the big shots and party boys.

So, as they were standing before her brownstone rooming house, she understood he was the type that needed a woman who knew her own mind, and she kissed him. He quivered a little and finally broke away. She stared at him. He looked all white and sort of scared under the street light.

(Continued on page 29)

Poor Man's Paradise

By Jim Marshall

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADNER KLERL

Danny and Francis Elmendorf are happy in their new Washington home—it's full of Christmas trees

A new flood of pioneers is flowing over the Oregon Trail. They'll find the natives almost as hostile as were the Indians of '43

A COUPLE of years ago a national survey outfit, having run out of things to survey, asked people in what part of the United States they'd rather live, if they had a choice. A majority of the questionees said the Pacific Northwest — meaning Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Asked why, they gave living standards, health, climate and scenery as their reasons. One man summed it up in three words:

"Poor Man's Paradise."

Twenty-five years ago this would have been hailed with shrieks of joy from every booster club and chamber of commerce between Montana and the Pacific. But in 1937 it drew little except gloomy headshakings and dire prophecies that the three states up in the northwestern corner of the nation would be overrun by people from the East and Midwest who would have to be fed, clothed and housed at public expense.

The prophecies came near being true, because in the past few years at least 250,000 newcomers have arrived in what Mr. Roosevelt calls the Promised Land. They're still coming, and the trend-viewers are predicting that 10,000,000 Americans will move northwest in the next ten years.

Many an old-timer in the Pacific Northwest shudders at the thought of his paradise of mountains, rivers, deserts, valleys and lakes being all crowded up with perhaps as many as twelve or fifteen people to the square mile—which is extreme congestion compared with the present state of affairs.

The Pacific Northwest contains about two hundred fifty thousand square miles. It is sixteen times as big as Switzerland, and has fewer inhabitants —which gives you an idea if you remember how much of Switzerland is taken up with large and impossible-to-live-on mountains.

Washington, Oregon and Idaho can produce twice the food and five times the electric power of France, England and Germany combined. More than half the people of the three states are concentrated into the few square miles occupied by a score of cities. The others are spread out, one or two to the mile, over the rest of the wilderness.

Huge tracts of primitive country are out of circulation and held in state and national forests, monuments and parks. Highways extend for miles through untouched forests, along river canyons, across semideserts; you can drive a hundred miles and see hardly a soul; passing another car is an event.

In the vast portion of the United States that lies west of St. Louis and north of San Francisco there is, as yet, no city of 400,000 population except Kansas City, Missouri. In the Pacific Northwest only Seattle, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, are in the 300,000 class. From them, you drop down to Tacoma and Spokane, with around 125,000. Under these two you drop to a dozen or so towns in the 30,000 class.

By the map the Pacific Northwest should have terrifically severe winters. But the Japanese Current and the prevailing winds make the climate much milder than that of New York, Maryland or Oklahoma. In fact, you can go a thousand miles north to Skagway in Alaska and still find harbors that never freeze over. The weather bureau never has recorded a zero temperature or one hundred degrees in Seattle. Hottest summer nights are usually around sixty degrees.

The North Coast has a reputation for excessive rainfall. On some of the Western mountain slopes there's as much as one hundred inches of rain a year, but a couple of hundred miles inland the annual fall is down around ten inches. Seattle, Portland and other coast cities have less rain in a year than New York, Kansas City, Washington, New Orleans or Boston.

But boosting has fallen into quiescence, if not disrepute. Not for ten years have Western towns boasted about their populations and begged for more.

California has taken drastic steps to bar immigrants who might become public charges. On highways leading into Idaho are permanent signs warning travelers that the Gem State has only enough money to care for its own unfortunates and that no strangers need apply for relief. Oregon and Washington do all they can to discourage the coming of penniless hordes.

Drop into any chamber of commerce today and ask if the territory could do with a few more people and the secretary will tell you: "Yes—BUT . . ." The "but" part will last for forty-five minutes and be devoted entirely to arguments why people should *not* come without $5,000 in folding money; or an income of $200 a month; or a steady, well-paid job—and preferably all three.

It is almost as irksome to start from scratch in the Far West today as it was during the great treks of the sixties and seventies despite resettlement chiefs and farm security administrators. Then, as now, you wested under your own power, fought the country with what you had, and won or lost as an individual.

It wasn't the glamorous life the novelists have made it and not many prairie-crossers won out. The cold figures are that, of thousands of homesteaders, fewer than three per cent ever proved up on the land they settled and broke. It took crop after crop of settlers to get the west cleared, plowed, sown and at last harvested. And in some sections they're still plowing under crops of settlers.

In the past five years the days of the Oregon Trail have been lived all over again, with successive waves of emigrants from dust-bowl states flowing over the passes of the Rockies and the Bitterroots and the Sawtooths and down into the valleys of the Coast country. Most of the emigrants have gone under their own power, with a fair sprinkling hitchhiking or riding the easygoing railroads and freight trains. More than half of them have wound up on relief rolls, but a fair sprinkling of them are slowly winning out backed by government cash. And a surprising proportion of them are repaying the government what they borrowed to get a new start.

The Coast's boosters will tell you that their section has the highest living standard in the world and they will come close to proving it from government reports. The section has the highest literacy rate on earth. Washington, D. C., home of the big brains of the nation, is twice as illiterate as any Northwestern state.

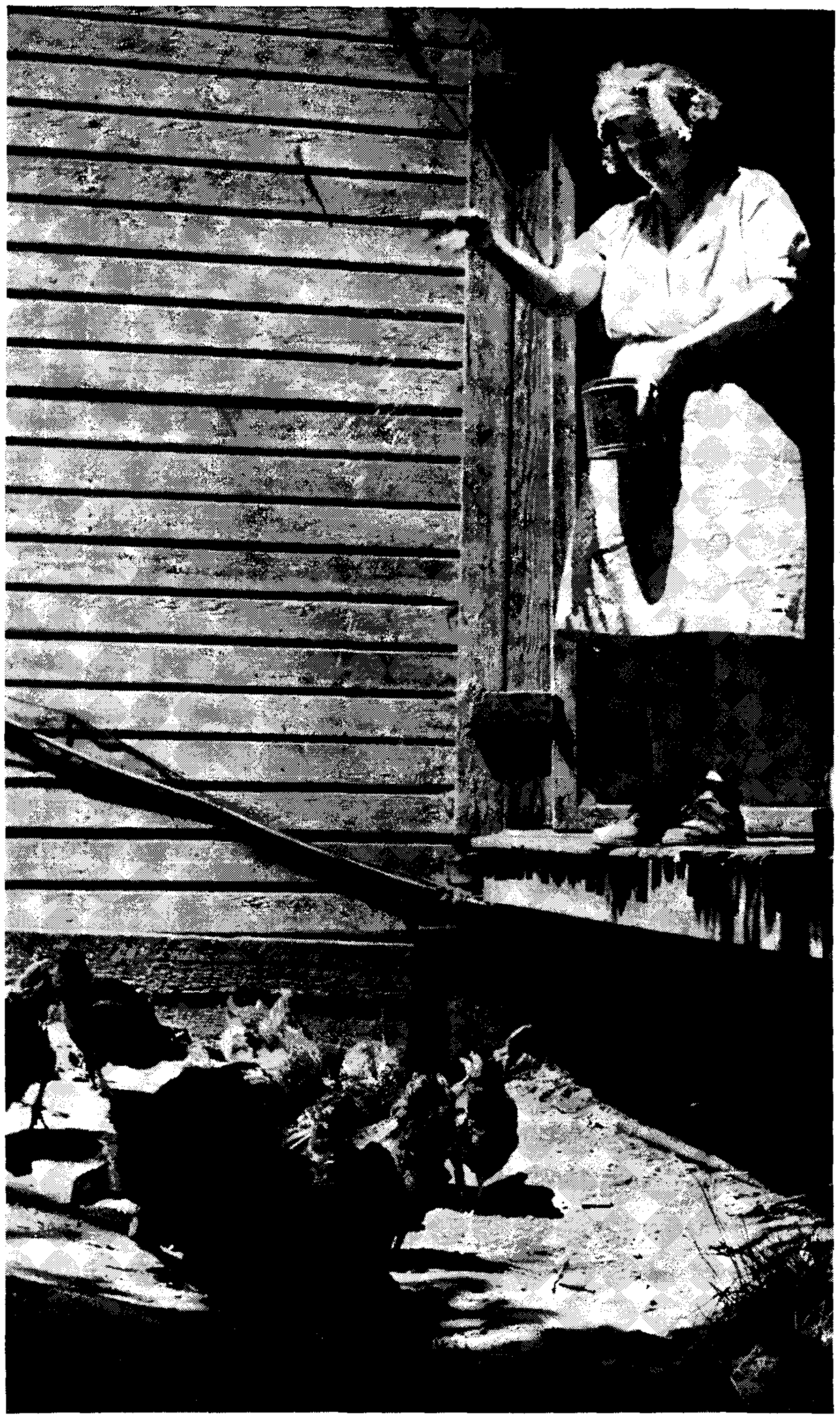
Where Money Means More

Official figures show that the average family income in Coast states is well above the national average, which is $2,200 a year. In California, the figure is $3,300; in Washington $2,500; in Oregon $2,300. But that's only half the story. Lower living costs on the Coast make incomes stretch farther than in the East or Midwest.

The annual average living cost of a New York family of four is $1,375, while in any Pacific Northwestern city it is only about $1,225. And this does not take into consideration the fact that the average Western family probably lives better, has a greater variety of food and larger and pleasanter living accommodations.

With only a modest income, the average North-Coast family has plenty of electrical equipment, refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, automatic oil-electric furnace, an electric range and a car. Seattle—to take one typical city—has more electric ranges than any city on earth, regardless of size.

If the city dweller lives well, so does the farmer. Six farms out of every ten in Washington State are electrified, which means not only electric light, but power machinery and equipment for the home and the farm. Electric power consumption in the Pacific Northwest steadily increased all through the depression and recession. In ten years the power load has doubled and it's still rising. Predictions are that the immense output of the new plants at Grand Coulee in Washington and Bonneville, in Oregon, will be all taken within twenty years, and then someone will have to start building some more dams.



Mrs. Bernard Elmendorf and her family found a new and successful life in Washington after near starvation in Wisconsin

Typical of healthy, happy, small-income families of Washington are the Tutmarks, living near Seattle. This is Mrs. Tutmark and son

In recent years there has been a great exodus from Northwestern cities into the surrounding country. This is especially true in the timber country where cut-over land is cheap—you can buy it for $5 an acre. It's not good land, but it raises chickens, hogs, garden truck and berries for city workers who clear their acreage with the help of a bulldozer and some giant powder, and build their homes in their spare time.

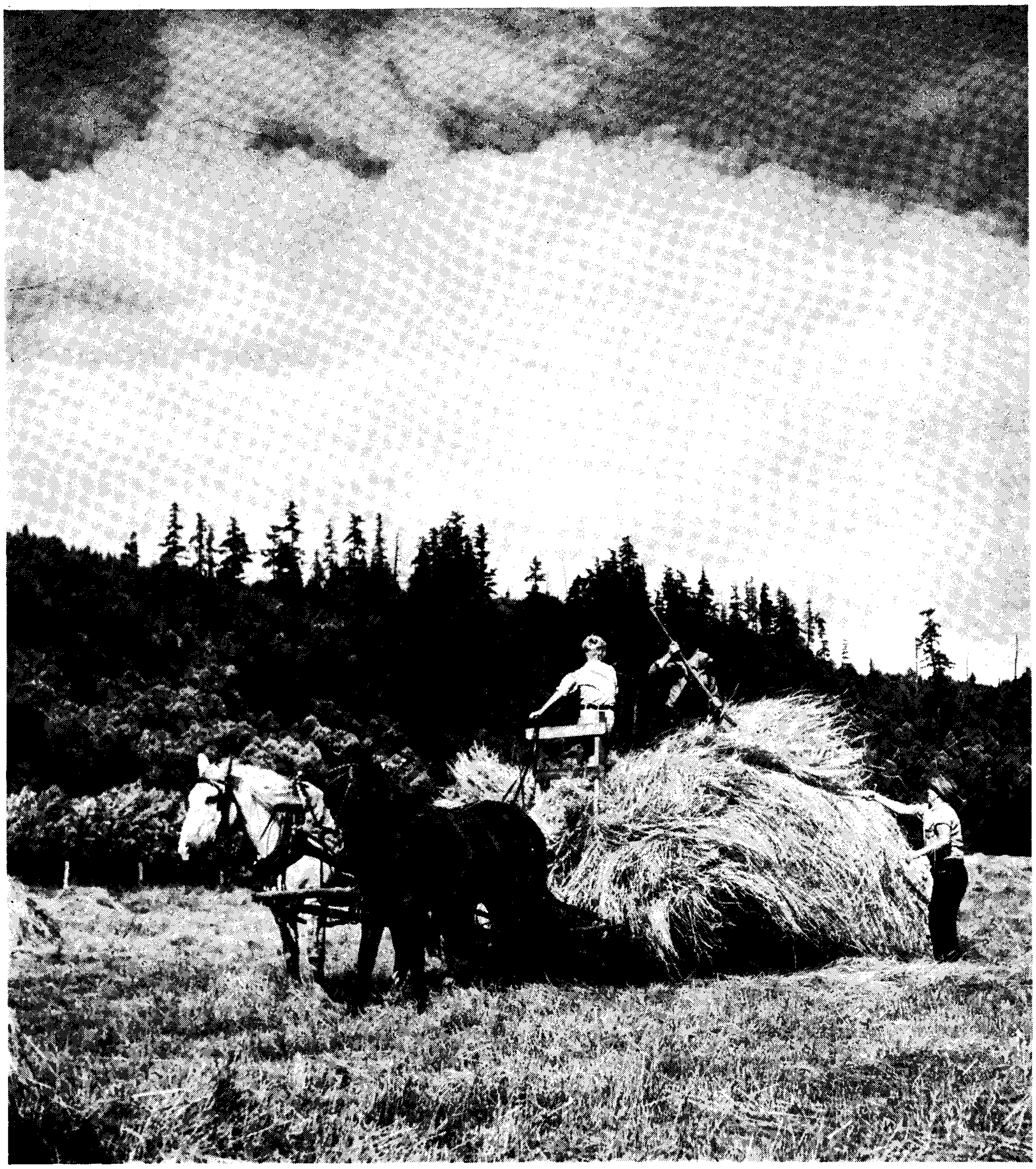
Western cities are running into a tough situation because of this outflow of population. Cities contribute the great bulk of gas-tax money, which goes mainly into highways. Every year, more and more concrete highways are built to enable more and more city workers to live in the country. So it is hard for city property to rise in value. As city taxes rise, the urge to get out into low-tax country districts becomes keener—why not, when you can drive twenty miles to work over a four-lane speedway in the same or less time than it used to take you to ride four miles downtown on a streetcar?

The average coaster who is handy with his hands requires little capital to get himself a country home. Twenty bucks will get him a few acres of land and a few dollars a month will complete the payments. Five hundred dollars will put up a comfortable house, because he'll do most of the work himself or swap labor with the neighbors. His house will grow with the years—ending up as an architect's nightmare but a homey, comfortable place to live in just the same.

Out Where Life is Easier

Besides those who have moved to the country, there are the thousands who own a few acres in the hills, beside a lake or a trout stream, and maintain summer cottages or week-end camps. Twenty-five dollars will get you a few hill acres and another $25 will put you up a shack.

If you don't want to own a place, the forest services will lease you a homesite in a forest for a few dollars a year—and throw in home and sanitation plans



The three oldest male Elmendorfs bring in the hay for their dairy cattle. They operate a 69-acre dairy and fruit ranch near Redmond and were helped to a new start by the Farm Security Administration

and other helpful hints free of charge.

A few newcomers get a chunk of raw land and fly at it with dynamite and brute power, but the average Westerner knows it's more economical to pay more for improved land. People seldom get out of land what they put into it. An acre of land that cost $5 raw and $50 to clear isn't necessarily worth $55. Cheap land usually is more a liability than an asset—if you want to make a living from it.

There are thousands of spots where $50 a month is ample to maintain a family in comfort because it is easy for anyone to raise enough food to feed a family. Three or four months' work a year will feed half a dozen people for a twelve-month.

A thousand dollars is enough, in most locations, to establish a country home. Of course, you can't live as you do in the city, calling the plumber to put a new washer on the faucet or hiring a gardener to manicure the lawn.

People are emigrating to the Pacific Northwest for all sorts of reasons, but the mainspring of the rush westward has been drought, affecting not only farmers but business and professional men from the granger towns, clerks and mechanics, salesmen and others who depended on farm trade for a livelihood.

The country is trying to attract three types of settlers: small industrialists with enough capital to get going; good, sound farmers with enough money to make a down payment on land and to tide them over until crop time; and retired people with steady incomes. Today, perhaps ten per cent of the immigrants measure up to those standards. The rest are potential candidates for relief of some sort.

Happy-Go-Lucky Land

No great fortunes ever have been made in the Northwest—at least by Eastern standards. On the other hand, more people have a competence. There is much less spread between richest and poorest. "Old" families are usually only two or three generations old. Everybody knows that Hilda Swenson of the society columns is the granddaughter of Olaf Swenson, who came over from Sweden thirty years ago and drove a bull team down in the timber around Grays Harbor. If Hilda tries to get snooty, she just gets laughed at. She doesn't try.

The spirit of the place is happy-go-lucky and it pays so little attention to its government that it is represented by perhaps the most fantastic set of politicians ever to come down the pike. Many of them are obviously out of their senses. Pacific Nor'westers can and do vote for anything and anyone at any time. They will always turn out in hordes to sign petitions for the recall of congressmen and senators. The more harebrained the political scheme, the more impossible the candidate, the bigger vote it or he gets. When the scheme turns out to be unworkable, or the candidate not quite right in his head, nobody cares. You can always go fishing.

What has happened to the Overland Trailers of the late 1930's is too varied to sum up in a generalization. Many of them have failed, being the sort of people who'd fail anywhere. Others, having ruined good farms in the Midwest by bad farming, are now repeating the process farther west.

But many have fought back to a sort of prosperity, with the aid of what was the Resettlement Administration and is now the Farm Security Administration. And there is a good sprinkling of those who have started all over independently, owe the government nothing and are at least sure of food, warmth and shelter.

Now let's have a look at one of the new Oregon Trail families. For example, Clarence and Nevada Johnson and their boy and girl, down in Ridgefield, Washington. They're running a farm there in the Lower Columbia River Valley, a semitimber country that's green the year around and delights the two Johnson kids because it's full of Christmas trees.

A few years back they lived—in a manner of speaking—in the South Dakota dust bowl. For a dozen years they'd fought the country—if it wasn't hail it was drought; if it wasn't drought, it was grasshoppers. And often it was all three.

It took a dozen years to lick the Johnsons; they hung on three years after the jack rabbits quit, as the Western saying goes. They made a last stand by harvesting Russian thistle to feed their half-starved stock through a 115-in-the-shade summer.

"Peace in the Hills"

Finally, they knew they were down for the count of nine. So they sold everything they had, paid up all their bills and started out for the sunset with an old car and $57 in cash money.

Over the passes, through the valleys and down to the tidewater of the Columbia they rolled, coming to a halt at Vancouver, Washington, in the spring of 1937. With what they had left of the $57 they got a tent, bought a few groceries and started out to rebuild the family career.

The Farm Security Administration, having decided the Johnsons were a good bet, staked them to a farm up in the hills of Clark County.

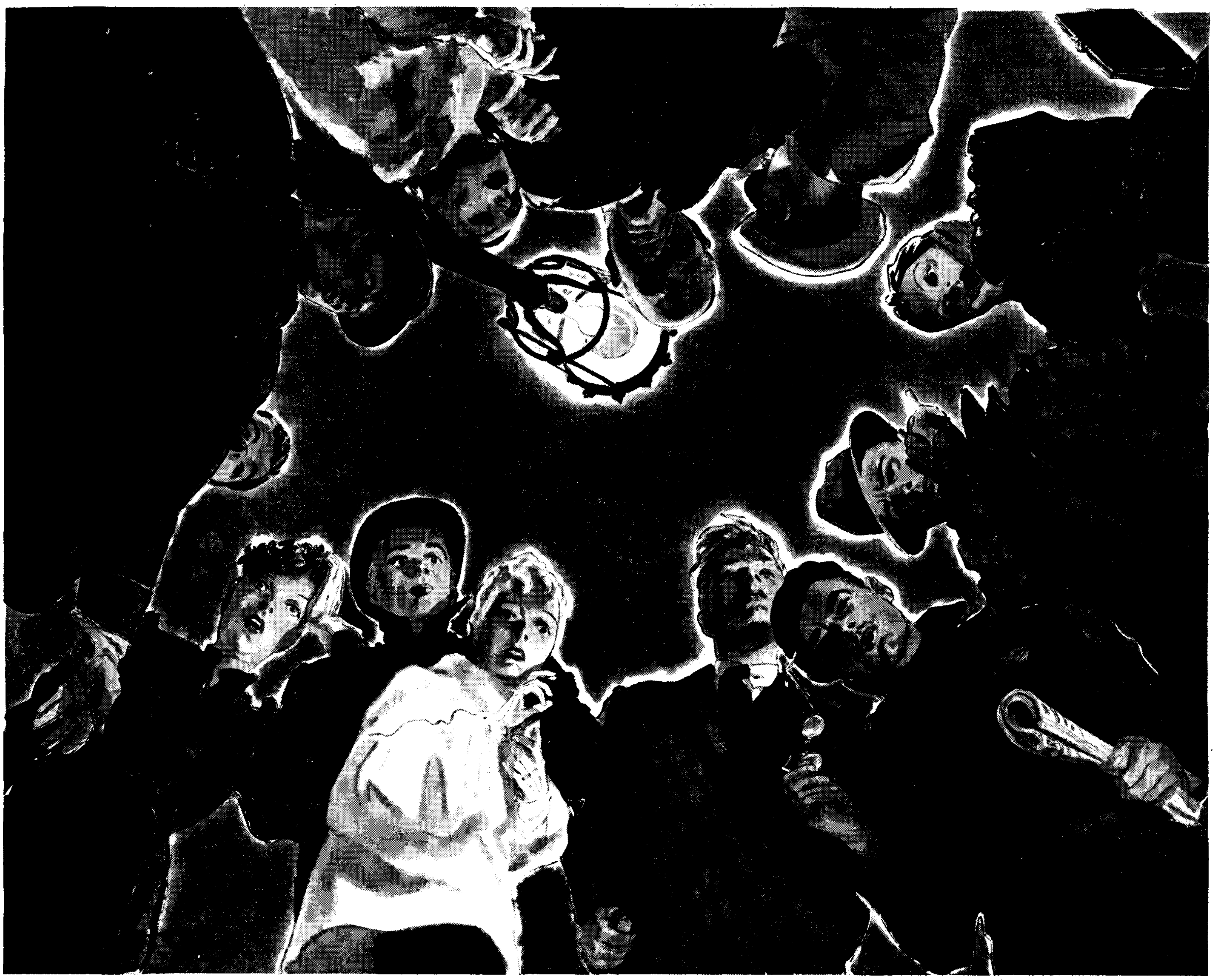
"It was the last of July before we got squared around, with the hay crop in and our garden planted," Mrs. Johnson tells you, inviting you to look into the root cellar and her storage room full of canned stuff. "We raised all the potatoes, beets, carrots, parsnips, turnips and such we could possibly use all winter. And I canned hundreds of jars of pickles, jelly, prune butter, beans and corn—every last bit of it raised on our own place.

"In the first four months we were here we made more than in all the twelve years we lived and worked back in the Middle West. We're milking eleven cows, all alone. We harvest sixty-two hundred eggs a month from our chickens. And we have plenty of hay and silage put up for the winter. . . ."

Typical of families that pioneered in the Midwest and then moved west to start all over is the Bernard Elmendorf family. Elmendorf's father was a pioneer farmer in Wisconsin. A few years ago, when the going got too tough—"when the country began to get too darn' civilized," as Elmendorf puts it—they packed up and rolled west to the Pacific Coast. The Farm Security Administration lent them money—because they were good farmers—and today they operate a 69-acre dairy and fruit ranch in a green valley near Redmond, Washington.

The six Elmendorf kids think it's great. Mrs. Elmendorf is putting up 800 quarts of berries, fruits and vegetables this year. And Mr. Elmendorf is planning to become independent in a few years.

For the Johnsons and Elmendorfs the Pacific Northwest is a real Poor Man's Paradise. And so it is for a great many people who have come out to retire and "find peace in the hills," as some of them poetically put it. ★★★



When he opened his eyes, he saw, above, the heads of frightened strangers

Undertow

By Henri Troyat

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

He thought he was lucky when she broke their engagement. But that was before he had become a hero

FOR three months and eighteen days, Jean Dupont had been trying to find some way of breaking off his engagement to Denise Paquet. He could have said simply: "I don't love you any more." Or: "I'm desperately ill." But he did not want to. A woman in love finds it difficult to believe such statements.

On the 7th of December, at nine o'clock in the evening, he went to see her. His plan was to prepare the ground. When you want to get rid of somebody, he thought, it is always a good idea to begin by assuming a sad and absent-minded expression, a sort of bored condescension, a smiling pity. And certain conversational gambits are indicated. Jean rehearsed them: "I've got something on my mind." . . . "Just don't pay any attention to me." . . . "I'll get over it." . . .

But his darling, when she greeted him that evening, had lost her usual look of a well-fed brood mare. Her eyes were wet, her nose was red, and her streaky make-up suggested eczema. She did not invite him to sit down in the armchair where he had made himself comfortable every Wednesday and Saturday for five years. She did not bury her face in his male breast, murmuring: "What a nice outdoor smell." No—Denise Paquet looked him straight in the eye like a woman with a bottle of acid concealed in her handbag. And in a funereal voice, she said: "Jean, I don't love you any more. We must part."

"What?" Dupont was stunned with surprise and joy.

"Darling!" Denise exclaimed. "I've hurt you! But I had to do it. I've fallen in love with somebody else. An Austrian dentist. I've told him about you, and he admires you very much. . . ."

An admirable scene followed. Jean Dupont, relieved, relaxed, gloriously happy, counterfeited a manly despair. A little point of muscle throbbed at the angle of his jaw, and his fingers were clenched over the back of a chair, as if he were clinging to the parapet of a tower. His breath came as hard as a marathon winner's. "I understand, I understand," he kept groaning.

Denise, dissolved in tears, her bosom heaving, her hair disheveled, told him the whole story in detail. "At first I struggled against it. But it was too much for me . . . too much for either of us. . . ."

Jean Dupont said: "Then it's settled?"

"Yes," said Denise.

Thereupon, with magnificent dignity, he picked up his hat and his umbrella. "Goodby, Denise. . . ."

"You hate me?"

"No. I'm just trying to forget you."

"I hurt you, didn't I?"

Jean Dupont remembered a film in which a strong, silent man with a beard had answered a similar question by the single word: "Atrociously." He said to Denise: "Atrociously."

He then opened the door, went out, and closed it behind him like a man pulling a sheet over the face of a corpse. When he was alone, he said: "Ouf!" with relief, clapped his hands, and rushed down the dark staircase.

In the street, a cool breeze struck his face, as he stopped for a moment to pull himself together. Free! Free! Free! The passing cars made a silky hum. The people going by had merry, kindhearted faces. The store fronts were dancing with light. Even the rain seemed to fall gaily past the butter-yellow street lamps. Jean Dupont sensed that the entire universe shared his delight.

(Continued on page 54)

Flotsam

By Erich Maria Remarque

TRANSLATED BY DENVER LINDLEY

The Story Thus Far:

MEETING in Vienna, young Ludwig Kern and Josef Steiner, both exiled from Germany, form a warm friendship. Neither has a passport. But Steiner is clever enough to avoid the authorities. He remains in the great Austrian city. Working in an amusement park, he sleeps in a gypsy wagon. A woman known as Lilo attends to his simple needs.

Kern is not so fortunate. He is arrested, sent to Czechoslovakia. There, in Prague, he meets and falls in love with a charming girl, Ruth Holland, who has also been forced out of Germany. When Ruth's permit to stay in the country expires, she goes to Vienna. Kern follows and Steiner gets him a job in the amusement park.

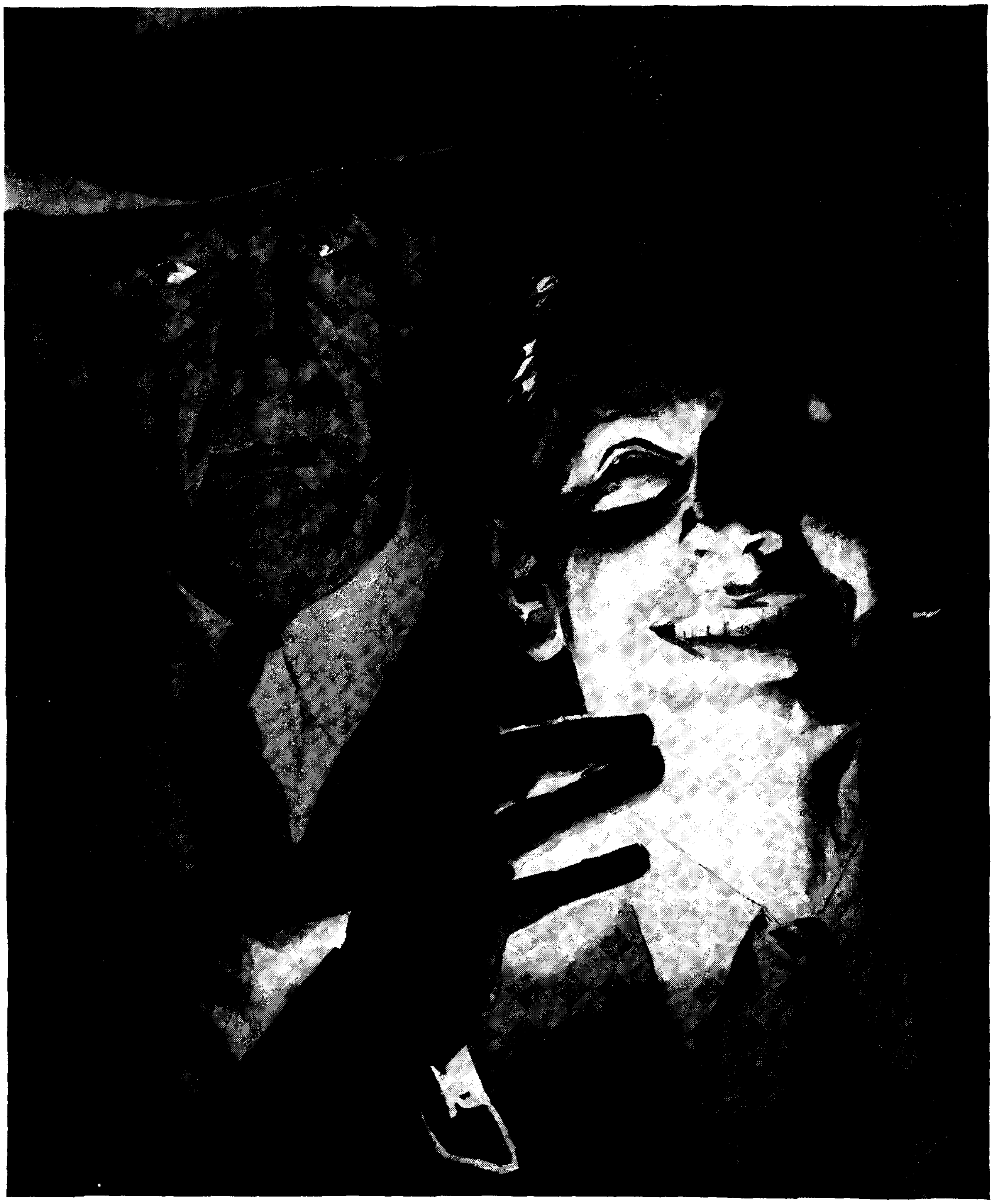
Attempting to protect Ruth against some student rioters, Kern is arrested. When he is finally released from prison, he is ordered to leave Austria. He obeys the order, but returns immediately, only to learn that Ruth, also deported, has gone to Zürich.

A short time later, he incurs the enmity of a policeman. Certain that he is to be arrested again, he flees to Switzerland. In Zürich, he at last finds Ruth. Unfortunately, the Swiss authorities pick him up and inform him he must return to Austria. But he resorts to a clever trick. Forced into Austria, he plays cards with the Austrian officials at the border, and wins. When the Austrians send him back to Switzerland, he plays cards with the Swiss, and wins. Both Austrians and Swiss (hoping to recoup their losses), welcome him warmly as he is shuttled back and forth between the two countries.

Finally, he realizes he must leave Switzerland. Going to Zürich, he telephones Ruth. At her apartment, he finds her alone. They spend a very happy evening together. Later, Kern attempts to elicit some financial aid from Arnold Oppenheim, counselor of commerce, but is rudely rebuffed. But a loan is presently negotiated from the counselor by Stern, a friend, who invites Ruth and Kern to a mild celebration in a café. Unfortunately, they are observed there by Oppenheim, apparently squandering their money. That night, as they see a friend of theirs being escorted to jail, Ruth puts her arm through Kern's. She whispers, "We must get away from here."

VIII

NEAR Murten, Kern and Ruth spent two nights in a sheepfold. The town was small and they were afraid to go into it. The sheepfold, situated a little outside the place, had a kind of loft in which hay was stacked. It was there that they slept. The shepherd, a taciturn middle-aged peasant, had given them permission after taking away their cigarettes and matches. He himself slept in the town.



GEORGE HOWE

"What's this you're up to?" Kern started, recognizing the authoritative ring of an officer's voice

Ruth was lying in the sun. She was very tired and glad of a chance to rest. She and Kern had taken almost a week on their way from Lucerne. They had traveled by foot, mostly during the night, and had hidden by day, for they had suddenly been overcome by a panic dread of being arrested and separated. Kern would have received two weeks' jail sentence at the least, and Ruth would have been deported at once. Since they were neither married nor related, the courts would have paid small attention to their wishes.

On the third evening Kern ventured into the village. He wanted to buy food and see if he could sell some of his things. The place was not mentioned in Stern's list, and so he had to trust to luck.

The peasant had given him a few names of Germans who lived near the town. He went to the nearest house, a small white villa surrounded by a little garden. An attractive housemaid in a big white apron opened the door. She admitted him at once to a small reception room and when he told her what he wanted led him into a living room containing new mahogany furniture. The floor was so highly polished that he almost fell.

After a few minutes the owner of the house appeared. He was a little man with a pointed white beard and he listened in a friendly manner to Kern's story. "So you're an exile and have no passport?" he asked sympathetically.

Kern nodded and the man got up. "Well, my wife can take a look at your things."

"Thank you, Herr Ammers."

THE man went out and after a little while his wife entered. She was a faded, sexless woman, with a face the color of overcooked meat and with pale, haddock eyes. Her dress was like an overstuffed black bag.

"What have you there?" she asked in a simpering voice.

Kern unpacked his treasures, of which there were not many left. The woman fussed over the selection, she looked at the sewing needles as though she had never seen anything of the sort before, she smelled the soap and tested the toothbrushes on her thumb, she asked about prices and finally decided to consult her sister.

The sister was an almost exact duplicate. Small though he was, the bearded Ammers must have ruled his house with an iron hand, for the sister, too, was completely subdued and had a quavering, frightened voice. At every other instant the two women glanced at the door. They dallied and hesitated until Kern finally began to lose patience and started to pack up his things. "Perhaps you'll think it over until morning," he said.

"Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee?" the wife asked in a terrified voice.

Kern had not had any coffee in a long time. "If you have some made," he said.

"Yes, yes, indeed. Just one minute."

She lumbered out, as awkward as a lopsided keg, but quickly nevertheless. The sister stayed.

"A cup of coffee will taste fine," Kern said to make conversation.

The sister emitted a strangled laugh

like a turkey gobbler and then was suddenly silent as though she had swallowed the wrong way. Kern looked at her in amazement. She bobbed her head and made a shrill piping sound through her nose.

The wife came in and put a steaming cup on the table in front of Kern. "Take your time drinking it," she said considerately. "There's no hurry and the coffee is very hot."

The sister gave a sudden brief laugh and ducked her head nervously.

Kern never got to drink his coffee. The door opened and Ammers came in with short, springy steps, followed by a disgruntled-looking policeman.

With a pontifical gesture Ammers pointed to Kern. "Officer, do your duty. Here is an individual without a country and without a passport—banished from the German empire."

Kern stiffened. "Come with me," the policeman growled.

Kern looked at his coffee and then at the pompous Ammers. He thought of Ruth, alone and waiting for him. Slowly he got his things together. "So that was the reason for your kindness and for the coffee," he said, "just to keep me here." He took a step toward Ammers, who recoiled. "Don't be afraid," Kern said softly. "I'm not going to hurt you. I'll just curse you. I curse you and your children and your wife with the whole strength of my soul."

Ammers turned pale. His beard trembled. "Protect me," he ordered the policeman.

"He hasn't injured you yet," the officer said phlegmatically but with a show of interest. "Up to now he's only cursed you. If, for example, he had called you a dirty informer that might perhaps have been an injury—principally on account of the word dirty, because he could not have given legal proof of that, taken literally."

Ammers looked at him in a rage. "Do your duty!" he snapped.

"Herr Ammers," the officer replied calmly, "it's not your place to give me orders. Only my superiors can do that. You have denounced a man and I have come. You may leave the rest to me." He turned to Kern. "Follow me."

THE two went out. "My boy," said the policeman when they were on the street, "sometimes sheep go to call on hyenas. Don't you know who he is? He's the local spy of the German Nazi party and he has already denounced all sorts of people."

"What an idiot I am," Kern said.

The officer nodded. "With bells on."

"My God!" Kern was thinking of Ruth. "There's someone waiting for me."

The policeman shrugged his shoulders. "That doesn't make any difference. I can't advise you to try to escape, either. Of course, I have a game leg and couldn't run after you, but I would shout at you and then if you didn't stop I'd draw my revolver. Naturally that would take some time. You might even get away from me. Particularly at a place we're just coming to, where there are all sorts of alleys and corners and where shooting is out of the question. If you escape"—he grinned at Kern—"the most I could do would be to put you in handcuffs. I couldn't possibly catch you."

Kern listened to him attentively. "Do you know," said the officer thoughtfully, "sometimes people are too decent for their own good."

"Listen," Kern said, "there's a person waiting for me whom I have to help. Let me go. I give you my word we are on our way to France. We want to get out of Switzerland. It won't make any difference one way or the other."

"I can't be bothered about that." The officer pointed. "Look, here's a place where you could get away from me. For example, if you were to run down that street, turn the corner and keep to the left—you'd be off." He glanced at Kern impatiently. "Well, then, I'll just put you in handcuffs. Damnation, where did I put the things?"

He turned halfway round and began a thorough search of his pockets. "Thanks," Kern said and ran.

At the corner he took a quick look back. The officer was standing there laughing.

KERN returned to the sheepfold. "How do you feel, Pony?" he asked.

"Not very well. I'm tired and yet I haven't done anything all day long. I tried to study but I couldn't remember a thing. Everything ran through my head as if it were a sieve. So I gave up."

"Have you caught a cold, Pony?"

GIANT
ROLAND COE

"Goodness—I wish I could go around that way on a day like this!"

ROLAND COE

"Perhaps a little, day before yesterday in the rain. It will go away soon. I'll just crawl a little farther into the hay and get warm."

Kern rummaged among his things. "I bought a very small bottle of cognac. There's not more than two glasses in it. You must drink it before you go to sleep. It will do you good."

He told Ruth nothing about Ammers, for he did not want to worry her. Perhaps if she got a good night's sleep they could be on their way again early in the morning.

The peasant came, bringing them cheese and black bread. They ate it with bunches of grapes and found it made a superb meal. An hour later the peasant shut up the fold and went away.

Kern and Ruth crouched close together at the little window. The red glow of evening on their faces made them appear solemn and older than they were. The lake became scarlet and the hills were washed in umber. But the more somber the earth grew, the lighter and higher appeared the heavens. The sky seemed to flee behind the hills, to recede into a pale apple-green, wide and transparent, as though below the horizon a mighty battery of white footlights from some invisible stage were illuminating a curtain of madonna blue and silvery green.

"As though it might go up any minute now," Ruth said.

"Yes, but what would there be behind it? Angels? Apostles with white beards and kindly faces? Celestial policemen?"

"I don't know. But I think there would be peace."

She spoke with such strange intensity that Kern shivered, looking at her serious face bathed in the red light.

The sky was now clearer and more remote in the cold reflection of the light from beyond the earth. The red of the lake turned to opal and slowly, as though touched by the hand of lofty night, the peaceful surface began to ripple in the rhythm of a forgotten lullaby. Soft breaths of air lifted iridescent veils of mist only to let them sink again into the valleys.

"HOW beautiful it is!" Kern murmured.

Ruth nodded. "Evenings like this make you understand that you must die—and yet believe that you can never die."

"Don't talk about dying. We're going to live."

"Sometimes I think they are not so far apart."

Kern made no reply. He felt the warmth of the body beside him and realized suddenly what an immense trust, more than words could express, lay in the fact that this body was pressed against his and this skin touched his skin—like brother and sister who know each other so well there is no longer need for speech or explanation.

Kern woke and listened to Ruth's quick, shallow breathing. He felt her forehead; it was hot and damp. She was sleeping deeply but restlessly and he did not want to wake her. The smell of the hay was overpowering, although they had spread blankets and bed covers on top of it. After a while she awoke of her own accord and in a plaintive voice asked for water. Kern brought her the pail and a cup and she drank thirstily.

"Are you hot, Pony?"

"Yes, very. But perhaps it's only the hay. My throat is parched."

"It might be the cognac. I hope you haven't a fever."

"I mustn't have a fever," she murmured. "I mustn't get sick. I'm not sick either. I won't be sick."

She turned over and pushed her head under his arm. "You won't let me get sick, will you?"

"No, Pony. Certainly not."

Kern lay still. He would have liked to have a light to see how Ruth looked. He recognized from the damp heat of her face that she was feverish. But he had no flashlight. So he lay still, listening to her quick, short breathing and watching the infinitely slow progress of the hand around the illuminated dial of his watch, which gleamed through the darkness like some pale and distant diabolical engine of time. Beneath them the sheep nudged each other, grunting from time to time, and it seemed to take years for the circle of the window to grow brighter, announcing the day.

Ruth awoke. "Give me some water."

Kern handed her the cup. "You have a fever, Ruth. Will you be all right alone for an hour?"

"Yes, but don't stay longer."

"I'm just going to run down to the village to get some medicine."

THE peasant came and opened the sheepfold. When Kern told him what had happened he made a wry face. "She must go to a hospital. She can't stay here."

"We'll see if she isn't better by noon."

They had very little money left. Despite his fear of meeting the policeman or a member of the Ammers family, Kern ran to the drugstore and begged the druggist to lend him a thermometer. The assistant let him have one after he had put up money as a deposit. Kern bought a bottle of aspirin and ran back.

Ruth's temperature was 101.5. She swallowed two tablets and Kern wrapped his jacket and her coat around her in the hay. He wanted to take her to a boardinghouse in the village, but she refused. She was afraid of the police. By noon, despite the medicine, her temperature had risen to 102.

The peasant scratched his head. "She needs nursing. If I were in your place I'd take her to the hospital."

"I won't go to the hospital," Ruth whispered. "Tomorrow I'll be well again."

"It doesn't look like it to me," said the peasant. "She ought to be in bed in a room and not here in a hayloft."

"No," Ruth said, "it's warm and nice here."

The peasant climbed down the ladder and Kern followed. "Why doesn't she want to leave?" the peasant asked.

"Because then we'd be separated."

"That doesn't matter. You could wait for her."

"That's just what I couldn't do. If she's admitted to a hospital they will find out she hasn't a passport. Perhaps they might keep her there, although we haven't enough money; but afterward the police would take her to the border and I wouldn't know where or when."

(Continued on page 40)

Water Boy

By Arthur J. Daley

The depression plunged Peter Fick into a swimming tank. When the ex-truckdriver caught his breath he found he had broken practically every record Johnny Weissmuller had ever made

IFOR THOMAS

THE train idled into the station at Budapest and came to a drowsy halt. Lights flickered over a crowd that jammed the platform. Ordinarily the Budapest station at midnight is as somnolent and as empty as any of our own. But this was no ordinary occasion.

The crowd burst out in a frenzied cheer as the train stopped. Flags waved frantically.

Peter Fick, wide-eyed American boy of twenty-one, pulled his head in from the window and nudged his traveling companion, the late Carl Lehmann.

"Gee," he said reverently, "there must be some big shot on this train."

Lehmann glanced out the window and instantly understood. He put his hand on Fick's shoulder and said quietly, "That's for you, Peter."

Peter Fick's jaw dropped as though it were on a hinge. Tears welled into his eyes. He stood there bewildered, utterly unable to comprehend that hundreds of persons should come out at midnight to give a royal welcome to an ex-truckdriver from Philadelphia.

Before that triumphant summer ended Fick returned to the United States and won the national 100-yard free-style swimming championship. That entitled him to a trip to Japan. Thus, within a few months, Peter Fick, who had once dreamed of some day seeing New York City, had seen Europe and Asia, traveling 55,000 miles in all. Since then he's been back to the Continent twice and to South America once.

The reason now is a bit obvious. Peter Fick is the fastest swimmer in the world. He has broken nearly every sprint record that the great Johnny Weissmuller ever set and has won the last nine national 100-yard and 100-meter championships. And between Weissmuller and Fick was a parade of winners with none ever repeating.

Most young swimmers follow identical patterns in their development. They show promise in high school and are brought along carefully by scholastic coaches until they reach college. Then they begin to flower on the championship tree, the best of them blossoming into the riper gardens of national title competition.

Peter Fick's coach was Peter Fick. He learned to swim like so many city boys have learned, sneaking down to a comparatively deserted spot on the riverbank, dropping clothes, and diving in without a bathing suit.

Once he was to regret his September Morn attire. A dam had broken up the Schuylkill, and logs and other debris came swirling down the river. Fick's "gang" decided to build a raft, and nine-year-old Peter, the best swimmer of the crowd, was delegated to go out after a particularly choice log and bring it to shore.

Fick thrashed his way to the log, all right, but had underestimated the force of the current. Nine blocks below where he had started, Peter finally reached shore, practically in the middle of busy Market Street without a stitch of clothing to his back.

A Two-Year Build-up

Sheepishly he wrapped a newspaper around him to protect him from the amused glances of passers-by and reached his clothes after sprinting a half mile in close to world record time.

The river was his favorite recreation place and he was in it as often as he could get there during summer vacation or after school. At thirteen he was apprenticed to an upholsterer and paperhanger, his parents deciding that he had better learn a trade.

Two years later he went to Baltimore with an uncle to begin a grandiloquent career as a truckdriver: It was another two years before he returned to Philadelphia.

When he walked in the door his family did not recognize him. Peter had become a powerful six-footer of 190 pounds with the leg and shoulder muscles of a wrestler. He had not carted desks, safes and other office equipment up endless stairs in vain.

When the depression came in to whisk that truckdriving job away, Fick swam every day just to keep himself amused. He noticed that his new-found strength had made him faster. For no particular reason he went to the Big Brothers Club in Philadelphia and asked for a time trial, churning down the tank with a homemade, self-taught version of the crawl stroke.

The coach there turned away when it was over and said a bit caustically, "You'll never make a swimmer. You'd better go back to driving a truck."

Instead Peter went over to the Broadwood A.C. and requested a time trial there. He swam 100 yards in one minute and eight seconds.

Coach Bill Watson was not too much impressed. The lad who really had caught his eye was Ed Sabol, who later was to become a crack swimmer for Ohio State.

"Peter," said Watson, "your form is pretty bad. I'd suggest that you watch Sabol and copy his style. In two weeks I'll give you another time trial and see if you've learned anything."

When that fortnight passed, Sabol was the first to be timed. Just for the experience Fick was matched against him, his own time trial to come later. But that plan misfired because Peter, the novice, in the first race of his career, beat Sabol by ten feet.

When Peter Hit the Headlines

Within three months Fick had broken every sprint record in the Middle Atlantic Association of the A.A.U. and was doing 54 seconds for 100 yards. So the A.A.U. officials decided to send their boy wonder up to the New York A.C. for the national championships.

Peter's first heat was against Al Schwartz of the Illinois A.C., the defending champion. Fick was so awed by the reputations of his rivals that he skimmed down the tank to get it over with as rapidly as possible. It was a good idea because, much to his surprise, he won very easily and reached the 100-yard final in the first national championship he ever saw.

It would be very nice to say that Peter Fick won the championship. But that would be stretching the truth to the breaking point. Actually he finished fifth and last.

But Peter had hit the headlines and within a few weeks he had become a member of the New York A.C. Early in 1934 Bob Kiphuth, Yale and Olympic coach, staged a world-record try at New Haven. Dave Livingston was the Yale aquatic ace then and Kiphuth wanted his boy to have a shot at Weissmuller's 100-meter mark.

Fick was to pace him but he so forgot himself that he broke the record instead with 56.8 seconds to Weissmuller's 57.4. Twice since then Peter has broken the figures until the clocking now stands at 56.4. He also tied Johnny's 100-yard standard with 51 seconds flat in the national championships of 1936.

It was after the Yale performance that Peter received his first invitation to compete abroad. Japan wanted him that summer. Fick obtained his passport, received his steamship tickets and packed his bag. All he had to do was go through the formality of winning the national crown.

But it just so happened that Art Highland won the race in 1:01.6, the slowest time in recent history, and Fick stayed home that year. Two weeks later Fick captured the national junior title in 58.8. No one can explain it, Fick least of all.

Peter's fame spread and in 1935 Hungary asked for the new boy wonder of the waves. Fick lost his first race there to Ferenc Csik of Hungary and his second to Helmuth Fischer of Germany. But then it was an endless series of triumphs. Three times he vanquished Csik and four times Fischer. The lad had arrived.

If the adulation heaped on his head in Europe was to amaze Peter, he was to be overwhelmed in Japan a few weeks later. The feature of the trip was a big three-day meet in Tokyo.

So intense was the interest that lines of ticket purchasers would start to form at 5 P. M. for the competition the next night. They brought along food, benches, blankets and umbrellas and just camped out.

Wherever the Americans moved they had to have the police clear the way, keeping the boys quite free of those foreign entanglements—except Fick and his roommate on the trip, Ralph Flanagan.

That incident really forms two tales instead of one. The Americans went out to watch the Japanese national championships a few days before the international meet. When they arrived, a Japanese official suggested politely the crowd would enjoy seeing the Americans practice between events. *(Continued on page 52)*

Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now

By J. Richard (Dixie) Davis

Dixie Davis, disbarred as a lawyer, under criminal indictment, broke and with a price on his head, fled from the law. But it was no use. In this last part of his autobiography he tells how he came over to the other side and helped convict the man who had made himself the link between politics and organized crime

VI

FIVE thousand dollars reward! Not for Jesse James, not for Billy the Kid, not for the robbers of the Deadwood Stage, but for a young New York lawyer, now a fugitive from justice!

"Tonight I am going to tell you why the city of New York has found it necessary to revert to the ways of the Wild West and put a price on a man's head!"

The words came blasting at me out of the radio. I was the hunted one, with a price on his head! This man was talking about me!

It was Thomas E. Dewey speaking, the special prosecutor who had broken through the political protection of the Dutch Schultz mob and indicted me for my part in the policy racket. He was running for district attorney of New York County in the campaign of 1937, blasting away at Tammany Hall by telling true detective stories on the radio, hair-raisers about the power of the underworld.

I was in my apartment hideaway in Philadelphia with Hope Dare, my sweetheart, and George Weinberg, also a fugitive, who was spending Sunday evening with us to listen to Dewey's speech. We wouldn't have missed one of those campaign speeches for anything.

Dewey's sentences slashed me to the marrow. What made it worse was that he talked of me sympathetically, as if I were some misguided kid. He said I had become the intimate of the most powerful individual political leader in New York. That meant Jimmy Hines, but he didn't name Hines. He wasn't ready to do that—yet.

"The nerve of him!" ejaculated Hope.

"Hush," I said. I didn't want to miss a word. The lawyer in me cropped up and I thought: "At least I'll get a change of venue out of this."

"He'll get his answer election day," said George Weinberg as Dewey finished. "To get elected he'd have to carry Jimmy Hines' district!"

When the People Took a Hand

At that we laughed. Jimmy Hines was invincible on his own ground, and he was our friend and protector.

A month later we didn't laugh. George was with us again to hear the election returns over the radio, which reported that another miracle had happened. First this guy had bowled over Charlie Lucky, the biggest boss of the underworld; then he had convicted seven men in the restaurant racket; he had sent immune Lepke and Gurrah on the lam, fugitives like me. And now he had given a beating to Tammany Hall. He had snowed under Jimmy Hines in his own district.

From that night on our fate was sealed. The people had licked us at the polls.

I guess I had better tell about our flight from the beginning. On July 14, 1937, when George and I were indicted, we were in a rented cabin in the Adirondacks. Hope was with us.

"What'll we do?" asked George.

"I think I'll go in," I said. "If I can force Dewey to try me before he builds up his case I may be able to beat it."

"Why don't you see what the Old Man says?" suggested George. So I got in touch with Freddie Fisher, the mobster who had driven us to our hideaway, and a few days later he took me to an apartment in West New York, New Jersey, across the Hudson River from Forty-second Street. There he brought Jimmy Hines.

"What kind of a case they got?" asked the Old Man.

"If they've got the true story, they got plenty," I said. "I know they've got a lot of small-fry policy runners, mostly colored people, who will put me in this place and that place, but I can get just as good colored people to say the opposite. I think I have a fifty-fifty chance if I can force a quick trial and holler my head off that Dewey is making me a political football."

"I'd think it over," said Hines. "It's about three months to election. It looks like Grover Whalen will beat La Guardia, and we'll win the district attorney all right, and then everything will be in different shape. Why don't you lie low until after election?"

Hines' advice seemed reasonable. So I took it. Freddie Fisher brought Hope to join me, for she had insisted on sharing my flight. The very night of my indictment she had started getting ready, clipping all the labels, the laundry and cleaners' marks out of our clothes.

I just about fell over when Hope walked into the West New York apartment two days later. I have told you about her glorious red hair. Because of that hair they had called her Colorado Rose when she was a kid riding broncos in the Western rodeos. It had been her flaming trade-mark as a Follies girl. But now she had dyed her hair—jet black.

"Hope Dare!" I exclaimed. "What have you done to yourself?" I was shocked, but I had to admit she looked pretty cute.

"Hope Dare nothing!" she challenged. "My name is Ronnie Gleason, mister! And I'm a mess. I've got black in my fingernails, and down my neck, and I splattered it all over the bathroom. That place won't be cleaned up for weeks."

Next day Hope took a test and got a Jersey driver's license in her new name. Sam Grossman sold her old car and she bought a new one in her new name, so as not to leave a trail. At dusk we started out.

Looking back at it, that departure was romantic. For more than two years we had been lovers, but now for the first time we were alone together, lost to the world. But it didn't seem romantic then. I was scared and jittery. Hope was flustered too, and she drove right through a red light.

"Stupid!" I yelled. "You'll get us pinched before we've started. If you aren't the lousiest driver . . . !"

Well, Hope had dyed her hair, but she was still redheaded, and we went up over the Pulaski Skyway fighting like an old married couple. We were still quarreling when Hope lost her way in the rain in Philadelphia. Finally we reached shelter sixty miles beyond Philadelphia on Route 1, where Hope had stayed once before.

Next morning was more cheerful, and we started out with all the road before us and no special place to go. We decided to go to Natural Bridge, Virginia. We stayed there two days, seeing the sights. Our first tension was gone, and it was just like being on a honeymoon.

A Touch of Domesticity

But I was restless, and we drove on. At a farm near Roanoke, Hope bought two large smoked hams. I thought she was crazy, but later, when she had a chance to cook them, we enjoyed them a lot. We drove to White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, because it was out of season and I didn't think we would meet anyone there we knew. We were stopping at tourist camps, to be inconspicuous and save money, for I had only about $400 when we started, but at White Sulphur we got a break.

Hope met a fine elderly Southern gentleman on horseback, and got talking with him about horses and made a hit. He rented us a beautiful little cottage called Tall Timber Lodge. It was cheap and had a fence around it and about three acres of ground. We were supposed to be Robert and Ronnie Gleason, writers. We set up housekeeping. For years Hope had been a playgirl on Broadway, but now all her domestic instincts cropped out. She cooked and did all our laundry.

I stayed under cover, reading Beveridge's Life of John Marshall (a splendid book) and cultivating my new mustache. When I went out I wore horn-rimmed spectacles.

"Hope!" I exclaimed one morning at breakfast. "It looks like sunrise!"

And so it did. Around the roots of her hair was a glistening halo, all coppery gold. Her dyed hair was growing out!

That hair was an awful nuisance. Every few days she had to dye it. Then it got brittle and started coming out by handfuls. Eventually Hope got a black

ACME

Dixie Davis, right, goes to court to plead guilty to comprising a lottery

IFOR THOMAS

When Hope Dare took it on the lam with Dixie Davis, her flaming hair was dyed jet black

wig, and cropped off her real hair. It was a year before it got back to normal.

We should have stayed in White Sulphur Springs, but I was restless. I needed money and I wanted to discuss things with George Weinberg. George was in Minneapolis. Somebody had given him an "okay" to Dave Berman, who was running the underworld out there. I was keeping in touch through Freddie Fisher. By appointment I would telephone him every few days at his dentist's office in New York.

Hope wouldn't let me have George join us. She wanted me to herself, and she didn't want to risk my being with other fugitives. So one day, after talking to Freddie, I told her we had to start right out for Minneapolis to see George. Hope raised the devil. She had just spent $6 for seventy-six jars of preserves, a real bargain, and it nearly broke her heart to have to leave that stuff behind. When we loaded the car she insisted on bringing along a new chicken roaster. Hope was all for the domestic life.

Once we were on the road again tension returned. I insisted on driving, for Hope had been giving me lessons in the three-acre grass plot behind our cottage, and after a few miles I thought I was an expert. A fast car is good food for the ego. I was tearing along a concrete road at seventy-five miles an hour, jubilant, when I saw two motorcycle cops coming toward me. I jammed on the brakes, the car reeled, and crashed into the bridge abutment.

I sat there trembling. Those cops, I was sure, were coming for me. But then all was quiet. They were piloting a funeral procession and they went right on, paying no attention. We discovered that we had only crumpled a fender and we drove on, with Hope at the wheel.

As soon as we hit Indianapolis I went straight to the state office building. I said I was Robert Gleason of New Jersey, and had lost my license. The fellow behind the wicket said it would take two days to get a new one, but I put up a terrific argument. Finally he excused himself, said he had to go to the men's room. So I followed him there, slipped him ten bucks, and in fifteen minutes I was merrily on my way again, a licensed driver.

In Minneapolis we went to the King Cole Hotel, where we met George. He was negotiating with Dave Berman and Willie Alde, who ran a night club there, about starting a policy bank. We stayed there for three weeks.

There was a roller-skating marathon at an auditorium near the hotel, and I spent most of my evenings there with Dave and Willie. Hope stayed home knitting and reading. During the months we were on the lam she knit six sweaters for me, about a dozen women's bed jackets, and two baby suits. She read Anthony Adverse, and Gone with the Wind, and Ludwig's Napoleon, and Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter. There was so much time to kill.

Trouble in Large Doses

Freddie Fisher flew out to Minneapolis to tell me all the news. We were trying to raise money to finance the appeals of the restaurant racketeers. At least I was trying. I was broke myself, living on borrowed money. But I sent word back to my mother to sell her jewelry. She sold $4,500 worth of diamonds for $1,500 and turned over the money to Dave Paley, a lawyer. He put the money in his bank account and three days later he dropped dead. That's the kind of luck we were playing in.

In early September, Hope and I drove to Chicago and registered at the Lake Shore Drive Hotel. There were posters that Rubinoff was there with his violin, and that gave us the jitters, for we knew Rubinoff very well. That afternoon we went to the movies, and in the middle of it I went out to telephone Sam Grossman in New York. In a few minutes I came back and got Hope.

"Come on," I said. "We've got to go back east."

"Dick, we've got to see the end of this picture," she insisted, but I dragged her away. She was brokenhearted, almost crying, as we left, because the picture was so good. It was Captains Courageous and she always wondered how it came out.

We met Sam Grossman in Philadelphia two days later, at the Hotel Wellington. He had some money for me which he had borrowed from a Shylock, and I certainly needed it. That night Hope and I went up North Bond Street to the famous night club of Benny the Bum.

Benny insisted that Hope and I stay at his house, and we did for several days. I made a hit with his kids by telling them I was the owner of the Club Trocadero, location unspecified. They thought anybody in their dad's business must be okay.

After a few days we went to Atlantic City with Benny's wife and two kids, and rented an apartment near the boardwalk. We had a lot of fun with the children, riding bicycles and playing on the beach every day. But then came a rumor I had been seen there, and we ducked in a hurry back to Philadelphia.

Hope found us a little two-room apartment at 48th Street and Osage Avenue, and we bought furniture on time and settled down to wait out the tension of the New York campaign. We even made some friends, through Benny the Bum, and had some social life. For a while we sublet the apartment and took a little house at Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia.

After the disastrous shock of the election, trouble came fast. The Appellate Division in New York rejected its referee's report and disbarred me because I was a fugitive from justice. And my money was running out.

Early in January, Freddie Fisher brought Jimmy Hines down to see me. We met in the house of an acquaintance in the neighborhood. I had been trying to get a World's Fair concession for a fellow in New York, so that I could have a little income. Hines said he hadn't been able to get it, but he promised that if the constitutional amendment in New York went through for pari-mutuel racing, he would get me a cut on a track that was to open in Westchester County.

No Help from Jimmy Hines

Then we talked about my surrendering. I still figured that Hines might be able to make a deal with Dewey through some of his Republican friends, so I would get a light sentence. Hines said he thought he could do it, and promised to try, but I don't believe he ever did a thing about it.

But the one big memory I have of that talk is money. In five years, out of my own funds, I had given Hines a fortune. During our last months in New York, I was broke and I borrowed money to give to him. But now I had $12.50 in my pocket and couldn't pay the rent. I told him so, but he didn't even offer to lend me fifty bucks!

It was plain I had to rely on my own ingenuity. I had met a stocking manufacturer who was heavily overstocked, and I thought up a scheme to sell the stockings over the radio by a kind of chain-letter plan. We got busy on it, and that was where I met my fate. I thought I could conceal my identity, but I couldn't. Somebody turned me in to Dewey's office for the $5,000 reward. I believe it was somebody who was in on that radio deal, but nobody will admit

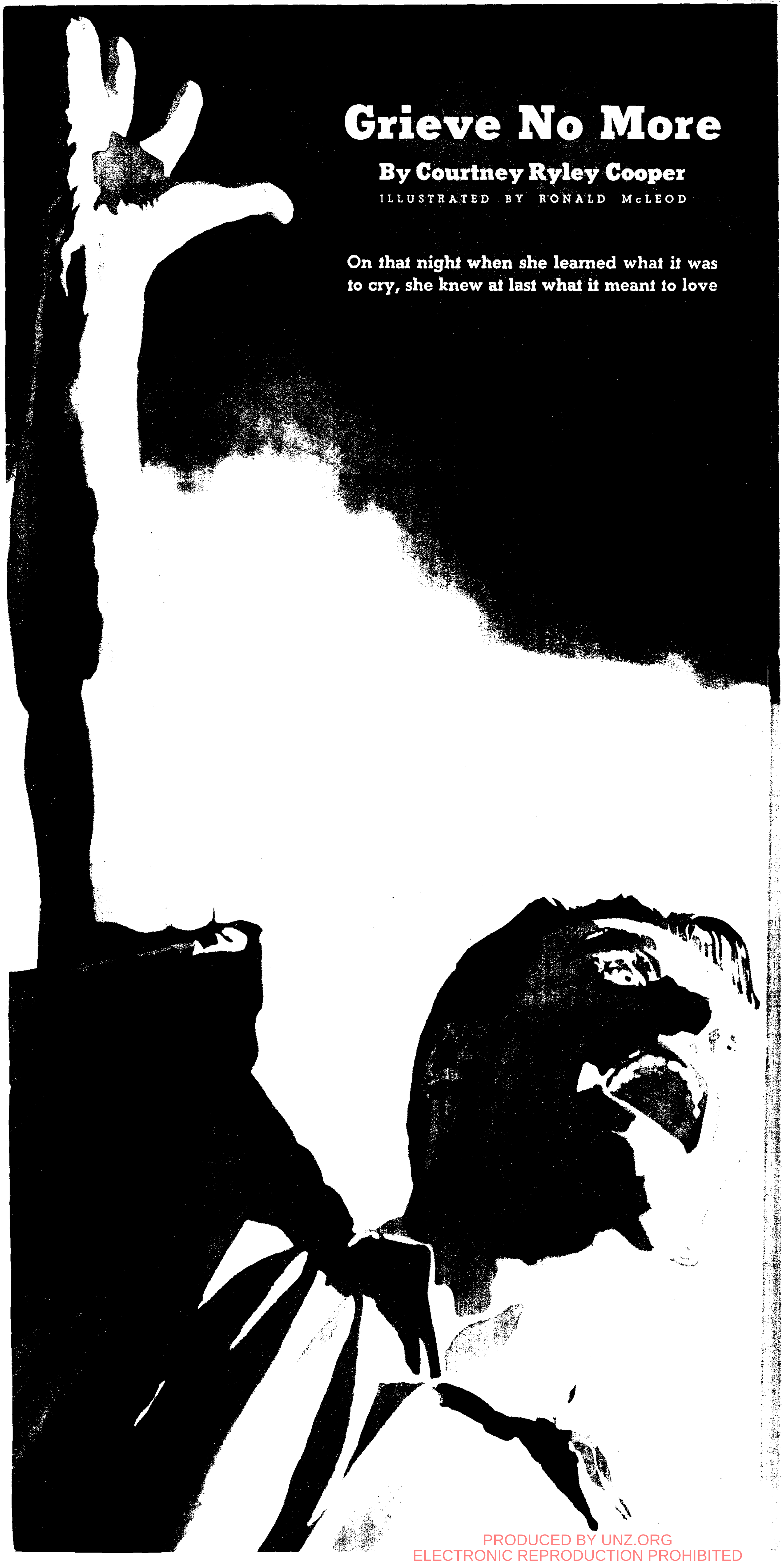
(Continued on page 35)

Grieve No More

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

On that night when she learned what it was to cry, she knew at last what it meant to love



A WARM February day, with its foretaste of spring, had brought an air of expectancy to the winter quarters of the Great Triumphant Circus. This feeling was heightened by an unusual outlook—Pop O'Day, the owner, was taking the show abroad. In six weeks more it would embark for a summer season on the Exposition grounds, beside the Seine, in Paris, and this balmy day had pervaded everywhere about "quarters" with a cheery sense of rush and enthusiasm—that is, everywhere except within the old, ill-lighted wooden structure known as the "cat barn" where were housed the lions, tigers and other feline animals.

There the safety door of a training arena had just clanked, ending a struggle between a young man and a strange beast. Weary, panting and disheveled, in work-worn sports shirt, riding breeches and field boots, the trainer now stood outside, his right hand resting on the heavy, blank-cartridged revolver at his belt. With the other hand, he flecked his light training whip along the wooden floor of the ancient building, as with nervous, dark eyes he strove to evaluate the animal that had defied him.

Five hundred pounds of muscle and fang and claw, it might have been a lion, except for its stripes, or a tiger, except for its scraggly mane and spiked tail. For a moment the trainer watched its hateful yellow-green eyes, its crouched, slinking gait, then called to a slovenly menagerie helper:

"Snipes! Have those Navahos got here yet?"

The cageman shuffled toward the open doors of the old barn and peered across the winter quarters yard toward a corral where usually were held the "Navahos" or aged horses, which, bought at glue-factory prices, formed the main diet of the feline animals.

"Ain't come yet, Cap'n. Corral's empty."

"When they get here, give this Tiglon an extra feed." He paused, still watching the pacing misfit. "Poor devil, it isn't his fault."

He turned as the waddling form of Pop O'Day, the owner, bulged through the cat-barn doors, eyed the pacing hybrid beast, then asked:

"What progress today, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Thompson, animal trainer, trailed his whip along the floor.

"None," came abruptly. "Look here, Pop, maybe an older trainer could do this job; it's evident I can't."

POP O'DAY moved beside the younger man as swiftly as his three hundred pounds would permit. Gray eyes, shrewd, keen, but kindly, centered beneath shaggy brows. "Why not?"

"I don't know—I've tried everything. Maybe it's the mixing of breeds; half tiger, half lion." Suddenly he asked: "Why can't you just exhibit him in the menagerie? People crowd out to the zoo in New York to see the Tiglon there."

"A zoo's free, kid," answered Pop. "Besides we're bound for France; we need a big feature." Suddenly he demanded: "Say, what's eating on you? I've seen you break an act of twenty lions and tigers in three weeks. You've worked on Jungle here for months and nothing happens. Add that up for me."

In this, he spoke for the whole circus. There had been tremendous rejoicing in the Great Triumphant when this hybrid had arrived. Pop O'Day had planned that it be advertised as the only tamed and trained Tiglon in existence. But things hadn't worked out that way.

"You see," the younger man explained hopelessly, "it's what happened to his brain. He's got tiger nature and lion nature, all mixed together, and one works against the other. Oh, he'll get up on a pedestal—he'll do that. But try to move him afterward, or force him to do anything but crouch and hiss—" He paused, looking suddenly out the door as a fair-haired girl, in the practice togs of an equestrienne, came from the "ring barn" where a loud-needled phonograph played ceaselessly at gallop and canter music for the training of riding acts. She started across the winter quarters yard toward the wardrobe department. The trainer's eyes followed her hungrily; he spoke without realizing it. "Pop," he exclaimed heatedly, "I don't want to make a flop of this. I'd rather give up my contract—go somewhere else—let an older trainer—"

"That cute, blue-eyed little trick with the gold hair got anything to do with it?" There was no answer. The show owner rubbed his fat chin. "It's a funny thing about Allie Morton," he said finally, "sweetest kid on earth. But her heart ain't with the circus or anybody in it—especially that has to do with cats."

"Jungle!" he shouted above the screaming fright all around him. "Jungle!" He went on slowly, searching. The cage was empty

Jimmy Thompson still watched her

"I wouldn't have signed up if I'd known Allie was coming back this year," he said, adding with hasty apology: "Now don't get me wrong—"

"I don't get you wrong, Jimmy. You're nuts about her and she won't take you. Sometimes I wonder why she sticks in the circus."

"I think she's great."

"You would. You're in love; I'm in the show business. Allie Morton hasn't got the spirit that makes stars."

"I don't get you, Pop."

The show owner put a hand on the trainer's shoulder; his eyes, however, remained centered on the girl who now had paused, watching intently something these men could not see.

"I was on the New Consolidated the night it happened. She was ten years old then. Her mother was in the ring doing the show's big riding act; and oh, what an angel on a horse! Her father was acting as ringmaster. There was no more warning than that!" Pop snapped a finger. "A blowdown hit the show—came on it like a cyclone. Saw it myself; the tent billowing, quarter-poles breaking like matchsticks; then the lights went out. Tents fell, animals got out of their cages. Searching through the wreckage, Allie found her mother and father dead—clawed to death." Pop pulled hard on his breath. "It stunned her. She didn't cry; she's never cried. And tears, kid, are to a woman what—"

HE HALTED to a sudden clatter. With yelling and waving of arms, two men were herding a half-dozen bony, bewildered old horses toward the Navaho corral, there to await their death. One of these, Pop noticed, held the fixed attention of Allie Morton. A hand was to her lips, opened as if from shock; tensity reigned her lithe young body. Pop O'Day glanced quickly from the horse to her, then back again.

It was an aged white Percheron, the heavy hair of his fetlocks crusted with cockleburs, his mane and tail ragged. Pop noticed little of this. It seemed to him that the phonograph music from the ring barn had found a response in this decrepit animal. His head was up, and his big, ragged hoofs were rising in a clumsy, age-stiffened approach to a canter, as the roustabouts forced the doomed herd closer to their pen. Suddenly the girl whirled and walked away. Pop raised his big hand from Jimmy Thompson's shoulder.

"I'll be seeing you again after a while, kid," he said cryptically, and leaving the cat barn merely wandered for a long time in the winter quarters yard. At last, when the roustabouts had departed, he waddled to the corral fence and cupped his hands to his lips.

"Toby!" he called softly. "Toby—come here, Toby!"

The old Percheron did not respond. He merely continued to prance clumsily about as if circus music had awakened old memories.

"Toby!" Pop's huge form pressed the fence. "Hey, fellow, you've been a show horse. And you look like Toby! Anybody ever call you Toby?"

The broad-backed old vagabond gave Pop no attention.

Finally he turned, at the approach of Snipes and Hoedown, another cageman, who carried a sledge hammer.

"Lay off that old Percheron," he commanded, and walked away. "He ain't to be killed, understand?"

A week later, Allie Morton, unable to stay away longer, peered through the big doors of the cat barn.

A phonograph was going—to circus music. Inside the arena was Jimmy Thompson, but the Tiglon was not there, only the Percheron, a wee bit fatter than on the day of his arrival, and much more perky.

He need only eat and sleep and canter around this steel arena, his head and neck encased in heavy, metal-studded leather, his withers and flanks likewise protected, his back and rump covered by a platform of plywood. A likable young fellow trailed a light whip behind him, reviving old memories and cues, as it touched him when he broke gait. In the rest periods, there were corn and sugar and petting—and the constant repetition of a name that he had begun to consider his own. One day, a week later, as Jimmy Thompson led the ancient Percheron out through the big doors and toward the stables, he found Allie Morton awaiting him.

"He's a wonderful old horse, isn't he, Jimmy?" she said hesitantly.

"Oh, he's great. Must have trouped somewhere. He knows all the cues."

"So I noticed." She petted the old vagabond. "Did I hear you call him Toby?"

Jimmy forced a laugh.

"Yes—tried a lot of names. But he seems to get along best as Toby. Why do you ask?"

The girl stood rubbing the old horse's soft nose.

"Mother had a horse named Toby once. He ran away. It was the night she was killed in the blowdown. I never saw Toby again."

"Coincidence, isn't it?"

"Yes. He'd—be about this old though. And—what are you training him for?"

Jimmy Thompson caught the horse by its checkrein and headed it across the lot. He answered over his shoulder:

"Going to teach that crazy Tiglon to do a riding act on his back."

SHE did not come near the cat barn the next day nor for many following, during which time the old white vagabond, now Toby to everyone, progressed far in his training. There now was a minimum of shying when Jimmy Thompson and Snipes beat on tin cans and shot off guns, and finally moved roaring beasts closer and closer to the training ring until they literally surrounded the arena. Performers made bets on the outcome of the act, with the odds on success. Snipes dreamed of how drunk he'd get the night before the show left. Menagerie helpers boasted of the business the Great Triumphant would pull. But Jimmy Thompson watched the big door, grimly and vainly day after day. And Pop O'Day said to him in an undertone:

"Sure. Toby's swell. Getting fat on it. But it ain't him we're trying to train; it's a Tiglon—and a girl."

She stayed away another week, to find herself at last, one snowy morning, drawn against her will, closer and closer to the cat barn, finally to open the big door ever so slightly and peer within. Circus gossip had brought her here, and gossip had not lied.

Within the barn was heavy activity.

Old Toby, heavy in studded armor, was in the ring, cantering to brassy-throated music from the phonograph. Jimmy was there, also, whip in one hand, kitchen chair and gun clutched tight in the other, while the cage of the Tiglon had been brought alongside, connecting to the arena by a steel door. Pop O'Day, chewing nervously on an unlighted cigar, stood at one side. Thompson shouted:

"Okay! Let him in!"

(Continued on page 49)

She found herself drawn against her will, closer and closer to the cat barn, finally to open the big door ever so slightly and peer within. Gossip had not lied

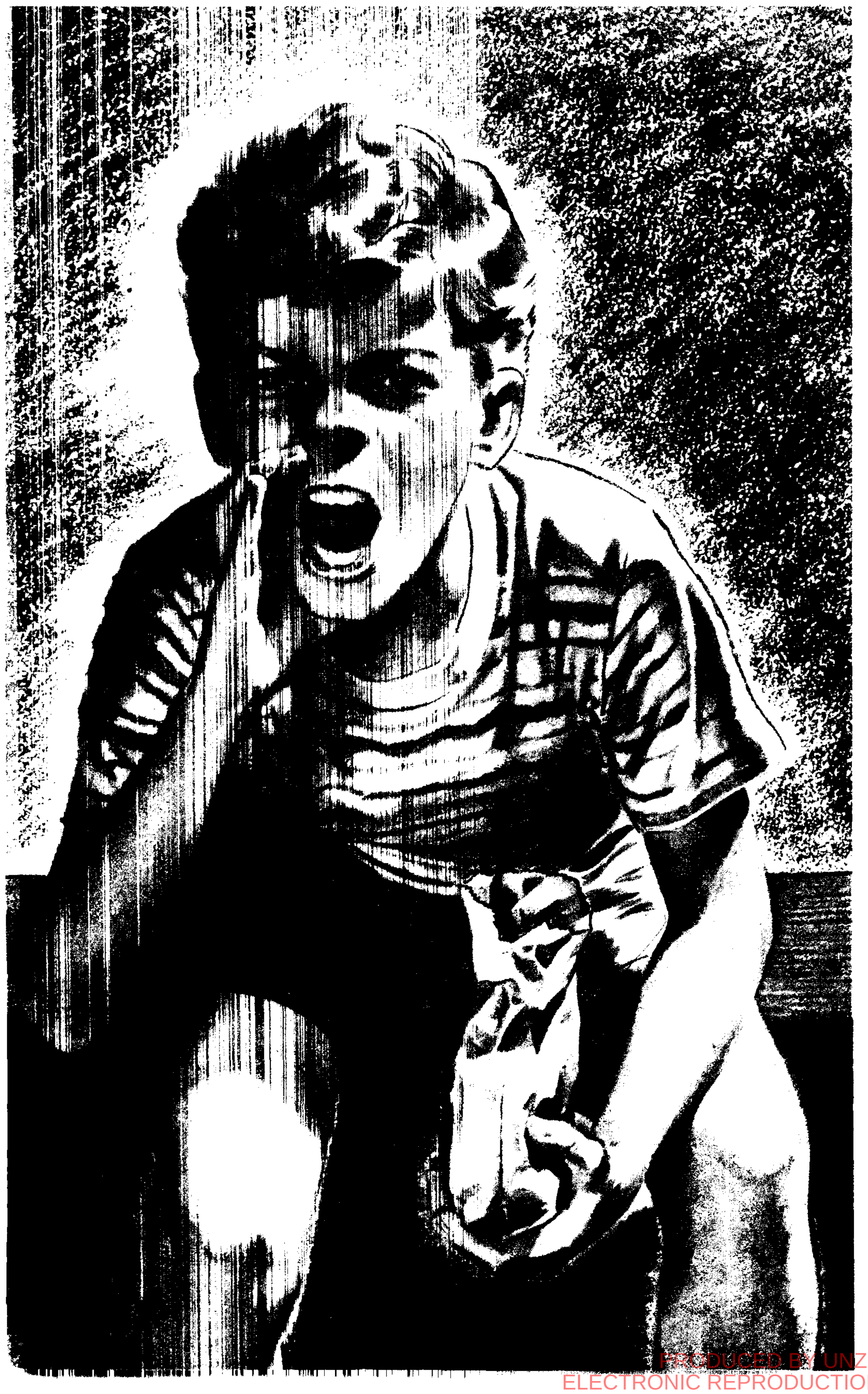
Big Bum

by Duane Decker

ILLUSTRATED BY HY RUBIN

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

He cupped his hand to his mouth and hooted in the direction of Crane's back: "Yah, Crane! Ya big bum! Ya can't hit the side of a barn, ya has-been!"



FREDDIE stopped outside the ball park to buy two bags of peanuts. They only cost a nickel apiece there, and inside the park the price was a dime—for the same size bag. Anybody who bought peanuts inside the park was a dope.

Mom had given him twenty cents more than the cost of a bleacher seat, and if he ate the peanuts slowly, why they would last almost until the sixth inning and then he would still have enough money left for a bottle of pop or a hot dog. He would be in a quandary now, until the sixth inning, as to which it would be—the pop or the dog—but he liked being in that kind of a quandary.

He bought his ticket and walked leisurely inside. When he reached the right-field partition, he selected a seat about halfway to the top, right behind three men who were sitting in their shirt sleeves, yelling terribly loud encouragement to Buster Crane, the Boston right fielder.

Freddie settled himself in his seat and took one of the bags from his pocket. As he munched slowly, he glanced with amused interest at the trio of men in front of him, still screaming hoarse encouragement to Buster Crane. One of them was fat, the second was thin and the third had a mustache. Freddie continued to eye them in the superior manner of penguins and small boys.

"Oh, you Buster!" the fat man screamed joyfully. "How many homers today, baby?"

"Whaddaya say, you Buster?" the thin man roared. "How about parking two of 'em right here in my lap?"

Freddie leaned forward and tapped the fat man on the shoulder. The fat man jerked his head around.

"Save your breath, mister," Freddie said in a fatherly way. "That Crane is just a big bum."

The fat man glared at Freddie, then snorted.

"The big bum," Freddie added coolly, "can't hit a balloon."

At this remark, the thin man turned around. The man with the mustache also turned. Three hostile faces now confronted Freddie. Freddie shucked a peanut and smiled pleasantly at them.

"Listen, kiddo," the fat man said, "according to the *official* averages in this morning's paper, Buster Crane is hitting .326. But maybe you aren't *old enough* to read."

"I read pretty good," Freddie said. He tossed a shelled peanut fairly high into the air, tipped his head back and caught it skillfully as it came down. "But let me ask you fellows—do you happen to remember what Buster Crane was hitting *two weeks ago?*"

"Huh?" the thin man said, blinking.

"Well, I do," Freddie said. "Two weeks ago Crane was hitting .350-something. He hasn't made a hit since he socked those two pop-fly home runs in Philly." Abruptly he cupped his hand to his mouth and hooted in the general direction of Buster Crane's back: "Yah, Crane! Ya big bum! Ya can't hit the side of a barn, ya has-been!"

The fat man, the thin man and the man with the mustache looked at each other with pained, hurt expressions. Then they looked back at Freddie. The thin man cleared his throat. "Look, now, kid," he said, "we're all willing to admit that Buster Crane has been in a little slump lately. But it's no reason for calling him a has-been and a bum."

"Nuts," Freddie said contemptuously. "When a ballplayer don't deliver, it's the tip-off that he's a bum. And Crane has stopped delivering."

"Hold on—" the fat man said.

"Look at yesterday's game," Freddie said coldly. "We lose it 4 to 3, don't we? Yeah, and in the ninth we got the bases loaded, two out, and this bum Crane comes up. What's he do? He hits to the shortstop. Why, the big bum oughtta be in a twilight league somewhere."

The trio growled, but they had no adequate reply to Freddie's cold facts. Just then Freddie noticed that a big, fierce-looking man in a straw hat, sitting on his right, was listening and nodding his head. Straw Hat now leaned toward Freddie and the trio. "This kid is absolutely right," Straw Hat said passionately. "Crane is a bum. If we want to win this pennant we want to get him out of there."

Freddie leered triumphantly at the trio and shucked another peanut.

"Just the same," the fat man said weakly, "we ought to give Crane a chance, I think."

"Yah! Ya big bum!" Freddie hooted.

"The hitless wonder—Buster Crane!" Straw Hat screeched.

The trio in front of them started talking rapidly among themselves, in low voices that could not be overheard.

WHEN the game began and Boston took the field, Freddie and Straw Hat cut loose vocally as soon as Buster Crane reached his fielding position. They screamed venom and disgust at him, without letup. A few others near by joined in. The trio in front sat in stony silence.

Then, when Boston went to bat in the first inning, a walk and a single put men on first and third with one out, as Buster Crane came to bat. Freddie and Straw Hat groaned. The crowd was imploring Crane to get a hit.

"Three outs!" Freddie sneered. "Three outs!"

"Pop-Fly Crane," Straw Hat bellowed.

The fat man turned around with a hurt, harassed look on his face. "Don't be too sure about that, now," he said.

But, even as he was saying it, Buster Crane sent a grounder spinning down to the Chicago shortstop, who zipped it to the second baseman, then over to first for a quick double play. The whole ball field groaned.

"Yah! What'd I tell you!" Freddie croaked.

"The big bum!" Straw Hat shrieked.

The trio remained glumly silent. And then, when Buster Crane walked out to resume his fielding position, Freddie and Straw Hat screamed their utter disgust in unison. More fans all through the bleachers were chiming in now. A chant sprang up in the right-field section: "Take Crane out!" Freddie folded his arms grimly and sat back to listen proudly to it.

In the third inning, Buster Crane came to bat a second time and he struck out. When he returned to right field, the entire bleachers released torrents of abuse upon him.

When he came to bat for the third time, in the fifth inning, the bleacher section let out a terrific groan of disgust. A strike and a ball were called on him and then, suddenly, he got hold of one. It was a prodigious smash that soared up and up and finally dropped into the right-field bleachers—not fifteen yards from the thunderstruck faces of Freddie and Straw Hat.

The trio turned around and screamed hoarsely: "Whaddaya got to say *now?* What about *that?*"

"Lucky," Freddie said sheepishly. "The guy closed his eyes and swung."

"Luckiest wallop I ever saw," Straw Hat said irritably.

BUT the trio in front continued to gloat. They rubbed it in, Freddie thought. But he and Straw Hat took it in mortified silence.

And when Buster Crane came to bat the next time, and rattled a two-bagger off the left-field fence, the entire bleacher section was screaming their enthusiasm for him. Only Freddie and Straw Hat remained quiet.

When the game was over, Crane's team had won it, 6 to 3, and Buster Crane had made a third hit in the eighth inning, a single that drove in the final run.

As Freddie reached home, after the game, his mother hurried from the kitchen. "Was it a good game?"

"We won, Mom," Freddie said.

"And your father?"

"It worked—again. Pop got a homer, a double and a single. I picked out three guys that were good yellers and I went to work on 'em, but they liked Pop so much they wouldn't razz him. They were nice fellows. But I got a big stiff to help—what a rat *he* was!"

His mother smiled. "But remember, Freddie," she warned, "not a word to your father. Don't even let on that you *saw* the game."

"But I don't see why we *always* have to keep mum—"

"Because," she said firmly, "your father likes to think he cures himself of his batting slumps. He wouldn't like it if—"

Just then there was a sound of heavy feet in the hall.

"Shhhh . . . Mom," Freddie said. "Here comes the big bum now."

Business Woman

By Quentin Reynolds

Broke seven years ago, she's now near her first million. What has Sally Rand got besides her fans? You'd be surprised!

Sally Rand in her less known but highly successful capacity as manager of the Nude Ranch at the San Francisco World's Fair. It is payday for the forty show girls whom Sally hired for the ranch routine

ROBERTS & ROBERTS

IT BEGINS to look as though The Golden Gate International Exposition, San Francisco's World's Fair, is being run merely as an adjunct to what was originally intended to be one of its minor attractions. People pause briefly to admire the really breath taking beauty of the lighting effects, the fountain and the buildings which house the more serious exhibits, and then they put their quarters on the line and enter Sally Rand's Nude Ranch. Of course, strictly speaking, there is no ranch at all, and the synthetic cowgirls who twirl ropes, play badminton and lounge about the equally synthetic ranch scene are not, in the interest of truth and accuracy, quite nude. They do wear big hats and big bandannas and boots and a wisp or two of clothing.

However, this product of the promotional genius of Sally Rand is at present the biggest attraction of the San Francisco Fair, doing about twice as much business as any other concession. It might be added that Miss Rand does not appear personally, although she supervises the dramatic efforts of her girls very closely.

Sally Rand is famous because she does things with fans and bubbles. She is not famous for having one of the keenest financial minds in the United States. She is not famous for her sheer genius as a show woman or for her vast technical knowledge of lighting, scenery and dance routines. She should be.

At night Sally Rand gives three performances at a night club on O'Farrell Street called The Music Box. I went there to see this remarkable business woman in action. I met a very portly gentleman named George Riccumi, who owns the night club, and he was saying things to a painter who was putting the finishing touches to a front door.

"But mahogany, I said," Mr. Riccumi wailed. "Painter, please why didn't you do it mahogany?"

The painter looked up gloomily. "I started to but Miss Rand took one look and said, 'That is lousy—make it antique white instead.' I said, 'How do you make such a paint, antique white?' So Miss Rand mixed the paint for me."

"What does she know about paint?" Mr. Riccumi snorted.

"Mr. Riccumi," the painter said, "I been carrying a union card twenty years and I tell you she knows more about paint than I do. And mahogany would've looked dull. That antique white is pretty, ain't it, Mr. Riccumi?"

Mr. Riccumi grudgingly admitted that it did look pretty, and then we went inside. Electricians were doing something with spotlights on the balcony.

"One cable for all those spots," Mr. Riccumi yelled. "I told you one cable. You got four or five cables and it don't look good. Why did you change it?"

"Well," the head electrician said dolefully, "Miss Rand told us to change them. You see, Mr. Riccumi, each of them spotlights carries a 500-watt bulb. There are twenty spots; that makes 10,000 watts. Miss Rand says there is a law in this state that no one cable can carry that much current, so she made us feed the spots with five cables instead of one."

"What does she know about electricity?" Mr. Riccumi said.

"She knows as much as I do," the boss electrician said calmly.

She Brings People In

"Who runs this place, you or Sally Rand?" I asked Mr. Riccumi.

The eyes of Mr. Riccumi rolled upward ecstatically. "She fills it every night is all I know; all I know is she makes me about $2,000 a week clear, so I guess she can run it all right. The smartest woman I ever met, Sally is. What a business woman!"

"How much do you pay her?" I asked Mr. Riccumi.

"How much do I pay her?" he mimicked. "Listen, she came to me a few weeks before the Fair opened and made me a deal. She said, 'What is your nut?' I told her it was $4,500 a week. So she said, 'I will put on the best night-club show San Francisco ever saw. All you got to do is guarantee me $1,400 a week—I will pay all the expenses of the show. Then after you get your $4,500 a week out of the gross we will split whatever is left.' So I think Sally is making a bum deal for herself, but what can I lose? And, of course, I am crazy. We are averaging about $10,000 a week right now, and that means she is making around $4,000 a week. But Papa Riccumi doesn't begrudge her a nickel of it. She brings people in here."

We walked back to Sally's dressing room and she was deep in a one-sided conversation with an artist who had brought some posters to advertise Sally and The Music Box.

"No good," Sally said in a firm voice. "Look now, I want twenty-four sheets. I want 200 of them and we'll spread them all around the roads leading into San Francisco. I don't want more than six words on the posters. That's all the people can read driving by fast. I want the picture of me large, and I want it orange against black."

"How about red against black," the artist suggested.

"I want orange against black," she said wearily. "I wrote to the Bureau of Standards in Washington and they told me orange against black could be seen farther and retained by the eye longer than any other color combination."

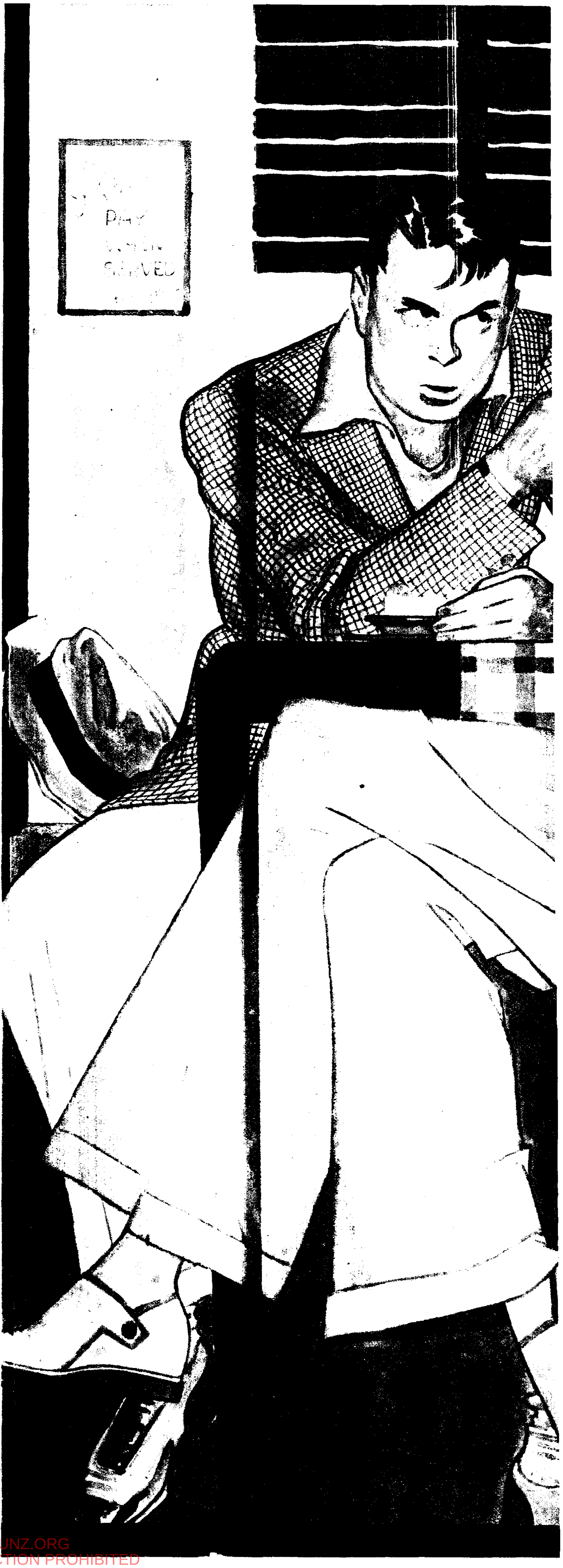
The artistry of Sally Rand as a fan dancer and as a gal who hides coyly behind a balloon dressed becomingly in a heavy white make-up has been the subject of much prose. This is as unimportant as is her art, although she does

(Continued on page 56)

Some Like It Here

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



III

IN MRS. CORRIGAN'S suite—Venetian palazzo wing of Los Corrigana—Mrs. Corrigan and her son, Shane, were having a row:

"I demand that you fire Koba, Mother!"

"In heaven's name why?"

"He's a Japanese spy, that's why!"

"Absurd. He's nothing of the sort. He's a butler."

"I have my reasons, Mother—reasons which I cannot explain—but vital to the safety of this country. You've got to fire Koba."

"What *are* you talking about, Shaney?"

Shane walked to the doors of his mother's boudoir, testing them, and then examined each window in turn. Mrs. Corrigan blinked.

"Mother, listen—supposing I were to tell you that I had invented something vital to our national defense? Would you risk a nation's safety from bombing planes merely because you wanted to hold on to a Jap butler?"

Mrs. Corrigan nodded vigorously.

"If he was a good butler—of course!" she said. "And Koba's the best butler I've ever had."

"But *Mother*—think! Have you any conception of what it means to be bombed from the air?"

"It would be unpleasant, yes?"

"Unpleasant . . . oh, gosh!"

AT THIS point, Mrs. Corrigan had reached the end of her endurance. It had been a trying day.

"I am glad you have invented *something*, my dear Shaney," she said, "and I hope it will work. But I have quite too much on my hands just now to look for another butler merely because you fear that Koba, who is not a spy, will steal an invention that hasn't worked to save a country that hasn't been bombed and which, *I* think, should be bombed or at least punished severely in some way. Come and kiss me good night and go to bed!"

Shane lifted both long arms to heaven, cried:

"Ha!" and lunged from his mother's boudoir.

Mrs. Corrigan rang for her maid.

"Celestine," she said, "I shall need a double bromide. Please prepare it at once!"

And in the servants' wing—Aztec primitive—Teruka Koba was sweating over another note for the book, I Lived Through America. He wrote:

"Observation No. 3615—

"Frowning Boy does not like me. He thinks I am Japanese assassin. The family is in turmoil. New Dealer very handsome from Washington was kissing Tiger Lily in formal garden at 8:17 P.M. Heart of English Rose, the dear lady Miss Chivers, is very much frightened about something. Is it the war? Must I leave Texas so warm with Fort Worth baseball team in third place and climbing fast? I am confused. Bellowing Bull arrives tomorrow and much should be made clear as he can be heard all over house. But what is deep significance of all this? What is the long view of subject? I must think."

Moaning and beating his forehead with the palms of his hands, Koba paced the floor. Outside, a Texas hoot owl began a mordant mockery. Los Corrigana tried to sleep.

BELLOWING BULL, also known as Daniel J. Corrigan, "D. J.," the Chief, Daddy and That So-and-So, was rather subdued as he waited in the modified Spanish wing of Los Corrigana for Griswold, his confidential man, to return from a visit to Federal Judge Brumby.

America's Master No. 79 (see America's Masters, by Roschka Horowitz) sat in his shirt sleeves, chewing an unlighted cigar. He looked almost relaxed. Through window and cloister he could see two Mexican yardmen readjusting the American flag which had been flying at half-mast since the Gold Decision, and, lately, upside down by Mrs. Corrigan's orders. Corrigan had directed that the flag be flown at full staff and right side up; no need to give the opposition any ammunition with which to snipe at the Corrigans just now. The situation was too ticklish.

However, Corrigan felt he had a good deal to be thankful for. Diana and the children were, wonder of wonders, behaving themselves fairly well in this crisis. They had all agreed, even Diana, that the family should be American citizens. They had all promised, even Shaney, to conduct themselves diplomatically during whatever proceedings should be necessary. The only rift in the lute was Peggy's mysterious insistence that application for citizenship be delayed at least two days. This, and the statement made by Diana that she did not trust Judge Brumby.

Corrigan congratulated himself that he had been gentle with his womenfolk. He had asked Peggy to give some logical reason for a delay and, as he suspected, Peggy had no reason beyond murmuring something about "a little bird warned me." Remembering this now, her father smiled indulgently. A great little girl, Peggy—as fine and unspoiled a daughter as a man might wish for. Yes, sir, they couldn't tell *him* that wealth ruined a man's children; not if the children were the right sort to begin with. Of course, young Shaney—

The phone rang. Corrigan got up to answer it but found that Koba was answering on an extension and that Washington was calling Peggy. Corrigan sat down again, unbuttoning his collar. The thought of son Shaney was still with him, and he found himself grinning a bit sheepishly. Shaney was a bright kid, no fooling. His greeting had been: "Well, Pop, how's the old Sinn Feiner?"

POP had sort of stuck his neck out for that one! Yep. Of course, he might have pointed out to Shaney that the Sinn Feiners, radical as they were, had had a program from the very first. And look at Ireland now! Free, by gad. The trouble with Shaney was that he had no program, no definite focus; his monkeyshines and hell raising had been all hotheaded emotion and no practicality. Still, Pop must try to be more patient with Shaney, after this. The kid was a real American at heart. . . .

"Why should I crawl on my hands and knees and beg [illegible]
to let me be a citizen of this so-called wonderful [illegible]

The Story Thus Far:

THE government notifies Daniel J. ("D. J.") Corrigan's wife, Diana, that she must pay [illegible],651.18 for attempting, unsuccessfully, to smuggle two rose-quartz statues of Pekingese dogs into this country. Incensed, Mrs. Corrigan promptly decides to sail for England as soon as possible, never to return. From Los Corriganes, her country estate in Texas, she wires D. J. (in New York), her daughter Peggy (in Washington) and her son Shane (in Chicago) of her decision. She requests that they join her.

In Chicago, young Shane has spent much time on a great invention, a device that, properly developed at a cost of fifteen million dollars, may (if it works) protect our nation against air raids. Through Peggy, he has just learned that the idea leaves Washington cold. Peeved, he wires his mother that he is heading for China (which he hopes will play ball). He neglects to mention that he also intends to marry a young thing named Sigrid Projohaczki, before he leaves.

Peggy is pleased by her mother's wire. She has just broken her engagement to Mr. Robert P. Derrill, an Assistant U. S. Attorney General. Bob Derrill, *beau sabreur* of the New Deal, had, it appears, attacked the recently formed Guardians of America Inc., of which Peggy's father is the head. Peggy wires her mother that she will go to England.

In his New York office, D. J. Corrigan makes a painful discovery. Having sneaked into this country from Ireland, after being sentenced to prison for his part in a Sinn Fein riot, he had never secured citizenship papers; nor is any member of his family a citizen (his wife having been born in Canada, and the children abroad). Now he is horrified to learn that his enemies, the New Dealers, have learned of the situation and are preparing to attack him!

What is to be done? D. J. is discussing the problem with two of his associates, Messrs. Griswold and Nevins, when his wife's telegram arrives. He reads it. Then he shouts: "Get my wife, my son and daughter on the phone. We're going to fight!"

Meanwhile, at home in Constitution, a small Texas town, Mrs. Corrigan has attempted to bribe, and thereby insulted, old Cactus Brumby, local federal judge, in an effort to speed up her family's naturalization routine. Ignorant of this, Peggy requests of Bob Derrill, who has come on to settle his differences with her, that he look after the matter in Washington. But she is concerned over having put such a powerful weapon in the hands of a rabid New Dealer!

D J chuckled to himself from sheer relief. Hell, he had been afraid that Shaney would refuse to apply for citizenship and demand to be a citizen of Russia or China or some such place. Poor old Griswold, the Nervous Nellie, had been afraid Shaney would denounce his daddy in open court. Griswold didn't know the Corrigan blood—the Corrigans were individualists to the core but they were loyal when the clutch came. A pretty good kid, after all, young Shaney. And as for Diana . . . dear old Di . . . what a fine sport she had been about it all! Of course, her presentiment against old man Phin Brumby was just a notion. Old Cactus had the plain, honest-to-God American stuff in him. Jack Garner swore by Brumby, and any man Jack Garner swore by was a sound American—

"Yes? Who is it?"

"Griswold, D. J."

"Come in!"

Griswold, one of the ablest Mr. Fixit's in big business, stamped in—an almost unheard-of thing. Griswold usually slid into offices. Further, Texas heat and dust seemed to have rumpled Griswold's sleek gray feathers.

"Now what?" said Corrigan, rising.

"I don't like the looks of it, Chief! Brumby acted as if he had been talked to!"

"You mean he wasn't friendly?"

"Friendly! He just the same as showed us the door—"

"He's a cantankerous old cuss, you know."

"He wasn't just cantankerous. He was tough. Wouldn't agree to hear the thing in chambers. Said you'd have to come into open court like anyone else!"

CORRIGAN remained calm. "He doesn't *owe* me anything, Dave. He's just leaning over backward so as not to play favorites."

"I don't like the looks of it. Delehanty and Purnoy will tell you the same thing."

"Hmm . . . where are they?"

"Checking back with Washington."

"Hang it all, Brumby's on our side—"

"He's been talked to, I tell you!"

D. J. grunted thoughtfully.

"Peggy and her mother must know something more than they've told me. Wait . . . I'll get Diana—"

At the door, Corrigan bumped into Peggy.

"Oh, Daddy!" she said eagerly. "Can I talk to you alone? It's about Judge Brumby. I just this minute finished talking to—to a friend in Washington—"

Griswold slid discreetly out and Corrigan closed the door.

"Shoot, kid," he said.

Peggy faltered, now that the big moment had come. She noted that her father had chewed his cigar to a frazzle and that his black brows were puckered, both bad signs.

"What's the mystery, pigeon?" D. J. prompted.

Reassured by his voice, which was fond and almost genial, Peggy plunged in:

"You mustn't take the case before Judge Brumby! A friend of mine—of *ours*, in Washington, has arranged for it to be handled there. Quietly and without publicity. Isn't that wonderful? He's to phone me tonight just when we're to appear—"

"A friend of ours—in Washington?"

"Yes! A good friend—"

"Who is he?"

"I—I can't tell you . . . not yet."

"A friend, hunh?"

"Yes, he is. I know he is. Would anyone but a friend go to bat for us with the Department of Labor?"

"Why can't you tell me his name?"

"I just can't . . . uh . . . I promised not to."

"I thought you could tell me anything, Peggy."

"Please, Daddy, I can't just now."

Corrigan took another tack.

"Somebody's kidding you, Peggy," he said. "We haven't any friends in Washington—not any official ones who could go to bat for us with Ma Perkins. They hate my guts in the Department of Labor. You're intelligent enough to know that."

"This is a real friend—you must believe me, Daddy. You must!"

HIS voice hardening, Corrigan said: "It's a trick, kid. We're all going before Brumby in the morning. That's final!"

Peggy, desperate and knowing her father meant what he said, blundered:

"If I tell you his name, will you promise to wait?"

"No. I'll find out his name. Long-distance calls are easily traced! And if you've been paying any chiseler money to deliver what he can't deliver—"

"Daddy! Stop. Don't you dare say that about him—" She bit her lip.

"Oh, I see. Now, you've got to tell me! Who is he?"

"All right, I'll tell you. It's Bob Derrill!"

D. J. stared at her.

"Derrill? The assistant attorney general?"

"Yes! I'm in love with him!"

Bellowing Bull Corrigan let out a roar that brought Griswold, waiting outside, to his feet and halted Koba, the butler, with a tray of highballs, in his tracks in the downstairs hall.

"Derrill! Judas H. Priest on a raft! *That* guy! My worst enemy next to Markley! So that's his dirty game! I'll —I'll—"

"He likes you. He's helping us—"

"Hell's bells and St. Mary—my own daughter—"

"Daddy, please—listen—"

"Listen! Ha! Griswold . . . Griswold!"

Griswold came in with a rush.

"Take it easy, D. J.—"

"You know what this bright daughter of mine has done? She's fallen in love with *Bob Derrill!* She says *he's* going to bat for me in Washington. Everything happens to me, Griswold—"

"Peggy's kidding you, D. J."

But Peggy's temper flared:

"I am not kidding. I love Bob and I believe in him. I told him last night—"

"Last night?"

"Yes. He was here. He flew down—"

"Hear that, Griswold? Derrill was here last night, making love to my simpleton daughter and *talking to Brumby!* Get it?"

Griswold nodded glumly.

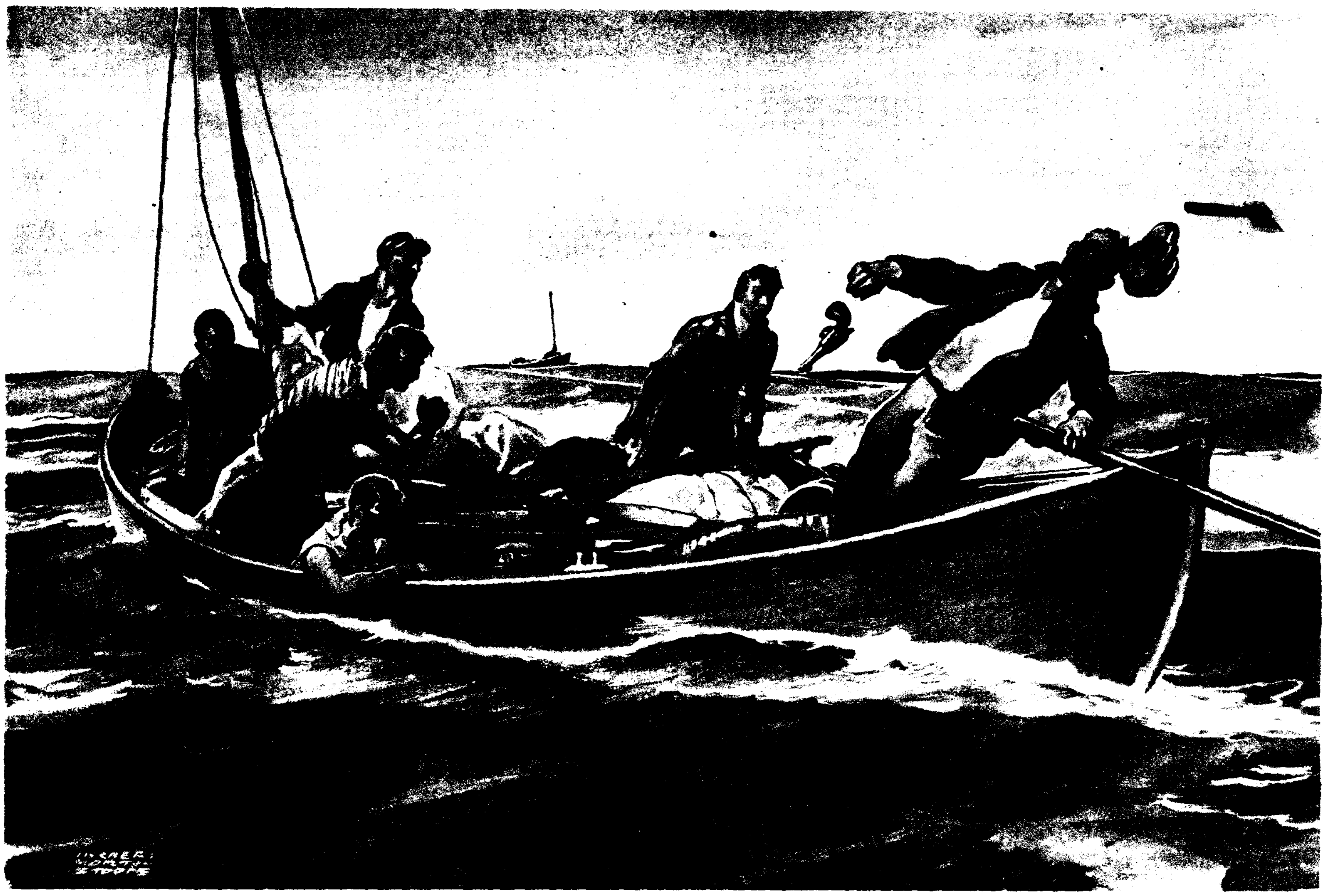
"I didn't think they'd stoop to that," he said sadly. "It's one for the book."

PEGGY stamped her foot for attention. "If you'd stop hating everybody for just one minute and listen to reason, you wouldn't think such cruel, unfair things about Bob!" she raged. "He may be a New Dealer but he loves me and he wouldn't do anything to hurt my father. And until Daddy apologizes and is willing to behave like a normal human being instead of a madman I—I just won't speak to him!"

And Peggy stormed out of the room.

Raging, D. J. Corrigan continued to bellow at Griswold. Was there any infamy to which those so-and-sos in Washington would not stoop? They had ruined his business and taxed him to the brink of bankruptcy; they had spoiled his employees and started the masses to howling for his blood. But were they satisfied? Oh, no, they wanted to run him and his family out of the country. And in order to accomplish this they had sent a slick, two-faced, silver-tongued revolving so-and-so to make love to his daughter. So he was going to fix it all up in Washington, was he? Don't go

(*Continued on page 31*)



The old man's world exploded, and of what immediately followed he knew no more

The Old Block

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

Captain Bent's son learns the truth about the old man, more than a thousand miles from land

CAPTAIN HENRY BENT was one of those barrel-chested, square-headed mariners who look as though only a windlass could move them unless they choose; and he had a slow and ponderous way of moving, and of talking, to match his physical pattern. His ship was the Henry and Hope, two hundred and thirty tons, built the year before he and Hope Rotch were married. She was stanch in every part, her timbers pickled on the ways, her bottom coppered to the bends; and she had always been a lucky ship till she sank that fine sunny day a thousand miles west of Galapagos.

When she sank, Captain Bent had his son aboard. He hardly knew the boy. Harry Bent was born—and Hope Bent died—while Captain Bent was halfway around the world killing whales. Aunt Sally Rotch took the baby home to her farm in Westfield; and when the Henry and Hope made port, Captain Bent went to see the helpless baby who had cost him his bride, and he was embarrassed and miserable when Aunt Sally put the small, squirming thing in his arms.

Young Harry was two years old when the captain came again, and not interested in strange men; and on subsequent visits the lively youngster and the silent man found no common ground. When at last Aunt Sally decided that Harry was too big for her to handle, and wrote to tell his father so, Captain Bent had not seen his son for six years. He thought vaguely that Harry might like to go one voyage as cabin boy, and proposed it. Harry leaped at the chance; and he appeared in New Bedford a week before the Henry and Hope was due to sail.

But instead of the slender nine-year-old whom Captain Bent somewhat unreasonably expected to see, Harry had become—as nine-year-old boys in six years so often do—fifteen; and he was a fair six feet tall, towering over his father by three inches. Captain Bent was shy and ill at ease in the presence of this rather splendid young giant. Nevertheless he was, when they sailed, as tremulously happy as a bridegroom. The boy slept in the spare cabin; and the captain liked to look in on his son at night and make sure he was snug and secure and warm.

EVERYONE aboard ship liked Harry; and Dave Merry, harpooner in the captain's boat, undertook his education as a whaleman. Dave was a laughing man with a bold brilliance about him so that he seemed to shine; and Harry, to whom his father seemed stodgy and old, from the first thought Dave almost a demigod. Dave taught him how to lay the whale lines in the tubs in a Flemish coil, carrying the line through a tackle at the masthead and down to the deck to keep out the deadly kinks. He drilled Harry in handling a harpoon; and under his eye the boy practiced on porpoises under the ship's bow. They were constantly together. Captain Bent was not a vocal man. He sometimes watched them wistfully when Dave was telling some tall tale of fighting whales while Harry listened with a breathless intensity.

The captain was steady and firm and careful, and he took no needless chances. When Harry was fully trained, he did let him go out in a boat after whale. But sometimes when they were fast to their running quarry and Dave Merry was eager to close for the kill and Captain Bent held off till the great beast should have tired itself out, he saw impatient scorn in his son's bold eyes; and once at such a moment Harry cried:

"Oh, Pop, what are you waiting for? Why don't we haul up on him the way Dave says?"

Captain Bent did not answer. Dave could afford to be rash and hasty, because Dave was not responsible. If the captain followed Dave's advice, and harm followed, not Dave but the captain would be to blame. He had to protect his men. But he knew no way to put this distinction into words; and more and more often he saw in his son's eyes a lively scorn.

They ran into stiff weather at the Horn, and they were three weeks before they made their westing and ran down the latitudes. They were seventeen months out of New Bedford, nine hundred barrels of oil in their holds, Galapagos a thousand miles to windward, when Captain Bent woke one morning to a sharp, immediate certainty that there was something wrong.

Without even waiting to pull on his boots, he turned toward the companion ladder to go on deck for a look around.

He was halfway up the companion when he heard a muffled cry from somewhere forward—a cry with panic in it. Captain Bent reached the deck with one bound.

(Continued on page 45)

New! BIG *Beautiful*

CAB-OVER-ENGINE TRUCKS

Model D-500
Nominal gross weight rating 18,000 lbs.
Model DR-700
Nominal gross weight rating 24,000 lbs.
A variety of wheelbase lengths and three types of final drive.

Here is a *first view* of the new International heavy-duty cab-over-engine trucks [illegible]

International Harvester brings you a product of *new and superior design — a new high in cab-over-engine efficiency — a traffic-type truck that will soon be the talk of the industry.*

STYLING and LINES — let this picture and your first sight of the trucks themselves be Exhibit A.

BASIC DESIGN — the International Models D-500 and DR-700, like the popular D-300, are true engine-under-seat units, engineered from stem to stern for full cab-over-engine efficiency. Ideal ⅓-⅔ load distribution, for tractor or straight truck operation.

DRIVER COMFORT, EASY RIDING, VISION, SAFETY — a genuine surprise is in store for every man who takes the wheel and tests the superb spring-suspension in these new trucks.

ACCESSIBILITY — all minor repairs easily handled through floor and from underneath. Major overhaul made surprisingly easy.

MECHANICAL EXCELLENCE — by *International Harvester.*

Inspect and drive a D-500 or DR-700 yourself — or assign your most experienced driver to a test-tryout. Put the truck through its paces and compare it with all competition. Then render a verdict as frankly as you like. What we mean is — *we've really got something here in these new cab-over-engine Internationals!*

See the nearest International Dealer or Branch.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

Enter the handsome, spacious cab of this International — take the individual spring-filled bus-type seat — all set for a ride-drive that will be a revelation to the experienced truck driver.

New vision, maneuverability, and safety ride with the operator of these new cab-over-engine Internationals. Perfectly placed controls and wide view of the road give a new and genuine sense of comfort and efficiency.

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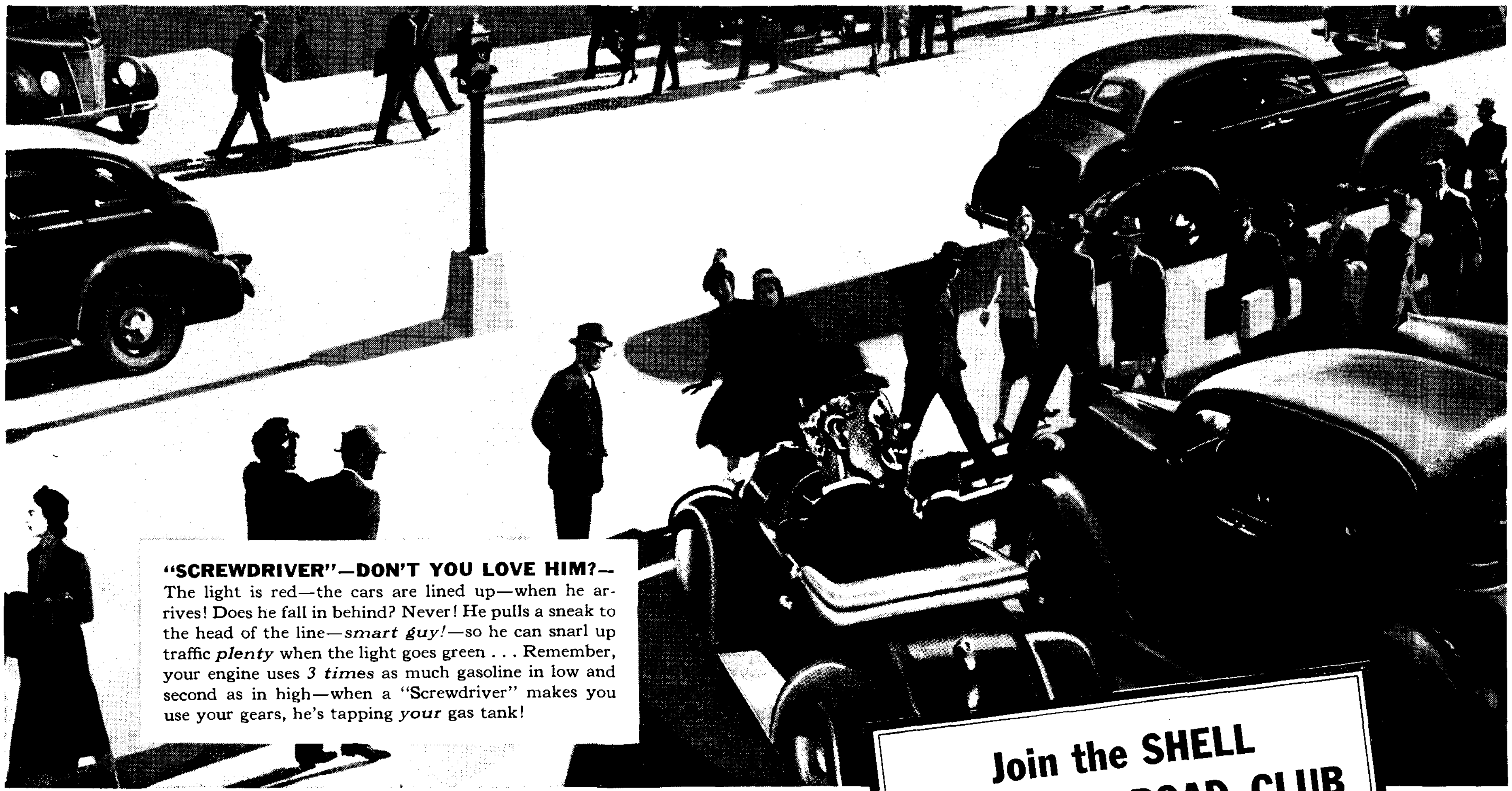
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

CRACK DOWN ON TRAFFIC BONERS LIKE THIS



"SCREWDRIVER"—DON'T YOU LOVE HIM?— The light is red—the cars are lined up—when he arrives! Does he fall in behind? Never! He pulls a sneak to the head of the line—*smart guy!*—so he can snarl up traffic *plenty* when the light goes green . . . Remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second as in high—when a "Screwdriver" makes you use your gears, he's tapping *your* gas tank!

STOP-and-GO driving can be cut down fully 25%

> ***"It is astonishing that a well-behaved man so often becomes selfish and irresponsible when he drives. Teach him ordinary good sense and good manners, and you can reduce all 'stop-and-go' driving 25%."***
>
> Murray D Van Wagoner
>
> State Highway Commissioner of Michigan
> and President, American Road Builders' Association

MOST of your Stop-and-Go can't be helped. But 25% of it is *needless* and can be wiped out!

A new plan—developed out of the same research that produced Super-Shell, the gasoline to cut the cost of Stop-and-Go—shows you how!

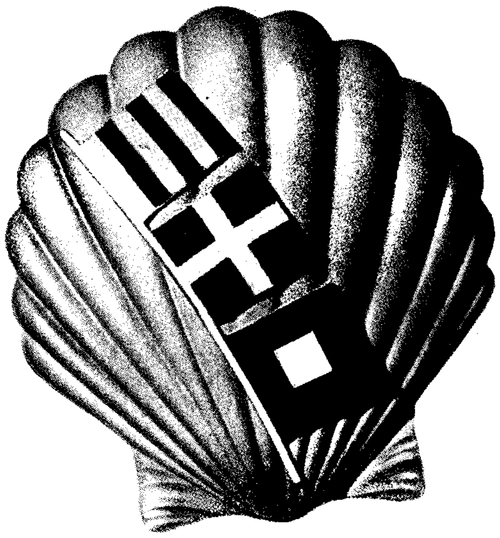
Put public opinion to work against "Screwdrivers"! It lowered our accident rate—it can cut down traffic boners.

Join the Shell Share-the-Road Club—a nation-wide legion of motorists who are banded together FOR common-sense driving—AGAINST "Screwdriving"!

Pull into your Shell dealer's today! He'll put the Share-the-Road emblem on your car FREE—give you a booklet showing how "Screwdrivers" snarl traffic and increase Stop-and-Go.

Join up—show your colors. Let's go!

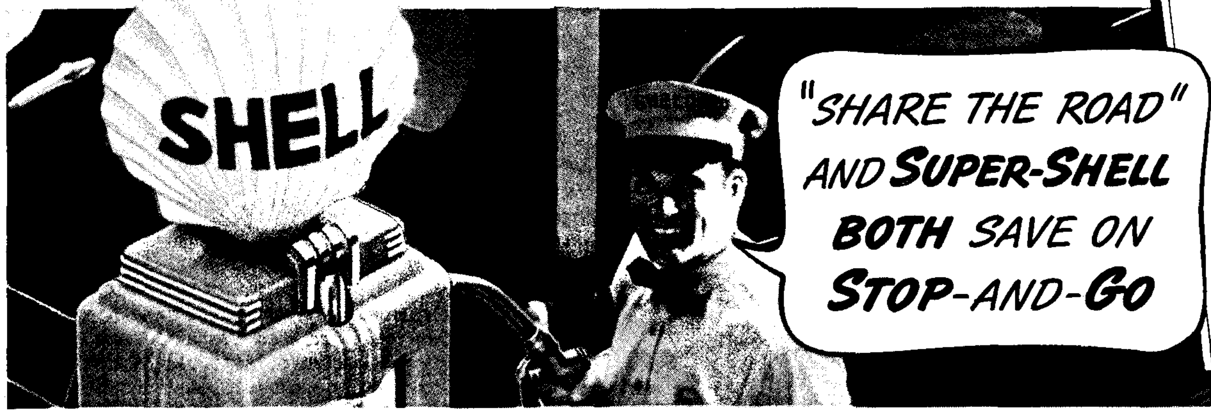
Join the SHELL SHARE-THE-ROAD CLUB —help rid the road of "Screwdrivers"!



SHOW YOUR COLORS! The flags, in mariners' code, mean "I am giving way." Your Shell dealer will attach this handsome, colorful, all-metal emblem above your rear license plate—no cost to you. It shows you're AGAINST "Screwdrivers"—FOR sharing the road. It will help cut Stop-and-Go 25%.

THE SHELL DEALER IS HEADQUARTERS FOR SAVING ON STOP-AND-GO

He's a good neighbor—friendly and willing—ready to give your car complete care!


SHELL
"SHARE THE ROAD" AND SUPER-SHELL BOTH SAVE ON STOP-AND-GO

Trombone from Heaven

Continued from page 10

"What's wrong?" she asked. "Don't you like me, Marvin?"

Mr. Howe looked distressed. "It ain't that," he said finally. "It's jus' that I'm engaged. A took man can't hold with such doin's."

The amber eyes studied him, a slow warmth kindling within them. It was very seldom you met with an ethical man, let alone among musicians.

"All right, Marvin," she said softly. "I'll be seeing you."

He beat a hasty retreat and she stood there on the steps, watching him as far as the corner. Presently she went inside. There was plenty of time. And that was all a girl needed.

From that evening on Mr. Howe was under double surveillance. Miss O'Day was missing no bets and Mr. Saxy Forbes had witnessed such larceny in the eyes of visiting maestros that he became Marvin's constant shadow. There was no percentage in exposing him to the double-talk trade. Not when you had a growing hunch the big time was just around the corner.

Within a week Mr. Forbes had good reason to believe his mother must have been frightened by a crystal ball. Mr. Tex Hazelhurst himself dropped into the Rendezvous. He was a big, quiet man who owned Tony's outright and had a piece of two or three other spots along Swing Street. Sighting him, the boys threw the books away.

AS ALWAYS, Mr. Howe was their forte. He slid into Linger Awhile, then Love Me or Leave Me and finally Deep Night. There were all the new ones, too, and some of them were really boogie-woogie with the brass coming in and taking it away fast and hard as Marvin blew the man down, and Tex Hazelhurst knew they had it.

He kept watching Marvin and finally he called Saxy over to the table and they were still talking when the boys hung it up. At five-thirty the joyous Mr. Forbes woke his faithful upbeat, crying that the Groove Boys and Miss Dolly O'Day had been signed to open at Tony's in two weeks.

Mr. Forbes' joy was short-lived.

That very night Mr. Marvin Howe failed to show at the Rendezvous.

There was one still, panic-filled moment and then, accompanied by Miss Dolly O'Day and ignoring the frantic Mr. Schilling who had only a few minutes before been given *his* notice, the band rushed out into the night and to Marvin's boardinghouse.

They were too late. Their money-from-home man, his trombone, and his belongin's, had all disappeared.

They stood there in that vacant room, looking morbidly at those open drawers and their dismal emptiness. It might have been a wake.

"I knew it!" Dolly said bitterly. "Some flossy—"

"No," moaned Mr. Cootie Ellis, "some screw heard we were making Swing Alley and they copped him. Some louse screw . . ."

"Maybe," Art Roach said slowly, "maybe he sold out."

"He did not," Mr. Forbes said heavily, entering from interviewing the landlady. "It's worse than that. The lady downstairs brought him a special-delivery package this morning and she hung around while he opened it."

The room was suddenly very still.

"Yeah?" asked Cootie Ellis, wetting his lips. "What gave?"

"A lotta money and a bracelet fell out."

The boys stared at each other.

"The package," said Mr. Forbes, "was from Rutledge, Tennessee."

The Groove Boys made Memphis just one week later. Mr. Hazelhurst had made it very plain that they came in with Marvin or not at all. They were accompanied by Miss O'Day who reminded them bitterly that not only her own career but her most delicate emotions were also at stake. By pooling their resources they had bought off their final week at the Rendezvous, wedged into one sedan and set out determined to retrieve Marvin by sheer man power.

In Memphis they learned that no one had any idea of how to reach Rutledge nor why anyone should want to go there. In desperation they appealed to the law. After some thought one of the officers went down to the drunk tank and interviewed a customer from the backwoods. He came back smiling.

"It's all right, folks," he said cheerfully. "Yo' head east into the hill country and when the road peters out into wagon tracks, yo' turn no'th and start askin' questions."

"He came to their door selling insurance, but her father turned out to be the better salesman"

BEN ROTH

One precious day was consumed in following false trails, changing tires and endeavoring to catch and question the natives who scattered like rabbits at their approach. The next afternoon they hit the ridge and dropped down into a little valley that held some fifty cabins and a general store. At the sight of the car several children playing in the road fled behind the cabins.

Mr. Saxy Forbes' weary gaze rested upon the weather-beaten sign over the store. "Rutledge . . . post . . . office!" he pieced out triumphantly. "Boys, we made it!"

They jolted on until they came upon a young man in faded jeans and a large black hat who was solemnly hoeing a potato patch. "Hey!" cried Mr. Forbes. "Where do we find the Howes?"

The young man's head came around slowly. "If yo' mean me," he said presently, "right heah." It was Marvin.

The Groove Boys, already scrambling from the car, stared at him.

"A fine welcome this is!" Dolly said indignantly.

Marvin backed away as he beheld Miss O'Day. "I—I'm sorry," he said faintly. "I—I ain't been feelin' so pert."

Saxy Forbes' throat was suddenly dry. "Look, Marvin," he said desperately, "we came all the way down here to bring you back to New York. We're opening at Tony's Saturday! We gotta have you."

Mr. Howe's gaze was dull and listless. "I'd like to oblige yo'," he said, "but it jus' ain't in me. I—I lost the call fellas."

Miss Dolly O'Day was staring weakly at her erstwhile heart. "What happened?" she demanded.

The lyrics were just what she had expected. Canary trouble.

It seemed, Marvin said sorrowfully, that one of Leona's teachers down to the settl'munt school had taken a likin' to her and had given her a subscription to one of the city papers so she could sorta keep up on things. So one mornin' Miss Turnbull went down to the store for her paper and there was Marv'n's picture big as life and a lotta talk about his bein' arrested with Miss Dolly O'Day. And, what was worse, a picture of Miss O'Day in a kind of art study.

Leona had gone home cryin' and sobbin' and after a while she knew it was jus' no use. She had been raised strict and she couldn't marry no man who had been deceivin' her into thinkin' he was doin' proper work. So she took all the money he had sent her out from under the mattress and she took the bracelet from her arm and she sent them back.

It was the bracelet that got him.

"I won it down to the fair," he said brokenly, "and it was our understandin' trinket. When it dropped outa the box, I jus' got all heavy inside and I knowed then I lost the call. There ain't no more singin' left in me."

The Groove Boys exchanged grim glances. Mr. Forbes spoke the common thought: "You relax, kid! Dolly'll go over and explain everything!"

Before Miss O'Day could veto this suggestion that she should cut her own throat Marvin saved her the trouble. "Won't do no good," he said wanly. "I seen Leona already. She said even—even if I didn't have nothin' to do with Dolly, she couldn't love no man who played music that made folks carry on so."

"Oh!" Cootie Ellis said coldly. "Well, if that canary . . ."

Mr. Forbes put him on ice with one glance.

"What happened then?" he asked.

"Nothin'," he said drearily. "Her brothers jus' come along and run me off."

By evening the Groove Boys had lost their voices without regaining their trombone. They had let out the tremolo stop, begging Marvin to remember what he owed them, the world of music, himself. Miss O'Day tried to put things on a more personal basis and met with even less success.

The answer was always the same.

When, for the tenth time, Marvin said dully: "I lost the call. I jus' can't do it!" even Dolly gave up.

"Okay," Saxy said wearily. "I guess that ties it, gang."

They had been talking in the cabin and now, as they prepared to go, Marvin rose. "Yo' might stay fo' a bite," he suggested. "My folks already gone to the fixin's."

They glanced around them in some surprise. Sure enough, the family *had* gone out. Out on the porch Mr. Cootie Ellis observed that the other cabins were deserted too. Everything was awfully quiet.

"Fixin's?" he asked. "What goes on?"

"Nothin'," said Marvin. "Jus' a comin'-out party."

"Comin'-out party?" echoed Mr. Ellis. "In this burg?"

"Sure," said Marvin. "Willy Carter jus' come out. Past six months they had him in th' Nashville jailhouse."

"Oh!" said Mr. Ellis, swallowing.

"They always have comin'-out parties," said Marvin. "Square dancin' and such."

Mr. Saxy Forbes stared at him. Some small hope that had stubbornly refused to perish was suddenly alive and ticking loudly within him. If Marvin heard some music, maybe . . .

"I'd like to see that," he said casually. "How about it, kid?"

THE others, recognizing the signs of brain at work, looked at Mr. Howe.

"All right," he said finally, "though my heart ain't in it."

It was almost nine when they reached the meetinghouse. It had been a three-mile uphill walk and they were puffing as they came into the clearing. Marvin had vetoed the car as lookin' as if they were puttin' on airs.

The meetinghouse was all lit up and through the open door they could hear some reel-and-jig music that was fresh from the cob. Marvin groaned as they saw a pretty girl dance by.

"I knowed it!" he said bitterly. "Leona's heah!"

They made their entrance just as the dance ended. In one corner of the room there was a rickety stand holding a mail-order combo that, except for a fiddle and banjo, was legitimate.

Marvin, his face a dull red, walked straight across the floor with his visitors, trying to ignore the ominous silence that fell among the Turnbull kin. He marched up to the guest of honor, a tall, gangling youth with parted teeth.

"Willy," said Mr. Howe, "these folks are friends o' mine who wanted to see the doin's. Yo' mind?"

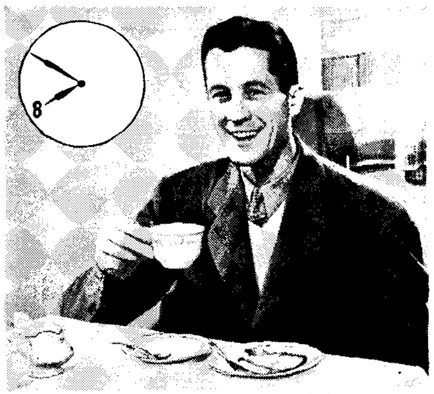
"Narry," said Willy Carter, gaping at Miss O'Day. Pleased at proving such an attraction, he glanced at the Groove Boys. "Theah's girls t' spare and some mountain lightnin' out back. Yo' kin have yore choice."

Miss O'Day lit a cigarette and seated herself as Willy winked at the boys and they followed him into the back room. It was crowded with mountain men. There were loud introductions and the

Up and at ém in 2 hours
... thanks to Sal Hepatica

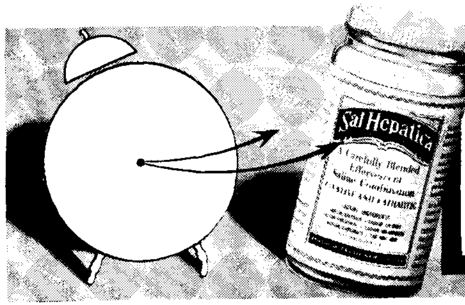
Jack was going to wow the world—his little suburban world, anyway—with his golf, this morning. But after last night's party and the way he's feeling now, he'll get the consolation prize unless . . .

Yes, here's Mrs. Jack to the rescue with a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. You see, Sal Hepatica helps two ways.



First, Sal Hepatica's an especially quick-acting laxative—yet gentle, too. Second, it counteracts excess gastric acidity—chases that sickish feeling *pronto*. Soon after breakfast, Jack is all ready for his golf date. . .

. . . and not a care in the world!



SAL HEPATICA
the laxative that's speedy yet gentle

TUNE IN! "What's My Name?"—It's new, it's fun—Wed. at 9 P. M., E.D.S.T.

boys found themselves with tin cups in their hands, gulping some clear white fluid. It glazed their eyes, seared their throat, shot down their spine, and bolted them to the floor. They could neither speak nor breathe.

When some of their paralysis left them they could hear the music again. Still quivering a little, they went back into the other room.

A caller was working in front of the music, bawling out his instructions. The guests were making intricate patterns, changing hands and partners and Marvin said they were doin' a Paul Jones.

"I get it," said Mr. Forbes. "The Lambeth Walk the hard way."

Marvin gulped suddenly and melted behind them. Turning, they beheld Miss Leona Turnbull and her partner in the group of eight before them. She was staring at Dolly, her clear blue eyes faintly puzzled. When she saw they were watching her she colored and looked away. There were soft young lips and legs that were meant to dance; taffy-colored hair that set off her dress. Then she was gone and there was only silence behind her.

"Maybe," Cootie Ellis said presently, "maybe Marvin's right. Maybe we all oughtta stay down here."

AROUND eleven Mr. Willy Carter insisted that it was time for the musicians to have a drink and he led them out back. In a moment he reappeared and looked inquiringly at Saxy. Mr. Forbes and some folding money had had a long talk with Willy.

"Now," said Mr. Forbes.

Willy held up his hands then, loudly announcing that those fellas visitin' Marv'n Howe had offered to play a few squares like they did up no'th. While their former trombone was still standing there with his mouth open the boys took over the instruments.

Saxy looked at them. "Dinah!" he said grimly. "And if Marvin don't get that old upbeat we're gonna be playin' Brooklyn for the rest of our lives!"

He picked up the mail-order saxophone and bit into it. Another two bars and they were all in, warming it over. Only Bert Anakin, their doghouse man, was having difficulties. Lacking a bull fiddle, he was officiating on the sweet potato and having a hard time getting off. By the end of that first chorus Mr. Anakin, too, was in the groove.

The mountain trade pressed in around the stand, staring up at them. It wasn't until they were sitting solid and were into Tiger Rag that anyone tried to dance. Red Glenn, working off the drums, was chanting: "Hold that tiger! Hold that tiger!" when Willy Carter could stand it no longer.

"Yahoo!" he cried, seizing himself a girl. It was Leona. He took her spinning down the floor and in another minute the room was filled with couples. Inspired by the mountain dew and ignited by the Groove Boys, the local talent brought the Paul Jones up to date. It was an ideal dance, with the countin' off, the comin' down by fours and eights, the constant swing yo' partner.

It went on faster and faster with more and more people dancin' and shoutin' until only Dolly and Marvin were left standing there on the side lines. Something dark and bitter was welling within him as he watched Leona's pretty, flushed face. She who had took on so about his playin'!

The injustice of it was a smolder and a spark and then it was a roaring flame, burning all the way through him. He jumped up on the stand, grabbing the trombone from Cootie Ellis. "I gotta sing it out!" he cried. "Mad 'n' loud!"

He did. The Groove Boys had never heard him in such a lather. He started out on Tear It Down and, gradually working himself up into a foam, launched into Ride, Red, Ride. It was Louie Armstrong music and it was only the beginning. Some of his rage crept over the band and they rode it away behind him, making it go, go, go.

He was standing up there with his eyes closed and blasting it out. When he swept the band into White Heat only the wildest of the mountain jitterbugs could stay on the floor with that music. Leona was among the flushed and panting couples who stopped then and came pressing in around the stand.

Her soft blue eyes were watching Marvin as if she had never really seen him before, had never guessed what fierce flame and anger could burn within him. It scared her a little and it made her sort of proud, too. Proud, until she reminded herself that how Marv'n felt was no matter to her any more.

Dolly was standing there, staring wide-eyed at those backwoods rugcutters and their chicks when she became gradually aware that the girl was watching her. She glanced at her and Leona blushed.

"I—I never been danced so befo'!" she said. "I never have!"

Dolly shook her head, her eyes going back to the dance floor. "I don't doubt it," she said coldly. "I've seen all the jitterbugs in Brooklyn and I never saw anything like this! It's not decent!"

"Decent?" faltered Leona. Her voice was incredulous. "Yo' mean yo' don' take on so?"

"I mean it's not human!" Miss O'Day said darkly. "Something's going to break. I hope it's not Marvin!"

Leona had been listening, almost believing her, until she remembered that all the best folks had been dancin' and likin' it. Right now one of her brothers was still out there, flingin' around. Then, when this strange black-haired young lady used Marvin's name so familiarly, Leona's eyes widened and she let out a sharp gasp of recognition.

"Yo' should be talkin'!" she exclaimed fiercely. "I didn' know yo' with yo' clothes on!"

Miss O'Day turned, staring at her.

"Our people don' go throwin' off their clothes!" Leona cried wildly. "I know yo' do that way up no'th! I saw yo' picture!"

"So what?" Dolly demanded. "A girl has to make a living, don't she?"

THEN she saw the splash of color in Leona's cheeks and she suddenly knew what was wrong. It took her only two long breaths to tell her something Marvin never had been able to explain, what with the heaviness in his heart and being run off by her brothers. When she was finished she had made it very clear that the strip tease was strictly a solo art done by talented professionals and never indulged in by mass audiences.

Leona could only look at her, her heart young and shiny in her eyes.

"Yo' mean they don' all do that way?" she begged. "Jus' you?"

"Just me," said Miss O'Day. "May I never get out of Brooklyn if I'm not telling you the truth!"

Everything was glad within Leona then. Marv'n hadn't been lyin'! He had just been playing music like this for people who were no better nor worse than her own.

She pushed her way through the crowd until she was right before the young man who, his eyes closed and his cheeks a fiery red, was saying it in brass.

"Marv'n!" she cried. "Marv'n Howe! Yo' come down off there!"

His eyes opened slowly and he was looking right at her.

"What fo'?" he asked bitterly. "It won't do no good!"

"That's what yo' think," she said steadily. "I know different. *We're* goin' to New York!"

Some Like It Here

Continued from page 25

before Judge Brumby, says Mr. Assistant Attorney General Derrill. Oh, no, trust *him*. . . .

Mrs. Corrigan, awakened from her siesta by the noises in the modified Spanish wing, hurried to her husband's side.

"Daniel. Really!" she said.

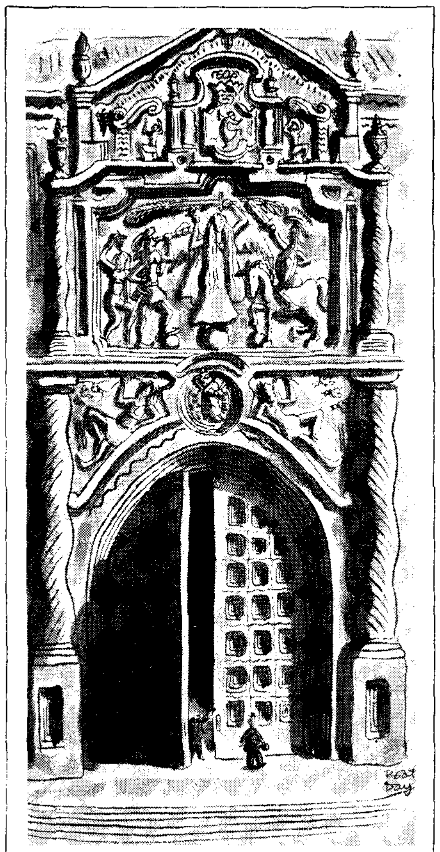
Sputtering, D. J. halted.

"And where were you when Mr. Attorney General Derrill was here last night making love to Peggy?" he demanded.

"A man making love to Peggy?"

"Derrill! My worst enemy!"

Griswold answered Mrs. Corrigan's look of appeal by saying: "Peggy has just told D. J. she's in love with a New Dealer named Derrill."



"The answer is still no! And tell The Acme Revolving Door Company to stop pestering us!"

ROBERT DAY

Had Mrs. Corrigan been informed that a scion of the Jukeses was making love to Peggy she could not have been more shocked.

"A New Dealer . . . oh no!" she gasped.

"Oh yes!"

"N-not one of the men who had you indicted at Madison, Wisconsin, D. J.?"

"The man behind the whole persecution!"

"And Peggy promised to *marry* him?"

"Undoubtedly."

Mrs. Corrigan gathered her peignoir more closely about her and, like a Roman matron, looked at her lord and master with patient resignation.

"Very well, D. J.," she said, "I shall attend to this, just as I have to attend to everything that goes wrong at Los Corrigana. I do think, however, you might speak to Juan about the tulips. A Gila monster is laying eggs right in the middle of the central bed and spitting the vilest sort of stuff all about. Also, I think you might find time to speak to Shaney. He's invented something to drop bombs with and is insulting Koba whom he accuses of wanting to steal the patent—"

"Ha!"

"Koba is definitely not a Japanese spy, D. J.: but there is one man you must beware of. That is Judge Brumby. As I think I mentioned at luncheon, the man is no gentleman—"

"Yes, darling, yes, yes, yes, yes!"

"I shall show Mr. Griswold the tulips and then settle with Miss Peggy. And, if I were you, D. J., I would lie down and take a little nap. Your color is not good, dear."

So saying, Mrs. Corrigan departed. Her husband walked unsteadily to a chair and sank down. Riches! The money power. A master of the country. Ha! He was a gone gosling, that's what he was. They almost had him licked. They had turned his daughter against him. They had alienated Old Cactus Brumby.

They had tried to block him off from taking the case before Brumby so he would be forced to appeal to Washington. And little chance he'd have in Washington with that wise-headed young upstart Bolshy Derrill in charge of things. But just let that Communist so-and-so come near Peggy again. Let him dare show his smug face in Texas once more; there were still a few old-fashioned Americans left in Texas. A lynch party might meet Mr. Assistant Attorney General Derrill. Lynching, that was it!

IN HER room, Peggy had just succeeded in getting a call through to Bob Derrill.

"Derrill speaking . . . Oh . . . Peggy!"

"Bob—he wouldn't listen to me!"

"No?"

"No. He says it's just a trick on the part of the Administration—"

"You know that's nonsense, don't you?"

"Of course. But did you talk to Judge Brumby before you left last night?"

"Brumby? Why, no!"

"Daddy thinks you did. I—I had to tell him about us—"

"Good! Did he have a stroke?"

"This is *serious*, Bob. He says we're all to appear before Brumby tomorrow morning—"

"Absolutely fatal! It'll get in the newspapers and make a national scandal—"

"I know. But what can we *do?*"

There was a momentary silence on the Washington end of the line.

"Peggy, listen—I'll have the Big Boy call your dad direct. He'll believe the Big Boy, won't he?"

"We-ell, perhaps—"

"Or will he insist on talking to the President?"

"Oh, I don't know, Bob, and now *you're* getting sarcastic—"

"I'm sorry, dear. You don't blame me for feeling just a bit grim, do you?"

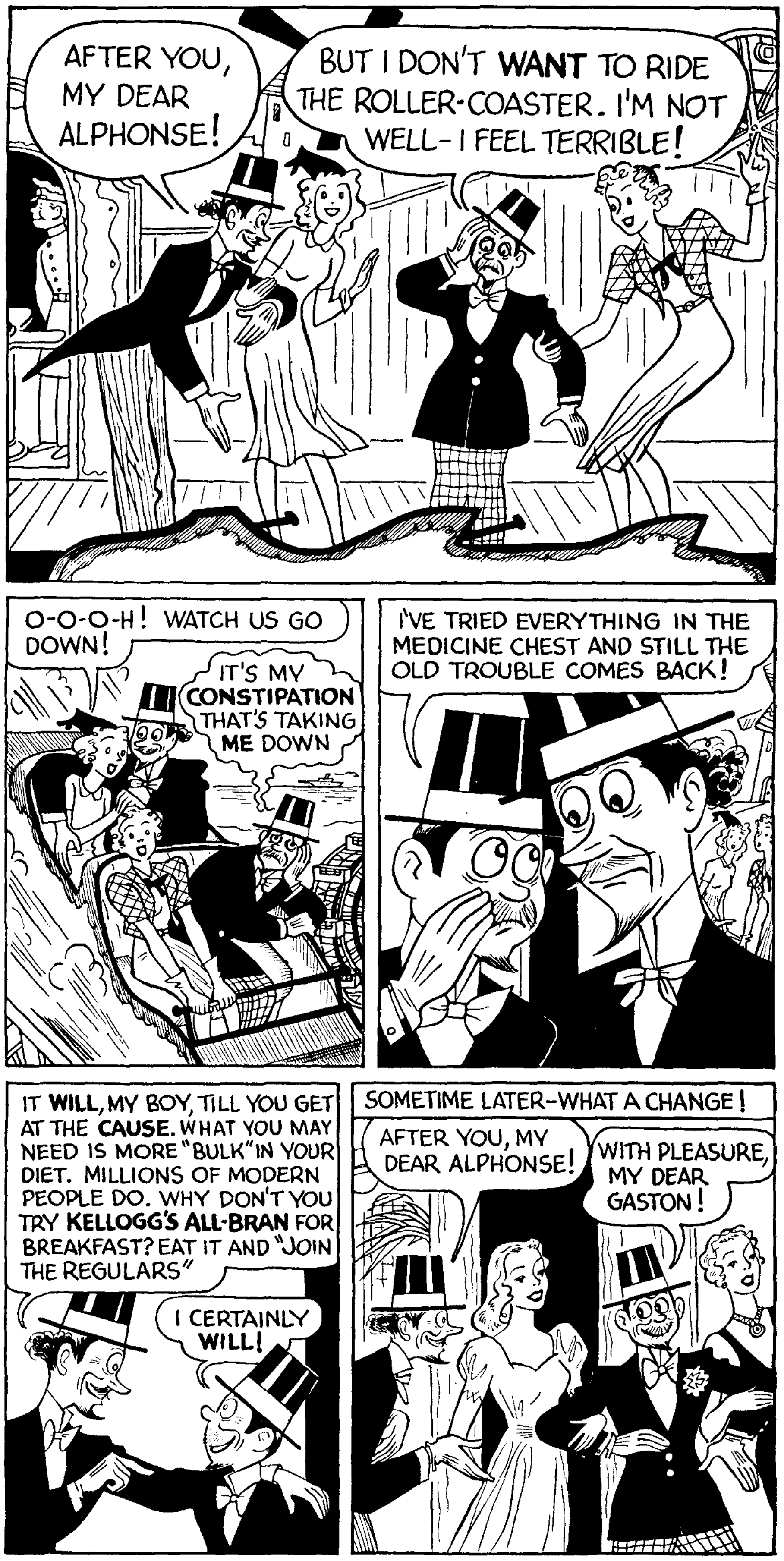
"No. I feel that way myself."

"Well, cheer up. The Big Boy will fix it. Just sit tight. America forever! H'ray!"

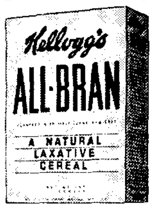
"Yes . . . hhhh . . . h'ray."

America forever! Not if things went on like this much longer. Some people might enjoy living in a country where men who were supposed to be its leaders wasted their time hating and suspecting and mistrusting one another. But not Peggy. You had a right to the pursuit of happiness, didn't you? This was partly Daddy's fault and partly Bob's. Daddy wanted to go on having *his* way and running the government as he used to do before the big crash in '29. Bob wanted to have *his* way and go on running Daddy's business for him as he did before the big recession. Neither one could be entirely right because, look, they had

ALPHONSE AND GASTON SEE CONEY ISLAND



AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!
BUT I DON'T WANT TO RIDE THE ROLLER-COASTER. I'M NOT WELL—I FEEL TERRIBLE!
O-O-O-H! WATCH US GO DOWN!
IT'S MY CONSTIPATION THAT'S TAKING ME DOWN
I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING IN THE MEDICINE CHEST AND STILL THE OLD TROUBLE COMES BACK!
IT WILL, MY BOY, TILL YOU GET AT THE CAUSE. WHAT YOU MAY NEED IS MORE "BULK" IN YOUR DIET. MILLIONS OF MODERN PEOPLE DO. WHY DON'T YOU TRY KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN FOR BREAKFAST? EAT IT AND "JOIN THE REGULARS"
I CERTAINLY WILL!
SOMETIME LATER—WHAT A CHANGE!
AFTER YOU, MY DEAR ALPHONSE!
WITH PLEASURE, MY DEAR GASTON!



Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

Doesn't this sound like common sense about our common ailment—constipation? Instead of enduring it first and trying to cure it afterward, why not seek to prevent it by getting at its *cause?* If it's the common kind that's due to lack of "bulk" in the diet, a crisp, crunchy breakfast cereal, Kellogg's All-Bran may be just the "ounce of prevention" you need. Eat it every day, drink plenty of water and "Join the Regulars." Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.

Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

SCHICK BLADES are made DOUBLE THICK!

Thicker steel makes these blades more rigid—prevents rasping vibration... takes a wider angle for a finer shaving edge!

Do you get a raspy, "singing" sound from your razor blade when you shave? Does it tug at your whiskers? That's often the sign of blade vibration.

It's the reason we make Schick Blades twice as thick as most blades... three times thicker than the tissue-thin kind. This extra thickness allows us to give the blades a real honing and stropping for a keen edge that can take real punishment. The rigid, double-thick Schick Blades banish that scratchy, "sandpaper" sound of blade vibration, often associated with whisker pull. Blade quality is another important reason why more than 3,000,000 men have switched to Schick Injector Razor!

Oil Sealed Blades: Schick Blades are sealed in a bath of oil in a metal Injector cartridge, with their edges actually suspended in space where nothing can touch them till they touch your whiskers!

Instant Blade Change... A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one automatically—and instantly! Nothing to take apart or reassemble. No fussing with messy wrappings.

Only $1.00

THE "POPULARITY" KIT

Genuine Schick Injector Razor and cartridge of 12 Schick *double-thick* blades in trim pigskin-grain case. 20-year guarantee of good shaving service stamped in bottom of kit.

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn., and Niagara Falls, Ont.
(*Same prices prevail in Canada*)

both got things in a mess. There ought to be a referee to keep Daddy and Bob from scratching each other's eyes out....

Peggy, fortunately, was spared the scene that took place in Assistant U. S. Attorney General Derrill's office immediately after he finished talking to her.

"The Emperor Corrigan does not trust us, it seems!" he said. "He refuses to be saved. Let the tumbrels roll, says he. He is going to die shouting. 'You can't do this to me!' Gad, Julius, these Bourbons. Why can't they even learn the law of self-preservation?"

His companion, Julius Bobinsky, "the *beau sabreur* of the Department of Agriculture" (see The Republic, May 7, 1938), chuckled indulgently.

"Well, Bob," said Julius Bobinsky, "if *you must go slumming and fall* in love with an oil king's daughter, you'll have to pay the price."

Bob Derrill smiled wanly. He rumpled his hair and groaned.

"This is serious, fella," he said; "I've got everything set for Peggy and her folks to get their citizenship through the Immigration Commissioner. Now, Pop won't play ball. He wants to take his chances with Old Cactus Brumby in an open court hearing."

Bobinsky shrugged.

"They're good enough Americans, aren't they?"

"Peggy is. The rest—no!"

"How come?"

"Oh, her kid brother Shaney is an ex-Communist. Her mother is a Britisher to the core. And Pop is a Fascist."

"Nice people!"

Assistant Attorney General Derrill reached for his old felt hat.

"*You* are going to wipe that grin off your face and go with me to put the slug on the Big Boy," he said; "I've got to make one more effort to head this thing off. If the Corrigans get to court there'll be a stink that'll rock the Capitol dome!"

"I still don't see—"

"Brumby may refuse to pass them as fit applicants for citizenship, you chump! And where would that put the Administration, just when we're trying to make peace with big business?"

Bobinsky sobered.

"Another black eye for F. D. R., eh?"

"Sure. Persecution of a big business leader. Hitting below the belt. Attacking his family. Hell, the Big Boy has got to stop it!"

The *beau sabreur* of the Department of Agriculture cursed.

"So we plead with tears in our eyes to D. J. Corrigan not to stick his fat neck out!"

The *beau sabreur* of the New Deal sighed.

"Life . . . and love in the United States!" he said.

LIFE and love in the United States, so ironically referred to by Bob Derrill, were moving apace and nowhere more intensely than at a table in the Elite Drugstore in Constitution, Texas.

Miss Sigrid Projohaczki sat there sipping a soda and worshiping young Shaney Corrigan. Mr. Corrigan, wielding a sundae spoon like a baton, had the floor or, rather, the table:

"If it wasn't for the chance of getting some dough out of D. J. for a working model, I'd chuck the whole thing and go to China. Why should I crawl on my knees in a federal court and beg a country hick judge to let me be a citizen of this so-called great and wonderful country? Great! Wonderful! Ha!"

"It is, though, Shaney."

"You can have it!"

"I want it, too."

"You're just a simple peasant and it's got you dazzled. You never stop to think about the twelve million poor devils who can't get work. All you see is skyscrapers and neon lights. Ha!"

But Sigrid shook her head. When Shaney had phoned her in Chicago and told her he was not a citizen and would have to go to his parents' ranch in Texas to find out about it, she felt a great pity and anxiety. All the Projohaczkis felt the same way. Pa had said: "I am poor and still it would be a blow. He is rich—it would be like death to him, ja!" Ma had said: "He is a wild young man, Sigrid. You should go there and see that he makes the right answers in the court, as *we* did!"

"I remember the old country, Shane," said Sigrid Projohaczki. "I was hungry all the time. They are hungry in China all the time, too. The United States is like heaven."

"You'll be hungry here—before they get through, Sigrid."

"No, it is like heaven."

Shaney stopped arguing. You don't fall in love with a girl like Sigrid for her brains. You fall in love with her as a social protest. You simply flaunt your love for her in the smug faces of the ruling class, as if to say: "This is what I think of debutantes and Junior Leaguers." She comes in especially handy if your old man is a multimillionaire and a Fascist. Then, when the time comes for a liberal to make a supreme gesture in defense of individual freedom, you just up and marry the girl. Not that this would be any personal sacrifice if you're lucky enough to find a daughter of the masses like Sigrid.

"You sweat beautifully, my child!" Shaney blurted. "It makes your hair curl and shows how clean and clear your skin is. I'd like to betray you right this minute, if it wasn't such a cliché!"

SIGRID gave him a slow, appreciative smile.

"Shaney, when you are a citizen and have a job I will marry you, I think," she said.

"Oh, you think so, do you?"

"Yes."

"Marry me this afternoon and we'll go to China!"

"No, not China. Ever. I am an American."

Looking at his wrist watch, Shaney gulped the rest of a sundae.

"Well, let's go!"

"Where?"

"Out to the house to meet the folks."

"No."

"*Now* what?"

"They will be all upset about the court. I will meet them after it is over, tomorrow. Besides, I am going to see the Alamo."

"You're crazy. That's a three-hour trip!"

"They'll ask me about it when I go home. I've already bought my ticket."

Shaney groaned.

AND at Los Corrigana life and love were moving apace, also, and at rather a dizzy pace for Mrs. Corrigan. Peggy, looking pale and worried, marched onto the maternal carpet like a stout little soldier.

"Yes, Mother?"

Mrs. Corrigan adjusted her sun spectacles, always a great comfort during *scenes.*

"Your father tells me that you have been so indiscreet as to show an interest in a certain Mr. Sherrill—"

"Derrill. Robert Derrill."

"But a *New Dealer,* isn't he?"

"Is that a crime, Mother?"

"Crime? Has *he* been indicted?"

"I mean is it a crime for a man to be a New Dealer?"

"It is criminal, yes. If Mr. Derrill belongs to this Administration he is no better than a highway robber—"

"That's absurd, Mother!"

"Indeed? Your father tells me that those people have stolen twenty-six billion dollars from American businessmen. But I do not purpose to discuss politics with you, Peggy. This man Derrill is *ineligible.* You must drop him!"

"I love Bob and I'm going to marry him," Peggy said pleasantly. "That is—if he'll have me after you and Daddy do your worst—"

"Our worst? What *do* you mean?"

"I mean hating a man you haven't even met! I mean acting like stupid, suspicious shanty Irish. I mean carrying on a bitter feud with the people in Washington, who are just as sincere and patriotic as *we* are. *Oh, Mother,* don't you see that we've all been fighting and hating long enough? Why, it's as if we were in the Civil War and Bob were a Unionist and we were Confederates!"

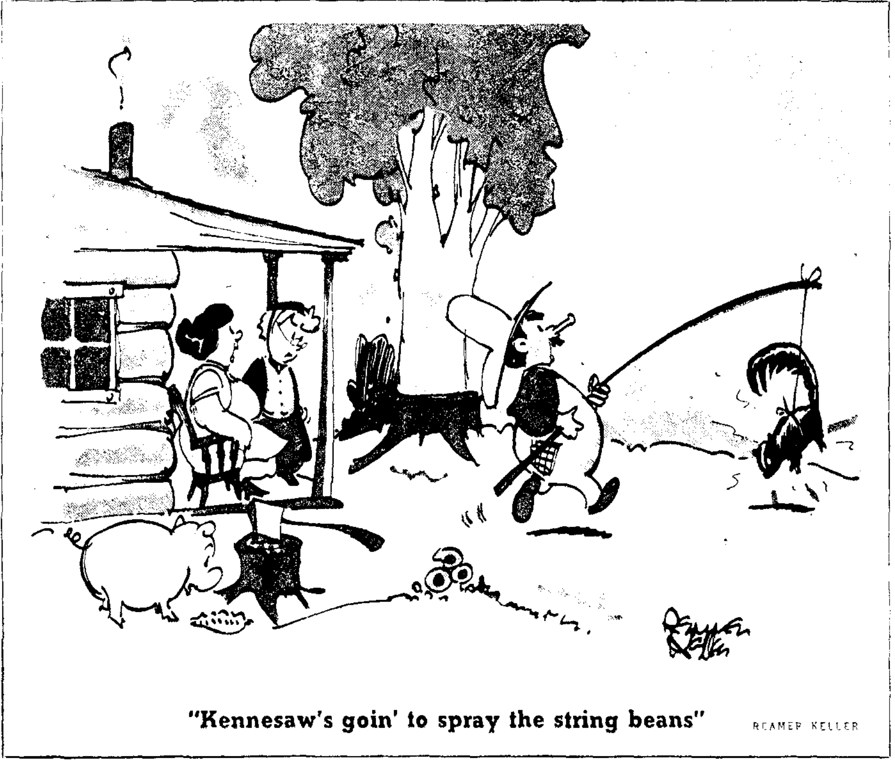
Mrs. Corrigan sniffed.

"The Confederates should have won. We always felt so in Victoria. How silly of you to—"

Peggy turned on her dainty heels.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, and ran out of the room.

Removing her sunglasses, Mrs. Corrigan blinked. She was definitely disturbed. Peggy insisting she was in love with a New Dealer. Why, she was behaving every bit as naughtily as Shaney, who had wasted his expensive schooling at that place in New England by inventing a gadget to bomb people with. Well,



"Kennesaw's goin' to spray the string beans"

REAMER KELLER

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& BOTTLED NEW JERSEY
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Select the gin that is recognized for certain definite advantages. For all gins are not alike. In Gordon's you have the advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. This means richer flavor, velvety smoothness, drinks that never taste thin . . . good reasons for requesting Gordon's when buying gin.

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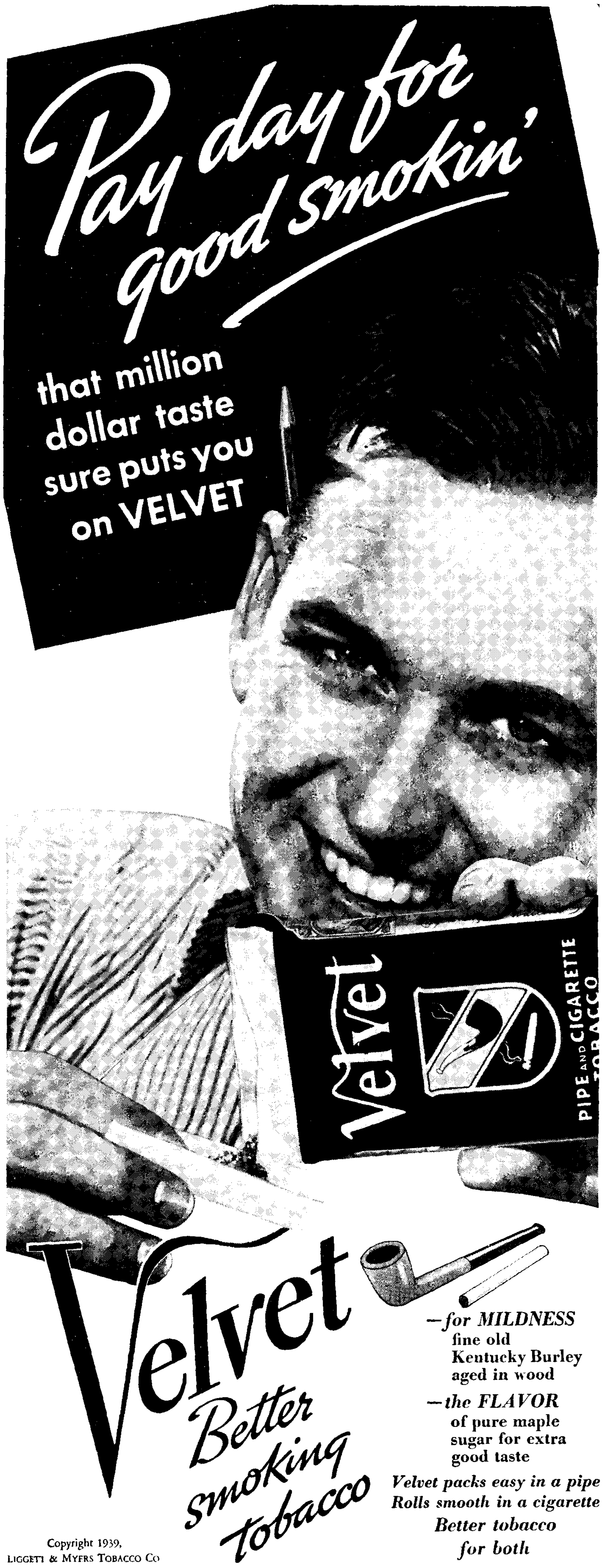
DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH

Gordon's Gin



Pay day for good smokin'
that million dollar taste sure puts you on VELVET
Velvet
PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
Velvet
Better smoking tobacco
—for MILDNESS
fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR
of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco for both
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that settled it more definitely than ever. Both Shane and Peggy needed a British environment to sober and steady them. Just as soon as this wretched citizenship business was finished Miss Peggy and Mr. Shane were leaving this messy, irreverent country.

Mrs. Corrigan was just about to grasp her copy of "Stately Homes of Old England—For Lease or Freehold" from her bedside reading table when Miss Edith Chivers rushed in.

"D-darling!" she quavered. "Read this!"

"Whatever—oh, a poem. I'm sorry, Edith, not in the mood. I'll read it later."

"But it's about *me!*"

TAKING the sheet of rice paper, Mrs. Corrigan read:

"Heart of English Rose,
Like sea and two goldfish
I swallow,
Go reeling drunk with
Idea of teakwood bridge
Say so?
"Teruka Koba."

The mistress of Los Corrigana resisted an impulse to say "Ha!" Instead, she handed the poem back to the shuddering Miss Chivers and frowned.

"I shall speak to Koba—next week."

"He slipped it under my doah—"

"Next week, Edith, please."

"B-but, darling, it's *obscene!*"

"Nonsense!"

"It is, I know it is!"

But a woman who has tried to smuggle two rose-quartz Pekingese dogs into the United States and who has attempted to bribe a federal judge has a certain rugged ruthlessness.

"Shaney says he's a spy and you say he's an obscene poet," she declared, "but *I* say he's a butler and he stays at least until next week. Now get me a straight whisky and stop snuffling!"

Meanwhile, in the modified Spanish wing of Los Corrigana, life but not love swept inexorably on, carrying the fate of the Corrigan business empire to the very brink of crisis.

D. J. Corrigan had been in conference all afternoon. He had smoked six cigars, chewed up five unlighted ones; had consumed two mint juleps and a whole benzedrine sulphate tablet. Now it was twilight, and his advisers, Griswold, Purnoy and Delehanty—the last two being general counsel of Continental Petroleum—had thoroughly analyzed the situation by long-distance telephone and telegraph. In air blue with cigar smoke and stinking of alcohol, they faced the Chief.

Griswold summed it up:

"Brumby's sister denies that Derrill called on the judge last night. Maxwell says Derrill has been working at top speed with the labor and immigration people all day. Ma Perkins is in Detroit working on the auto strikes and denied, categorically, that she was going to take any action against you. Old man Nevins thinks you should take a chance on Derrill—"

"That young pup!"

"I know, I know, D. J., but what have you got to lose by waiting? That puts it strictly up to Washington to make the first move. On the other hand, if we go before Brumby in the morning the whole thing is bound to bust loose in the newspapers. Brumby may pass it quickly as a routine matter. But on the other hand, he may get tough. Federal judges have wide latitude in such cases. It all adds up like the smart thing to do would be to do nothing, Chief!"

Delehanty and Purnoy nodded agreement.

Corrigan bit off part of a cigar and considered. "Damn it," he growled, "I have to be beholden to a whippersnapper like Derrill—"

The telephone rang. Griswold answered it. He said: "Who? . . . *Who?* . . . Oh . . . put him on . . . yes, Mr. Corrigan is right here—"

Muffling the mouthpiece against his stomach, Griswold turned to Corrigan, his face alight with relief.

"It's the Big Boy, D. J.! Himself in person! Talking from Washington—"

Corrigan got to his feet, his expression one of grim incredulity. He took the phone.

"Hullo. Oh . . . hullo, Jim. How're yuh? . . . That's good . . . Why, yes . . . There's been a little trouble . . . Yes . . . Unhunh . . . You've got it all arranged? . . . Why . . . that's mighty white of you! . . . In Washington? . . . Private hearing, huh? . . . Well, Jim, that's certainly swell of you! . . . I'll never forget it . . . Who? *Markley?* He went to bat for *me?* You kidding? Not Markley? Oh . . . I see . . . Derrill talked to him . . . Yes, I know Derrill . . . Well, I'm very grateful . . . Thank *you,* Jim . . . We'll have breakfast at the Mayflower, hunh? Fine. Thanks, Jim! G'by."

The others looked at Corrigan with eager, almost triumphant expectancy as he slowly hung up and put the telephone down. But their shoulders sagged as Corrigan turned around, his face set in lines of implacable hatred.

"That's your peace between business and the government!" he rasped. "Guess who the little peacemaker is? *Markley!* Well . . . he swore he'd get me if it took him the rest of his life—"

Griswold stammered out a forlorn appeal to reason:

"Maybe Markley's had a change of heart, D. J. The Big Boy is a pretty straight shooter. He wouldn't tell you it was okay if it wasn't—"

In answer, Corrigan walked to the door.

"That's all," he said. "We go to court in the morning. They've asked for a fight and that's what they'll get!"

His advisers walked out in silence. The case of the United States of America vs. The Corrigans would not be decently and quietly settled in Washington. It would be heard before Federal Judge Phineas Brumby of the Fourth Texas District.

THAT night, long after dinner because he had to wait for son Shaney to get home from some tomfool automobile trip with a girl, the head of the family Corrigan assembled its members in the main library of Los Corrigana.

Some premonition of trouble occurred to Corrigan as he looked at them. Shane was wearing his best poker face—i.e., a faintly cynical and amused expression—the while he sprawled on a divan. Peggy's mood seemed to be one of truculent defiance, although she was giving her father respectful attention. Diana looked very tired and bewildered, but beamed loyally at her husband.

"We're good Americans, aren't we?" Corrigan began.

"Yes, we are!" said Peggy.

"Hunh? Oh . . . sure, Pop!" said Shane.

"How about you, Diana?"

"Oh . . . excuse me, Daniel. I was noticing how becoming that suit is to you . . . what was the question again, please?"

"You have no objection to applying for American citizenship, have you?"

"Why, I thought we had all that settled!"

Wincing, Corrigan passed on to his final instructions. "I am fighting for my right to stay in this country and do business here," he said. "Washington wants to destroy me. If Judge Brumby has been reached, he can practically put us on trial tomorrow to test our desirability as citizens. I hope I have a loyal family behind me. How about it?"

(To be continued next week)

Things I Couldn't Tell Till Now

Continued from page 19

it. Dewey's office kept the man's identity a dead secret.

On the night of February 2, 1938, George Weinberg was visiting with us, sleeping on the day bed in the living room. In the dead of night he came and shook my shoulder, waking me up.

"Somebody's knocking at the door," he said. "They say they're cops."

I got up and put on a dressing gown. George and I looked at each other in fatalistic silence. Then I went and opened the door.

I looked into the wobbling muzzles of a lot of guns. Facing me were two towering strangers, their faces tense and white. Behind them I recognized two others, my old adversaries, Detectives Canavan and Cashman. The jig was up.

They rushed in and frisked us. They had a right to be tense. Judging from our associations, they might be walking into a machine-gun nest. In the next room they found Hope, her mouth so full she couldn't talk. She was chewing up our drivers' licenses, as though that would do any good!

The terror and despair of that night and next week I must hurry over. I was at the end of the road, locked in a cell in jail, getting my food through a slit in the door. But worst of all was the thought of Hope sitting behind bars, hands smeared with fingerprint ink, for nothing she had done but just because of me. Her bail was $7,500 and Benny the Bum raised it for her, but they still had charges against her. I made a deal: I would waive extradition if they would turn Hope loose. And that was done.

Back to the Big Time

Then the terror of that trip to New York. I was blind with the flashlights of the press. At every station they were popping at me. I was like a trapped animal, wrists chained to two detectives; when we moved through crowds they carried me bodily, my wrists torn by the steel cuffs. And then the Tombs, that ancient, gloomy pile of human despair. My cellmate was a murderer.

But I wasn't licked. I sent out for lawbooks. Bail was set at $175,000. On a writ of habeas corpus I got it down to $75,000. As I left court a little mug sidled up to me and said, "It's okay, Dick, you'll be out tomorrow."

But I wasn't. The days went by and I was still in the Tombs. If I could get out and prepare my defense, I had a chance at liberty. But here I had none. I was hopeless. Day by day I received messages from my so-called friends. They were pulling for me, they loved me, but they *did* nothing. I could have bitten through the bars of my cell.

Then one day came a violent shock. George Weinberg and I were with our lawyer in the counsel room, and George turned to me and said:

"If I were you, Dick, I'd turn state's evidence. Maybe you could help me."

"Me?" I cried. "Not in a million years, not me!"

I was shocked at George. This was not his underworld code. George could ruin my chances if he squealed.

A few days later a keeper came and told my cellmate to collect his belongings. This seemed queer, but I got the answer in a few minutes. George was brought to my cell and put in with me.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I asked.

"I got something to talk to you about," said George. "I was out yesterday and met Mr. Grimes. I talked to him about turning state's evidence. They said they'd like to have you too."

This Charles P. Grimes, assistant district attorney, was our nemesis. For two and a half years, under Dewey, he had been working away, piling up evidence bit by bit. He directed the raid on our apartment that night in Philadelphia.

"George," I said. "I think we can beat this thing on the law."

I explained the law point to him. We had been indicted for comprising a lottery, but contrary to the laws of common sense there was a high court opinion in New York that held that policy was not a lottery. On that law point we had a chance to beat the case.

"Well, anyway, they want to talk to you," said George.

"I'll talk to anybody," I told him.

It was a Saturday afternoon, and I was going out to see the doctor. For a long time my throat had been bothering me. When I got to the doctor's office I found Mr. Grimes and Sol Gelb, another assistant district attorney, who was now working on the policy case.

We drove over into Central Park, to a secluded place used in summer for parking cars. Detectives were deployed all around the place, and George was there in another car.

"Dick, we have enough to sink you," said Grimes. "Now, we're interested in getting the political protectors."

"I wouldn't be interested in discussing anything like that with you," I said.

They didn't press me, just asked me politely to step into another car. So I sat there for two hours watching, while they sat there talking with George.

George told me, when we got back to our cell, that he was talking about Hines. He talked about how it was our duty to our families to do what we could for ourselves.

But there was something binding me to that old guy Hines. I didn't feel like hurting him. I argued with George until I was blue in the face, trying to dissuade him.

Informer's Psychology

The next Saturday afternoon we met Grimes and Gelb near the East River, and I sat in a car with two cops while they talked to George. I was watching the boats, wishing I were on one.

A few days later we saw the prosecutors at the Battery. As I sat there watching, a great ocean liner came down the river and sailed proudly out to the open sea. It wasn't torture, but it was psychology. I hated to go back to the Tombs.

"You know, you're being a very foolish fellow," said Sol Gelb to me that day.

"If I could just get out on bail—"

"Yes, but you can't," he said. "Your friends aren't doing anything for you."

Indeed they were not. Hope was practically turning the town upside down, trying to raise bail for me.

Hope knew a number of rich men, from her Follies days, and she scared them to death, I guess, trying to get them to put up bail for that notorious criminal, Davis. I wasn't seeing her, but I was hearing from her, and knew she was keeping after Hines. And he kept promising. All Hines had to do, I knew, was nod his head, and a dozen rich men would come forward to put up my bail. But nothing happened.

One day, I heard, Hope really talked sharply to him. She told him that he had given nothing but idle promises, and demanded to know what he was going to do. Boss Hines was not used to that sort of talk. He seized her shoulders angrily, shook her, and blurted out:

"I am Dick's friend, but only his friend! What I am doing is purely out of friendship. I owe him nothing! I am under no obligation to him!"

This I heard as I sat in the Tombs. I boiled.

One day in April, George told me he was going to make a confession.

"Of course, when I tell my story, it's going to murder you," he added.

I talked to him desperately. It was my last chance. Dewey's vise was closing on me. But it was no use. George made his confession and signed it.

Now it was up to me to see what I could do for myself. I still wasn't willing to turn state's evidence. The idea was repugnant to me in the first place, but in addition there was all the perjury I had committed in the past.

A few days later I met Grimes and Gelb and told them that in view of George's confession I would plead guilty.

"I'd like to have you take it into consideration when recommending my sentence," I said.

"All right," said Grimes, "but you'll have to sign a confession naming *everyone* you dealt with."

"All right," I said. They couldn't use my confession as evidence against anybody else.

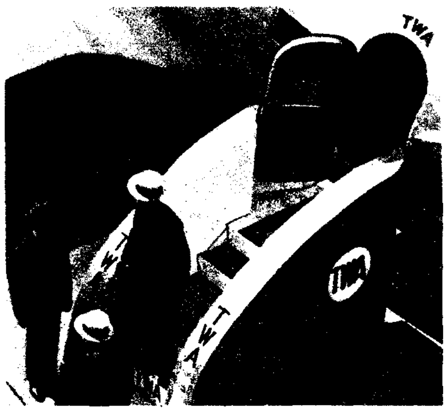
"Supposing you go back to your cell and write it up yourself," suggested

"Hey, put me down—this time I won!" A. ROSS

ADVICE TO WIVES WHOSE HUSBANDS HAVE TO TRAVEL!

DO YOU KNOW: Thousands of husbands practically *eliminate nights away from home*—by flying TWA!

YOUR HUSBAND can leave Chicago 5:30 p.m. (C.S.T.), on TWA's *Non-stop* "Sky King"— be home in New York with you before midnight!



IMAGINE IT! If you live in New York, your husband can be in Los Angeles—board TWA's "Sky Chief" 5:00 p.m. (P.S.T.)—*be home next morning!* He's fresh, rested—after a luxurious night in a giant TWA Skysleeper!

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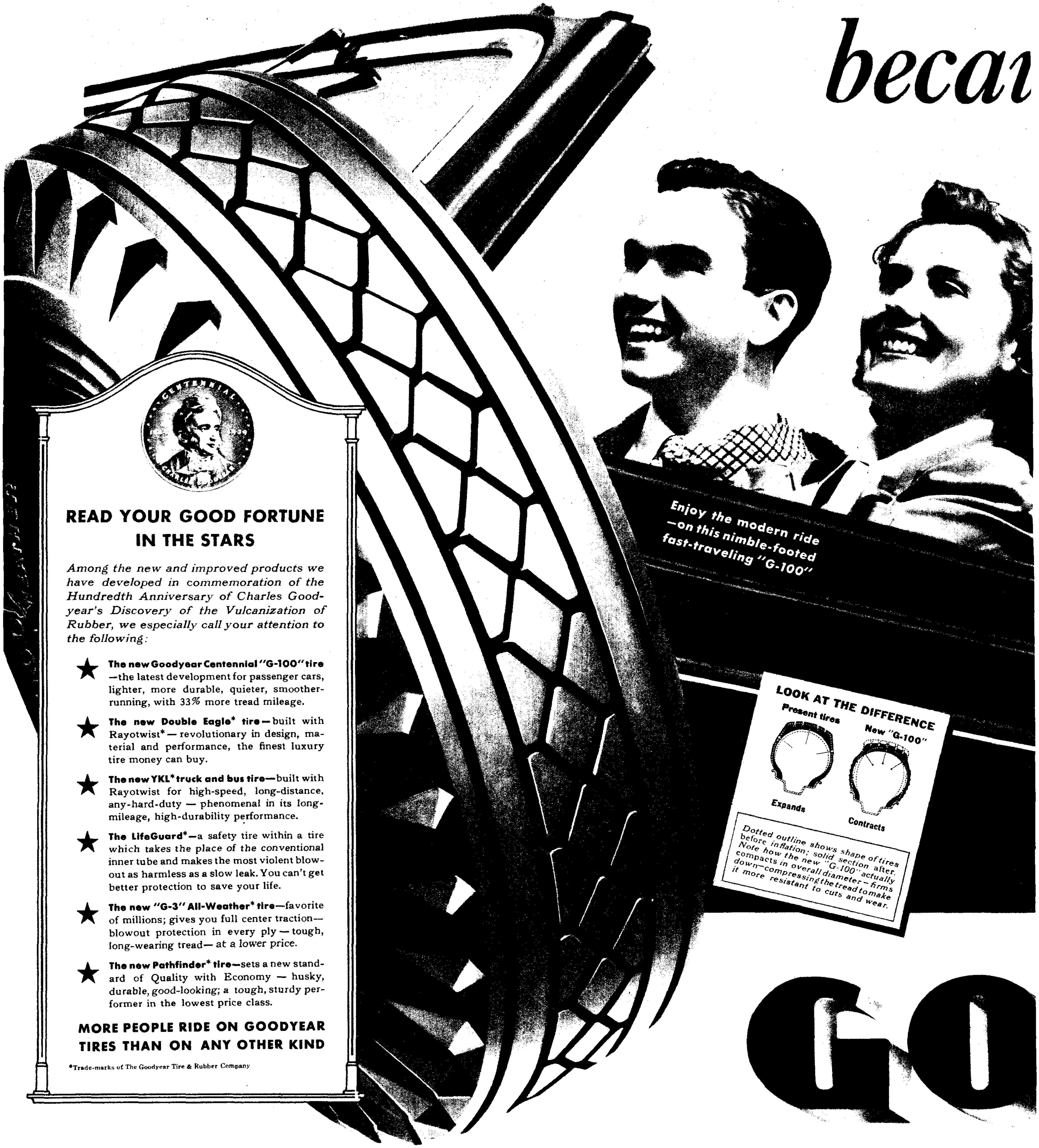


Dotted outline shows shape of tires before inflation; solid section after. Note how the new "G-100" actually compacts in overall diameter — firms down — compressing the tread to make it more resistant to cuts and wear.

READ YOUR GOOD FORTUNE IN THE STARS

Among the new and improved products we have developed in commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Charles Goodyear's Discovery of the Vulcanization of Rubber, we especially call your attention to the following:

★ **The new Goodyear Centennial "G-100" tire** —the latest development for passenger cars, lighter, more durable, quieter, smoother-running, with 33% more tread mileage.

★ **The new Double Eagle* tire**—built with Rayotwist*—revolutionary in design, material and performance, the finest luxury tire money can buy.

★ **The new YKL* truck and bus tire**—built with Rayotwist for high-speed, long-distance, any-hard-duty — phenomenal in its long-mileage, high-durability performance.

★ **The LifeGuard***—a safety tire within a tire which takes the place of the conventional inner tube and makes the most violent blowout as harmless as a slow leak. You can't get better protection to save your life.

★ **The new "G-3" All-Weather* tire**—favorite of millions; gives you full center traction—blowout protection in every ply—tough, long-wearing tread—at a lower price.

★ **The new Pathfinder* tire**—sets a new standard of Quality with Economy — husky, durable, good-looking; a tough, sturdy performer in the lowest price class.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

*Trade-marks of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

wear in the "G-100"
e it "MAKES A MUSCLE!"

THIS is a NEWS story, about a new kind of tire that's shattering performance records because it is all muscle and no fat.

It gets its amazing durability from new stuff in engineering that makes rubber tougher, longer-lived.

The old practice was to "beef up" tires to better them. But that couldn't go on forever. Too thick a tread makes a stiff, road-fighting tire that pounds like a truck.

And on today's swift-footed mobile cars big beefy tires are not only hard-riding — they're a downright drag on the wheels.

That's the knotty problem we faced—*and licked*—in designing our handsome new Centennial tire, the streamlined "G-100" All-Weather.

We were aiming at a tire with plenty of gumption to stand the scuff and scrape of faster stops and starts — and at the same time a lighter, nimble-rolling tire full of life and spring that would skim the road like a breeze.

It meant starting over fresh — new thinking, new engineering, new everything coupled with months of testing—but we've come through with something that will pop your eyes.

By a combination of new tire shape, new cord angles and new construction we've produced a tire that actually *compacts* with inflation — instead of stretching or "growing" in size!

This action puts the "G-100" tread under *compression.* The tread literally "makes a muscle," becomes denser, tougher, firmer, harder to cut, more resistant to wear.

To be specific — ***this sinewy new "G-100" All-Weather averages 33% longer tread mileage*** than even our former mile-eating tires.

On top of this, you get a lighter tire that rolls thick and quiet, a more stable tire with less sway and swoop on turns, a safe sure-footed tire with 11% more rubber on the road.

Underneath its trimly sculptured clean-lined sidewalls the "G-100" is mightily armored against bruises and blowouts with more durable new low stretch Supertwist* cords in every ply.

We call this great traveler the "G-100" because it is the peak product of a century of progress in rubber. And when you know its fleet-moving mile-eating action you'll say it's what you're looking for. All Goodyear dealers have it — now.

GOODYEAR'S CENTENNIAL TIRE — THE NEW STREAMLINED "G-100"

ONLY THIS TIRE GIVES YOU ALL THESE FEATURES

— New tire engineering rovides a *compressed* tread – greater resistance to cuts nd bruises—up to 33% more read mileage.

2 — Flatter, sure-footed read with 11% more road ontact.

3 — New protection against ursts and bruises from ore durable cords.

4 — Improved, modernized center traction All-Weather tread with diamonds closer nested for traction and safety.

5 — Greater strength and endurance from new longer-lived low stretch cords.

6 — Smart new beauty — fluted sidewalls to match streamlines of modern motor cars.

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

OD YEAR

Grimes. There wasn't any talk about my testifying, but by getting my confession in writing they were eliminating me as a possible defense witness for Hines.

So I went back to my cell and wrote my confession. I was licked. When I showed it to Sol Gelb he pointed out it wasn't complete. He asked more questions, and I gave him more answers, so I had to write some more. Then I signed it.

It was late April. With this confession in their files, the Dewey office went ahead and indicted Jimmy Hines. It was a startling event. Dewey had been elected charging there was an alliance between crime and politics. Now he undertook to prove it.

Drearily the spring dragged on into the summer. It was lonely in the Tombs. When he became a witness, George was moved out for protection, and was living with a guard of detectives on Long Island. Though I had confessed the facts, I still hadn't given up hope that I might win on the law by establishing that policy was not a lottery.

The only bright spots in that summer were my visits with Hope. You have heard about those, for they were blazoned in the newspapers, leered about and laughed about.

Her mother had come east to be with her, and in their apartment uptown Hope had all my clothes. I had a couple of very decent cops guarding me when I went to the doctor and I talked them into letting me go and get some fresh clothes. Then I saw Hope. We had no privacy, the cops were always there with us, but even so it was like food to the starving. In all I saw her seven times.

Then a newspaper broke the news, Dixie Davis was visiting Hope. It published a phony picture, purporting to show her in my arms. My visits stopped.

The One Way Out

The Hines trial neared, and all I faced was despair. On the afternoon of July 29th, my throat was hurting me and I went over to the doctor's, in the district attorney's office, and while I was there George Weinberg came in.

"Why the hell don't you get wise?" he asked. "Will you talk to Dewey?"

"Sure," I said. "I'll talk to anybody."

He passed the word on, and I waited around. Finally I was led into Dewey's office. It is a big room and I felt mighty small walking across it, but he got up with a big smile and reached across the desk to shake hands.

"Hello, Dick," he said. "We haven't seen each other for a long time. How's your throat?"

Then he was talking and I didn't hear him at all. For years I had been fighting this man, and for years he had been tracking me down. The last time I had seen him had been six long years before in federal court, when I was defending the big policy banker Henry Miro, and Dewey had been prosecutor. We had both been very young men and on an equal footing. But what a difference there was between us now!

"I think you're foolish," I heard him say. "I think you should turn state's evidence completely."

"I'd make a lousy witness, Mr. Dewey," I told him. "All the perjury I've committed from time to time, to save myself and save other people."

"That isn't for you to decide," he said. "All I ask you to do is to tell the truth. I don't believe that's your real reason anyway. You want to abide by the underworld code. You think that's smart. This is your one chance to disassociate yourself from the underworld. You say that's what you have wanted all along. If you accomplish nothing else you will find peace of mind."

We talked for an hour. I left saying I would give him my answer on Monday. I started back to the Tombs, and on the way the cops let me telephone my sister. This day she was to meet a fellow in Riverside Park and get a message for me. Now she told me of a stranger who met her there instead.

"Look, you don't know who I am," he told her. "You tell Dick if he pleads guilty and doesn't testify for Hines he will die in prison. Don't forget a lot of guys die in prison and it is never heard of."

"Don't worry," I told my sister. "Just pack up everything in the house and be ready to move tomorrow."

So I Talked

I hung up and turned to my guards.

"Take me to Dewey," I said. We caught him just as he was leaving his office at seven o'clock for a bite to eat.

"I'm your witness," I said.

"What happened?" he asked, bursting into a great big grin.

I told him, and said there was just one thing I wanted—protection for my family.

"Don't worry," said Dewey. He gave orders that I should be taken out of the Tombs and kept under guard with George Weinberg and Big Harry Schoenhaus, the Dutchman's former bookkeeper, who had surrendered and also turned state's evidence.

"It's the only way we could get him to talk. He used to be a barber"

JAY IRVING

There was reason for this caution. I was going to testify against one of the most powerful politicians of our era, a man who for years had placed his power at the disposal of an underworld dynasty that controlled the largest city in the world. Organized crime could flourish only because of Hines. Hines admitted that to me practically in so many words.

Hines once told me of a conversation he had with Edward P. Mulrooney, the former police commissioner. He had asked Mulrooney a favor for some underworld character and had been refused.

"Jim, why do you bother with that type? They are no damn' good," Mulrooney had said; and this, according to Hines, was Hines' answer:

"Ed, you know we need those fellows on election day and we can't forget them between elections."

There it was, out of Jimmy's own mouth, the alliance between the underworld and politics.

I had known all this, of course; but now, as I got acquainted with Dewey, I began to see it differently. During the next two weeks Dewey questioned me, day after day, whenever he had time. My most important dealings with Hines and Schultz had been years before, and I combed my brain for details. I was on the side of the people now, and wanted to help all I could.

"Dick," said Dewey to me one day, "of course you realize I want you to tell me everything you can remember, but if after trying to recollect a fact you should fail, drop it there. If you are in doubt about any fact we will resolve that doubt in Hines' favor."

Right then I knew I was in the presence of a great guy. That wasn't the way we had prepared witnesses on my side of the fence.

The day of the trial rushed upon us. You remember the excitement of it all, the special writers, the radio, the newsreels, the crowds. Witnesses were staying at an old estate on Long Island. Out on the grounds was a vast old tree, and there in the crotch was built a little shack, with a narrow flight of stairs leading to it. There were three bunks in it, and as the Hines trial rolled on, there we slept—George, Big Harry and I. And on a little porch outside sat two policemen, our guardians and captors.

At last came my day to testify, and it was the easiest testifying I ever did. I had nothing to hide this time. No corners to cut, no fear of contradicting myself. I came through all right, though I was up against a most able cross-examiner.

Well, I told the truth, as much of it as I could, but of course the able defense attorney saw to it that I didn't testify to anything that he could object to as incompetent, irrelevant or immaterial.

When I had finished I found it was a relief, as Mr. Dewey had told me, to get it off my chest. I felt good after I had testified, just as I feel good today, having told these things I couldn't tell till now.

The prosecution's case was in, and hardly had the defense begun when came the blow. Dewey asked one little question that had to do with the poultry racket, and Justice Ferdinand Pecora declared a mistrial.

After having showed his hand, Dewey had to start at the beginning and try the case all over again.

You may well imagine the suspense of the next six months for George and me. The trial had been moved to another court, but our fate still rested in the sentencing power of Justice Pecora.

One night, just after the second trial opened, George and I were listening to the news reports on the radio, up in the house in Westchester where we were being held. Like a thunderbolt came a bulletin of murder in Brooklyn. Gunmen had shot down Louis Cohen, last heard of as the punk who killed Kid Dropper nearly twenty years ago, and Danny Fields, a mobster who had been indicted with Lepke and Gurrah, the fur racketeers.

George turned to me, his face pale and distorted. He knew both victims. He had been a fugitive with Fields.

"I guess," George said slowly, "Danny got it because he was helping the D.A."

"Oh, I don't know, George," I said quickly. "You don't know he was helping the D.A. He probably wasn't. There are plenty of other reasons why those things happen."

George shook his head. He went over in the corner, and sat there staring at space. I returned to the book I had been reading, thinking George would snap out of his mood, but he just sat there staring, saying nothing for two solid hours. At last we got up to go to bed.

"Dick, what chance have we got?" he exclaimed as we went upstairs. "If we get out they will kill us, and if we get sent to prison we will be killed by some guy who wants to make a hero of himself with the boys. We'd only be safe in solitary confinement, and that will drive a guy stir-bugs."

He kept on talking that way some more the next morning.

"You know the promise Mr. Dewey made us to protect us no matter where we are," I reminded him.

"Yeah," said George, "but supposing there is another delay and we got a big bit. Who will protect us when Dewey gets out of office?"

There was no use arguing with him when he was like this.

Finale

We were going out for a ride that day. While the others were getting ready, I was playing cards with a detective.

"I'm going upstairs and get my jacket," said George casually. There were two detectives up there already, so no one went with him.

A muffled boom rang through the house and a moment later somebody yelled down the stairs:

"George has shot himself!"

One of the guards, not going with us, had left his gun on his bed with his clothes, as he lounged in his bathrobe. In that brief, unguarded moment, George had seen the gun, grabbed it, and put a bullet through his head, killing himself instantly.

"Why did he do it?" asked Harry again and again. I didn't answer. I was numb.

It knocked me flat for days, but I had to pull myself together. The trial was on and in a few days I must steel myself, control my nerves, face again the ordeal of the witness chair alone. George had been my best friend. I had gone into the underworld with George; we had come out of it together. Together we had taken on a job for society. Now I had to go ahead with it alone.

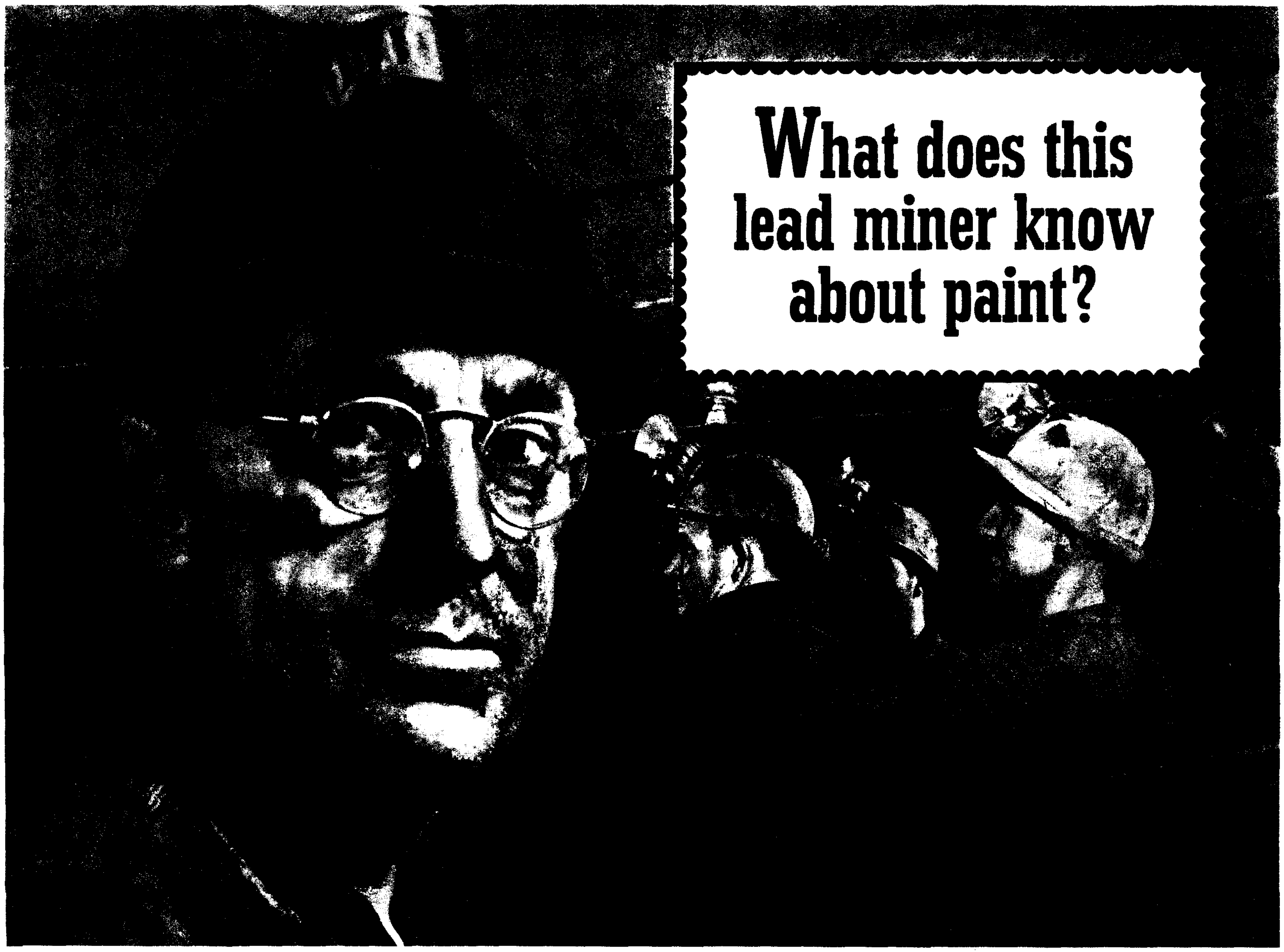
But it was not alone. George was dead, but his story lived after him. His words were read from the witness stand, question and answer, just as they were spoken at the first trial. Then I went on to testify again.

You know what happened. We had pleaded guilty of comprising a lottery, and told of Jimmy Hines' part in rigging the law to protect us. In a few hours the jury found that Jimmy Hines, too, was guilty.

So that's my story. Justice Pecora sentenced me to serve a year, and much of that time already has been served. By the time you read this I will be free again, facing the world.

But I won't be alone. Hope will be with me. We are going to get married and start all over again. We are starting out from behind the eight ball. Please wish us good fortune.

THE END



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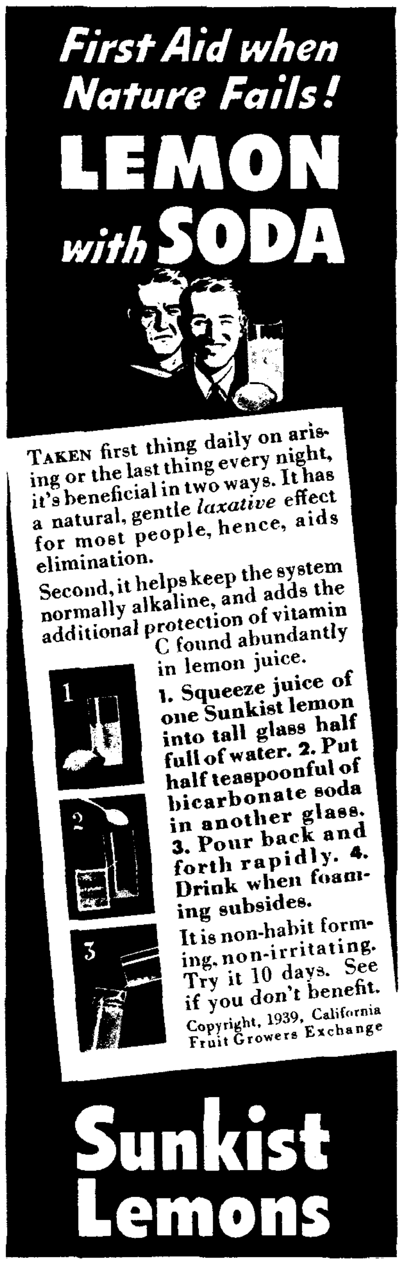
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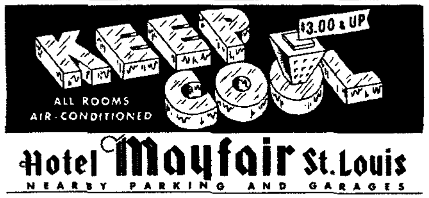
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SPRINKLE A-1 SAUCE On Sandwiches

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES
. . . AND AT HOME TOO"

Flotsam

Continued from page 16

The peasant shook his head. "And you haven't done anything? You haven't committed any crime?"

"We haven't any passports and can't get any, that's all."

"That's not what I mean. You haven't stolen something somewhere, or swindled someone or anything like that?"

"No."

"And nevertheless they chase you as though they had a warrant for your arrest?"

"Yes."

The peasant spat. "Perhaps someone can understand that. A simple fellow like me can't."

"I understand it," Kern said.

"You know, that might be a case of inflammation of the lungs."

"Inflammation of the lungs?" Kern looked at him in terror. "Why, that isn't possible! That might be fatal."

"Of course," said the peasant. "That's why I'm arguing with you."

"I'm sure it's grippe," Kern answered anxiously.

"She has fever, high fever. And what it really is only a doctor can say."

"Then I'll get a doctor."

"Bring one here?"

"Perhaps I can get one to come. I'll see whether there's a Jewish doctor in the directory."

KERN went back to the village. In a tobacco store he bought two cigarettes and asked for the telephone book. He found the name of Dr. Rudolph Beer and went to him.

The consultation hour was over when he arrived and he had to wait for more than an hour. He would have liked to rush back to Ruth but he was afraid to leave the room.

Finally the doctor arrived. He was a young man and he listened to Kern in silence. Then he put some things in a bag and seized his hat. "Come along. My car's downstairs. We'll drive out."

Kern gulped. "Couldn't we walk? It costs more in a car. And we have very little money."

"Let me worry about that," the doctor replied.

They drove to the sheepfold and the doctor examined Ruth. She looked anxiously at Kern and silently shook her head. She did not want to leave.

The doctor stood up. "She must go to the hospital. Congestion of the right lung. Grippe and the danger of pneumonia. I will take her with me."

"No," Ruth groaned. "I won't go to the hospital alone. Besides, we can't pay for it."

"Don't concern yourself about the money. You have to leave here. You're seriously ill."

Ruth looked beseechingly at Kern. "It's the best thing," he said without looking at her.

"Will you get ready, please?" said the doctor. "I'll come to get you in a half-hour. Have you warm clothes and blankets?"

"We have only this."

"I'll bring some things with me."

Kern went down with him. "Can I come to ask you from time to time how she is?"

"Why, you can visit her."

Kern looked at him. "So that's it," said the doctor. "Well, we'll see. You can come and ask for me as often as you like."

At eight o'clock that evening he went to Doctor Beer's. The physician was at home and reassured him: Ruth's temperature was high but at the moment there was no serious danger. It seemed to be an ordinary case of inflammation of the lungs.

"How long will it last?"

"If things go well, one or two weeks. And then a week of convalescence."

"How about money?" Kern asked. "We haven't any."

"For the present she's in the hospital. Later on some institution will look after the costs."

Kern looked at him. "I would like very much—you have had expenses—"

He had saved out ten francs to pay the doctor. He had done it less because he wanted to pay him than because he thought that by doing it he would have a better chance of keeping in touch with Ruth. His life had given him some experience in the way such things go.

Beer laughed. "Keep your couple of francs. I can live without them. You can come again tomorrow to inquire about her." He got up.

"Which room is she in? Which floor?"

Beer laid a bony finger against his nose. "Wait a minute—number 35, on the second floor."

"Which window is that?"

Beer blinked. "The second from the right; it won't do any good, though, she'll be asleep."

"That wasn't what I meant."

"Of course not," Beer replied innocently.

Kern inquired the way to the hospital. He found it easily and looked at his watch. It was a quarter of nine. The second window from the right was dark. He would never have believed that nine o'clock could come so slowly, but suddenly he saw a light go on in the window. He stood, tense in every muscle, watching the reddish rectangle. Once he had read somewhere about thought transference and now he tried to concentrate in order to send strength to Ruth. "Let her get well. Let her get well," he whispered urgently and did not know to whom he was praying. He took a deep breath and exhaled it slowly, for he remembered that breathing played an important part in the book he had read. He clenched his fists and tensed his muscles, he rose on tiptoe as though about to spring from the ground and he whispered again and again, through the dark, up toward the square of light: "Get well! Get well! I love you!"

THEN he saw a shadow. She must stay in bed, he thought, suddenly filled with joy. She waved; he waved back wildly. Then he remembered that she could not see him. Desperately he looked around for a street light, for any light at all before which he could stand. There was none to be seen. Then an inspiration came. He pulled out of his pocket the package of matches which he had got that morning with his two cigarettes, struck one of them and held it above his head.

The shadow waved. He waved back cautiously with the match. Then he tore out two more and held them so they lighted his face. Ruth waved vigorously. He signaled to her to go back to bed. She shook her head. He lighted his face and nodded emphatically. She did not understand him. He saw that he would have to go away to make her return to bed. He took a few steps to show her he was going. Then he threw all the burning matches high in the air. They fell flickering to the ground and went out. Kern went to the next corner and then turned around. The light continued to burn for an instant, then went out. And the window seemed darker than all the others.

"Lilo," Steiner said, "I've had a letter from our kid. Ruth's in the hospital and every evening he stands in front of her window and makes fire signals—a Prometheus with matches."

"What's the matter with her?" Lilo asked.

"Inflammation of the lungs—but apparently not dangerous."

Lilo was silent for a while. "My sister died of inflammation of the lungs," she said in her harsh, deep voice. "But not in a hospital. In a potato cellar while she was fleeing. She had 80,000 rubles worth of jewelry with her when she died. Nevertheless we could not buy her a plate of hot soup."

She put bread and meat on the little table in the caravan. Her face darkened. "What do all these people know about it?" she murmured. "Russia was hell. Hell. In comparison this is nothing."

"Don't be sad, Lilo. That was a long time ago."

She glanced up. "Yes, it was a long time ago; but I shall never forget it. It was always yesterday. Always yesterday."

Steiner ran his hand over her raven hair. There were many words of comfort that he might have used; but one word was impossible and always would be. They were comrades of destiny, blown together by the winds of the times; and both knew that that was all.

JUST as Kern was throwing the last matches into the air a hand fell on his shoulder. "What's this you're up to?"

He started, recognizing the authoritative ring of an officer's voice. "Nothing," he stammered, "excuse me. It's just a fool trick, nothing more."

The officer scrutinized him carefully. To his horror Kern discovered that it was not the same one as before. He looked anxiously up at the window. Ruth was not to be seen; apparently she hadn't noticed anything. He tried to smile candidly. "I really beg your pardon, but no harm was done and, as you see, none could have been done."

He pointed to the street and tried to go on. But the officer stopped him. "Just a minute. You don't belong here, do you? Perhaps we ought— Do you know Herr Ammers?"

"No," Kern replied.

"Perhaps he knows you. There's a formal complaint at the station that fits you exactly."

Kern hung his head and went along. He looked about sharply for a chance to escape. But the way was short and in a few minutes they were at the police station.

The officer who had let him escape the first time was sitting at a table writing. "Is this the man?" the second officer asked.

"Might be. I can't say for sure."

"I'll call up Ammers. He'll know him."

He went out. "My boy," said the first officer, "I thought you were gone long ago. Now things are going to be tough. Ammers saw you and made a complaint. You're up a creek now. And you tumbled into the hands of the sharpest man on our force, a fellow who's after promotion."

"What a break!" Kern said forlornly.

"Yes. Particularly since you ran away from me. I had to make a report of that at the time because I knew Ammers would be snooping around."

Ammers came in with the second officer. He had run so fast that he was panting. His pointed beard glistened. "Of course," he said, "as big as life, the impudent scoundrel."

Kern looked at him and hoped the plague would strike him. "This is one time he won't slip through your fingers, eh?"

"No, this time he won't," agreed the policeman.

"The mills of the gods grind slow," Ammers declaimed triumphantly, "but they grind exceeding fine. The jug that goes too often to the well will be broken."

"Do you know you have a tendency to cancer of the liver?" Kern interrupted him, mad with rage and not yet fully conscious of his misfortune. His thoughts were concentrated on a single point, to hurt Ammers; he could not strike him, for that would increase his sentence.

"What's that?" Ammers asked gaping.

"A clear case of cancer of the liver. In a year the suffering will begin. It's a dreadful death! Nothing to be done about it either."

"Why, that—"

"The mills of the gods," Kern hissed, "slow, very slow."

Ammers began a wild protest. "That wasn't an insult in the legal sense," the first officer said. "It was really a medical diagnosis."

"I demand that it be put in the record," Ammers raged.

"Look," Kern said, "the leaden-gray color of the skin during excitement, the yellowish eyeballs—unmistakable symptoms. A candidate for death! All you can do for him is to pray."

"Candidate for death," bawled Ammers, "put candidate for death in the record."

"That's no insult," declared the first officer. "You won't be able to make a complaint stick on that ground. We're all candidates for death. Besides, that's in the domain of civil law. It doesn't concern us; we're the criminal branch."

"The liver rots inside your living body," Kern said. "It's the slowest and most frightful death there is."

"Calm down," said the second official. "Take a seat over there and answer my questions. How long have you been in Switzerland?"

KERN was arraigned before the district court. The judge was a humane man and would gladly have helped him. But there was nothing he could do. The law was clear. The illegal crossing of the boundary might have counted as an act of necessity; but in that case Kern should have reported immediately to the nearest police station.

"Then I'd have been put straight out of the country again," Kern answered wearily.

"Probably."

"And on the other side I'd have had to report to the nearest police station if I didn't want to break the law there. Then the next night they'd have brought me back to Switzerland. And from Switzerland back to the same place again. Then back to Switzerland. I'd have slowly starved to death between the customhouses, and if I hadn't I'd have wandered forever from one police station to the other. What's to become of me?"

The judge raised his shoulders. "It's difficult and terrible for you; but it is the law. We have it to protect our country from being flooded with refugees."

"I know," Kern said, "it's a humane method of starving people to death."

"It's the same in all countries."

"Worse in most of them. We've had a certain amount of experience in that."

THE judge leaned forward. "I shall make a recommendation in your behalf to the superior court that you be given detention and not a prison sentence."

"Many thanks," Kern said smiling, "but it's all one to me. I have no pride left."

"It's important for full civil rights. This way you will not have a prison record."

Kern looked at the good-natured, unsuspecting man, finding it hard not to be ironic. "Full civil rights," he said softly, "why, I haven't even the commonest civil rights. I am a shadow, a ghost, a dead man in the eyes of the law. What have I to do with what you call full civil rights?"

"Could not an application be made through a German consulate to get you some sort of papers?"

"That was done a year ago by a Czechoslovak court. The application was denied. I no longer exist so far as Germany is concerned. And for the rest of the world I exist only as a prey for the police."

"That's horrible," said the judge. "What's to become of you?"

"I don't know. The more important thing is: what's going to happen to me now?"

"I cannot help you."

"I didn't expect you to."

"I have a son of your age. When I think that he—" The judge left the sentence unfinished.

"I have a father," Kern replied. "If you were to see him—" He, too, left his sentence unfinished.

"There's one thing I should like to know," the judge said after a pause, "if you will permit me to ask the question. Do you still believe in anything at all?"

"Yes. In holy egoism. In unmercifulness. In lies. In hardness of heart."

The man on the tribunal stared at Kern in horror. Finally he said, "But what else could one expect?"

"That isn't all," Kern replied calmly. "I also believe in kindness and comradeship. I have met them, too." He hesitated for an instant. "And I believe in love," he said softly.

The judge got up and moved heavily around his chair to face Kern. "It does me good to hear that," he murmured in embarrassment and held out his hand. Then he made a helpless gesture. "If I only knew what I could do for you."

"Nothing," Kern said. "By this time I know something about the laws, too, and I have a friend who's a specialist. Send me to jail."

"I will hold you for examination and send your case to the higher court."

"If it's going to lighten the sentence, fine," Kern answered politely. "But if it's going to take longer, I'd rather go to jail."

"It won't take longer. I'll see to that."

"Any difference in the food?"

"No, but it's good."

"I know," Kern said, smiling.

The judge looked at him. Here we stand, he thought, representatives of two different worlds, and I have all the might in my hands. But which of us is really the superior person, this twenty-year-old with his pain-begotten wisdom and his smile, or I, more than twice his age, honored and respected in my own country?

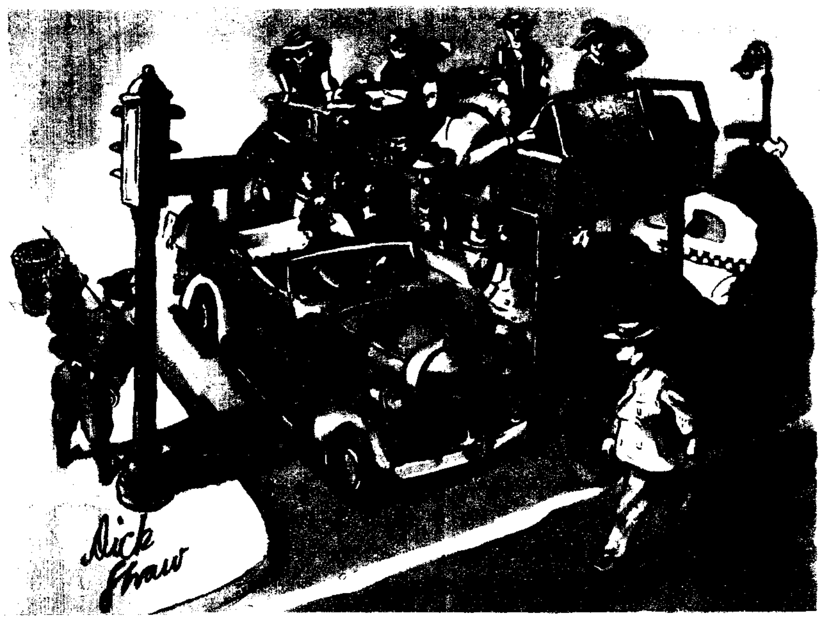
He took a large wallet out of his pocket. "There is only this primitive form of help," he said very awkwardly, taking out a folded bill. "It distresses me that I can do nothing more—"

Kern accepted the money without embarrassment. "It's the one thing that really helps us," he replied.

The judge sighed. It's strange, he thought, it's as though he had given me something and not the other way about. Does misfortune produce such poise?

KERN got up and walked back and forth in the little cell. He took long deep breaths, then he removed his coat and began to exercise. I mustn't lose control of my nerves, he thought, otherwise I'm licked. Then came the memory of the evening at the police station in Vienna and the student who had given him boxing lessons and he began to smile. If it hadn't been for him, he thought, I wouldn't have behaved toward Ammers as I did today. If it hadn't been for him and if it hadn't been for Steiner. If it hadn't been for this whole tough life; I want it to make me tough, too, but not to knock me out. I'll defend myself. He began to strike out with his fists, moving lightly on his feet; he threw a long right into the darkness with the whole weight of his body behind it; right, left, a couple of quick uppercuts and suddenly the ghostly figure of the white-bearded, cancer-stricken Ammers gleamed in front of him, and the fight took on pith and moment. He hit him about the head and ears with short hooks and terrific straight punches, he smashed two devastating blows to the heart, followed by a pitiless punch to the solar plexus and heard his opponent fall groaning to the floor. But that wasn't enough. Panting with excitement, he made the shadow of his enemy get up again and again, and systematically beat him to bits, saving for the end, as a particular refinement, a couple of powerful hooks to the liver. When morning came it found him so worn out and tired that he fell on the bed and went to sleep immediately, with the night fears safely behind him.

Two days later Dr. Beer came into



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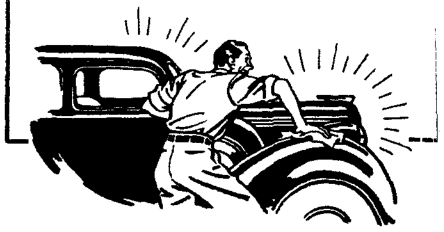

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his cell. Kern leaped to his feet. "How is she?"

"All right; everything normal."

"I'm going to get out of here in twelve days, I think. Will she be well by then?"

"No. At least not well enough to travel. I think we should leave her in the hospital as long as we can."

"Of course. In that case I'll just have to wait for her in Geneva."

Beer drew a letter from his pocket. "Here, I brought you something."

Kern seized the envelope. Beer said, "Go right ahead and read it now. Take your time."

"No, I'll read it later. How did you find out where I was?"

"That wasn't hard. Where else would you be?"

"That's true," Kern said, "where else would I be?"

"I'm going to the hospital now. Do you want to give me something to take along?" Beer took a fountain pen and writing paper out of his coat pocket. "I brought these for you."

"Thanks. Thanks a lot!" Kern wrote a hurried letter: He was all right, Ruth must get well, he would wait for her in Geneva every day at twelve o'clock in front of the post office. Love, love, love.

"Don't you want to read her letter before I go?" Beer asked in surprise.

"No, not yet. Not so quickly. I have nothing else to do all day."

Beer gave him a startled look. Then he put the letter in his pocket. "I'll come to see you again."

When Beer had gone Kern weighed Ruth's letter in his hands. "So light," he said, "a scrap of paper and a few lines of writing—and yet what happiness!"

He laid the letter on the edge of his plank bed and took his exercises. He knocked Ammers down again and this time gave him a few powerful and illegal kidney punches. "We won't let it get us down, will we, Pony?" he said to the letter and with a beautiful straight right to the beard sent Ammers crashing to the floor again. He rested for a moment and continued his conversation with the letter. Not until afternoon when the light was beginning to fail did he open it and read the first line. Each hour he read one line more. By evening he had come to the signature. He saw Ruth's trembling anxiety and her love and courage. He sprang up happily and went to work on Ammers again. This battle, to be honest, was a little lacking in sportsmanship. Ammers received cuffs on the ear, kicks in the belly and finally his white beard was torn out by the roots.

BEER came twice more; then one morning Kern was called up before the district judge, who informed him regretfully that the appeal to the higher court had been denied. He was taken to the French border by way of Basle. He reported at the French police station in St. Louis and next morning was sent back again. He went to the police in Basle and reported that he had been arrested and returned. His purpose was to avoid being put in jail and he could only accomplish it if he went from one police station to another and reported immediately. By the third day he'd had enough of it; he was afraid Ruth might already be in Geneva. When he arrived in Basle in the gray of the morning he bought a ticket to Geneva with the money the judge had given him.

He had a panic fear of being arrested. Nevertheless he went at noon to the post office and waited there for an hour. In the afternoon he hid and that evening went to the police and told them he had just come from France. He had his order to leave Switzerland with him. They kept him for a day, checked up on the order and in the evening put him across the border. Next morning he was back and at noon was waiting in front of the post office. In the evening they put him across the border in the direction of Coligny. He at once reported at the customhouse and there met Vogt.

"My God, what are you doing here?" he asked in surprise.

Vogt smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "As you see, I'm laying siege to Switzerland. How about you?"

"I'm waiting for Ruth."

Vogt looked thin and ill. "The nights are getting too cold," he said. "I can't stand them any more. But recently I've had bad luck. I can't succeed in getting into jail. I'll have to try something else, housebreaking or something like that. I can't stand a winter on the country roads. My lungs are bad."

A policeman brought them some bread and red wine. They ate and went to sleep immediately. Toward four o'clock they were awakened. It was dark and the fields were covered with hoarfrost. Vogt began to shiver as they walked. Kern took off his sweater and forced him to put it on. The policeman watched them in silence. "Thanks," Vogt said as they continued. "These dreadfully cold morning hours before the sun rises!"

THEY were walking along the Rue de Mont Blanc, looking in the shop windows. Vogt stopped in front of a jewelry store. "I'll say goodby here. You know what I wish for you—what we all need—a little peace."

"Where are you going now?" Kern asked.

"Not far. I'm going into this store."

Kern did not understand; he looked through the plate glass at the display of diamonds, emeralds and rubies arranged on gray velvet. Vogt smiled. "Do you remember the evening we first met and how we talked about the diamond that belonged more truly to the man who had no desire to own it than to its actual possessor? Fräulein Holland was there."

Kern nodded. Never, he thought suddenly, I'll never see her again!

"Now I'm going to act as though I wanted to own a diamond," Vogt said. "I'm going to steal something in this store."

Kern looked at him.

"Yes," Vogt continued, "I've made up my mind. I can't stand any more. This is my one chance of getting through the winter. I'll get at least a couple of months for this."

Kern was about to say something, but he saw it was useless. He pressed Vogt's fragile hand. "Get well," he murmured.

Vogt smiled. "The prison here is all right."

He waited until Kern had gone some distance, then entered the shop. Kern stopped at the corner and watched the entrance, pretending that he was waiting for a trolley. After a while he saw a young man dash out of the store and presently return with a policeman. I hope he gets some rest now, he thought as he went on.

HE KNEW suddenly that he would not see Ruth again. It was like a numbing blow. He had no physical sensation; it was like a light going out inside him. The noise of the streets came to him from a great distance and he walked to the post office like an automaton.

It took a moment for him to recognize the blue coat. He stood there incredulous; it couldn't be true! Even when Ruth turned around and he saw her face he believed that his imagination was being tricked by a devilish illusion. It was not until her face lighted up that he rushed forward to greet her.

"Pony! Ruth! It's you! You were here ahead of me."

He held her close in his arms and felt her clinging to him. It was the hour of the noonday crowds, people pushed past them, jostled them, turned around in astonishment and laughed: they paid no attention. Only when a uniform bobbed into Kern's field of vision did he wake up and release Ruth. "Come," he whispered, "we'll go into the post office. Quickly, before something happens."

They plunged into the stream of people and took their places in a row of those waiting to buy stamps at a window. "How long have you been here?" Kern asked. "You've grown pale and thin, Pony."

"Since this morning. I'll get fatter again."

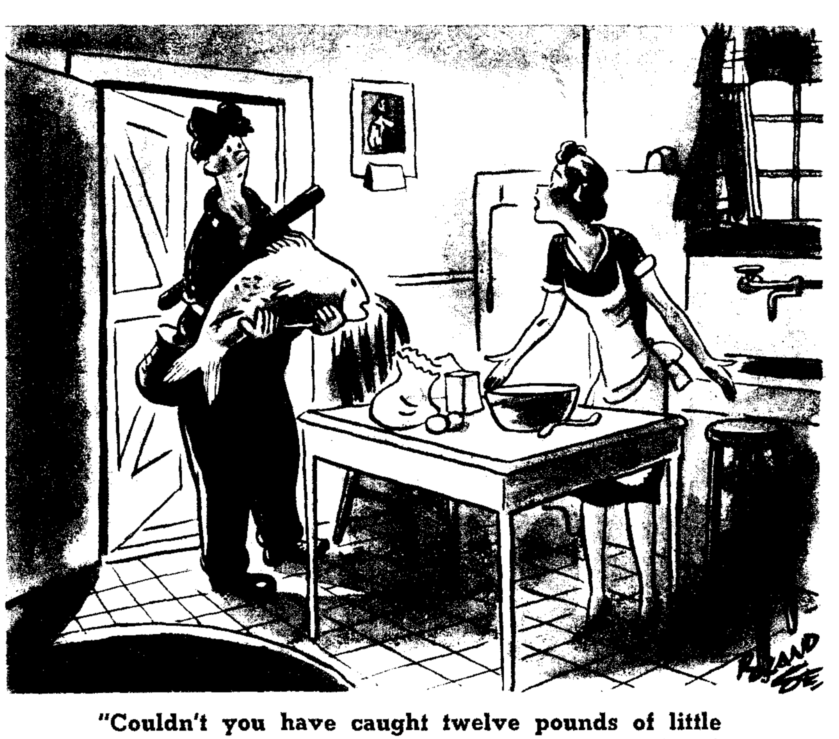
"You're more beautiful than ever. Did they send you to Basle?"

"No, they gave me a three-day permit and I came here immediately by train."

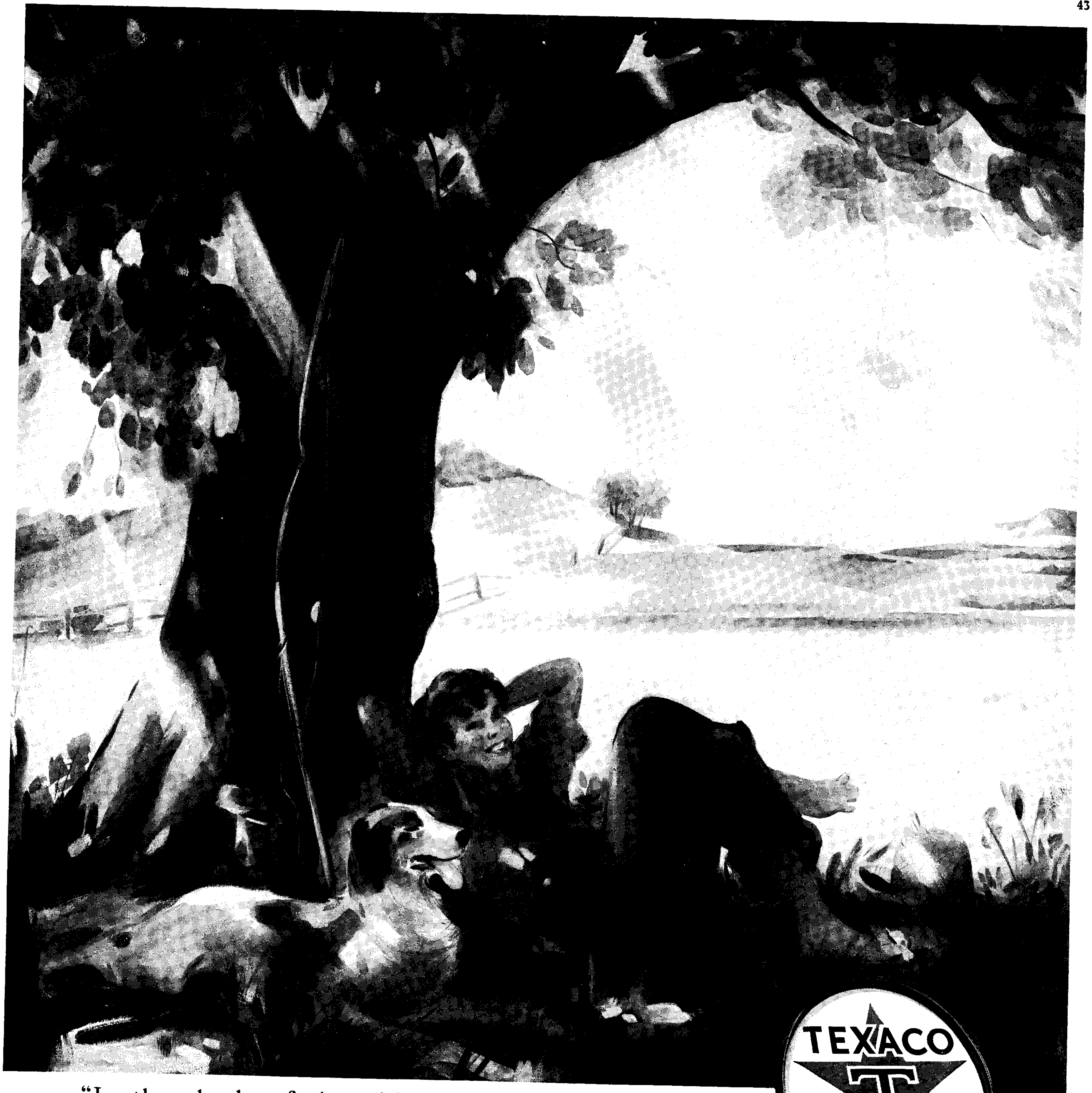
"How happy I am! Are you hungry, Pony?"

"Yes," she said, smiling, "hungry for everything—to see you, to walk along the streets, hungry for air and conversation."

"Then we'll go to a little restaurant



"Couldn't you have caught twelve pounds of little fish so we could give most of them to the neighbors?" ROLAND COE



"In the shade of the old apple tree"

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DISTILLED AND
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...AGAINST HEAT...AGAINST COLD

SH-H-H! NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH!
THAT'S WHY CAROL WAS UNPOPULAR
I WISH I'D NEVER COME ON THIS CRUISE! I HATE IT! EVERYBODY'S SO STAND-OFFISH--
NO, THEY AREN'T, CAROL --REALLY!
BUT YOU MAKE IT HARD FOR PEOPLE TO LIKE YOU, CAROL. I KNOW NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH, BUT--WELL--WON'T YOU TALK TO THE SHIP'S DENTIST ABOUT IT?
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COME ON, TED--GIVE THE REST OF US A BREAK! EVERY MAN ON BOARD'S WAITING TO DANCE WITH CAROL, YOU KNOW!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau 2273
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth...helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly *like it*."

and eat fish from the lake. Have you a room?"

"No, I came straight here from the station."

They had lunch and then went to look for a room for Ruth in a boardinghouse. "Only for me?" she asked. "Not for you?"

Kern hesitated. He knew that it was dangerous. "It's best for me to go my usual way," he said. "I have become a night wanderer."

Ruth looked at him. "Stay here! I won't be able to sleep if you are on the road."

He gazed at her pale, thin face and could not bring himself to suggest that they cross the border that night and try to reach the next railroad station. "All right," he said. "But I'll not take a room until evening and I'll leave early in the morning. Then tomorrow night we'll cross into France. Do you think you'll be strong enough?"

"Of course, with you."

"It's a rather long way. But you can sleep all day tomorrow to get ready for it."

Why do we really want to go to Paris? he thought. The same thing will be waiting for us there. Everywhere the same thing is waiting for us.

STEINER had packed his things. He was going to take the train that night for Paris. It had become dangerous for anyone with a false passport in Austria. Twice the police had checked up on the Prater, searching for unreported aliens; Steiner had got through all right, but he knew that a single instant's distrust, a single inquiry about the origin of his passport, would land him in the penitentiary. In another country, verification would be harder. Besides, Director Potzloch's enterprise was preparing for hibernation and Steiner no longer dared take a position anywhere else in Austria, for official vigilance had been greatly increased. Potzloch shook Steiner's hand. "We traveling people are used to partings. Somewhere or other we always meet again. Perhaps next summer?"

"Certainly," Steiner said.

"Well, then!" Potzloch made a grab for his glasses. "Have a good winter. I hate goodbys."

"So do I," Steiner replied.

"Do you know," Potzloch blinked, "it's simply a matter of routine. After you've seen as many people come and go as I have, it ends by being all a matter of routine. As if you were going from the rifle gallery to the carrousel."

"A fine simile! From the rifle gallery to the carrousel—and from the carrousel back again to the rifle gallery. It's a magnificent simile."

Potzloch grinned at the flattery. "Between us, Steiner, do you know what the most terrible thing in the world is? In strict confidence it's this: in the end everything gets to be a matter of routine." He jammed his glasses back on his nose. "Even the so-called ecstasies."

He cocked his head on one side and looked at Steiner, who nodded in amusement. Potzloch extended his hand again. "Well, cheer-ho. I've got to rush over to the rifle gallery and see whether they're packing the things up properly."

"So long," Steiner said. "In that case I've got to dash over and take another look at the carrousel—"

Potzloch grinned and bustled away.

Steiner went to the wagon. The dry leaves rustled under his feet. Night lay silent and indifferent over the forest. From the rifle gallery came the ringing sound of hammers. A few lanterns swung in the half-dismantled carrousel. "Lilo," Steiner said.

"Supper is ready. I have made piroshki for you."

He ran his hand over her hair. "Supper," he said, "piroshki. For us roving devils simply eating together is a sort of equivalent of home and country."

"There is something else; but it's something you know nothing about." She paused an instant, then said softly in her mysterious, vibrant voice: "Weeping together."

"You're right. That's something I don't know," Steiner said presently.

"Nor do I any more. Perhaps all that's left is to be sad together."

"We have not often been sad together."

"No. You are savage or angry or desperate. Or what you call brave. It isn't really brave."

"Then what is it, Lilo?"

"It's fear of giving way to your feelings. Fear of tears, fear of not being a man. In Russia men could weep and still be men and still be brave."

Steiner looked at the beautiful face that seemed to have turned to stone in the flickering light. "You have never opened your heart," Lilo murmured.

"No," Steiner said.

"Grigol's heart was opened. It broke. Mine has been opened; it melted away in tears. For what are you waiting?"

"I don't know. I don't want to know, either."

Lilo watched him attentively, then she gently freed herself. "That is the way you are. A German. You do not know; and no one else can tell you. Come and eat. I shall give you bread and salt to take with you and I shall bless you before you leave, O restlessness that cannot flow."

"Sit down with me," Steiner said.

She shook her head. "Today you eat alone. I shall wait on you and hand you what you eat. It is your last meal before you depart."

She remained standing and handed him the piroshki, the bread and the pickles. She watched him as he ate and she silently prepared his tea. She moved lithely about the little wagon with long steps, like a falcon that has grown accustomed to a too-narrow cage. She cut the meat with slender bronze hands and her face had a composed and enigmatic expression; to Steiner she appeared suddenly like a figure out of the Bible.

HE GOT up and fetched his bag. "Lilo—"

"It will be lonesome here without you," she said.

"I shall be lonesome too, Lilo."

He put his arms tenderly around her shoulders. She laid her hand on the back of his neck. "It's hard to leave," he said.

She looked at him solemnly with eyes that were very deep and brilliant. "I could have loved you, Lilo," Steiner murmured.

"And I could have loved you—"

"You know why not?"

"I know; and you know about me."

They continued to look at each other. "It's strange," Steiner said, "only a bit of time and a bit of life that stand between us. We have everything else."

"All time, Steiner," Lilo answered softly, "all time and our whole lives—"

Steiner nodded. Lilo framed his face with her hands and spoke a few words in Russian. Then she gave him a piece of bread and some salt. "Eat it when you are gone. It will bring you bread without sorrow in foreign lands. Now go."

Steiner wanted to kiss her but, looking at her, he refrained. "Go," she said softly and huskily. "Go, you restlessness that cannot flow—"

He walked into the forest. After a while he looked around. The city of tents was sunk in night and nothing remained but the immense whispering darkness and the bright rectangle of a distant doorway and a tiny figure that did not wave.

(To be continued next week)

The Old Block

Continued from page 26

There was nothing outwardly dramatic about the sinking of the Henry and Hope. That pan ice south of the Cape months ago must have started her copper forward and let in the worms; and they had honeycombed her timbers, so that when at last the water broke through, it ripped away the riddled wood like a leaky dike. They fought for a day and a half to save her but just before sunrise, forty-eight hours after the leak was discovered, her decks awash, the Henry and Hope rolled lazily over on her beam ends and lay on her side like a dead whale, lifting sullenly in the long, slow surges of the sea.

The sun rose and brushed away the dawn mists as a man walking through the forest brushes cobwebs off his face to clear his vision. The three boats, well clear of the wreck, drew together as though for mutual protection, for the comfort of companionship. Three boats. Nineteen men. The nearest land a long thousand miles away.

THEY stood by the wreck two days, reluctant to leave her; till she began to break up, working in the seas. Galapagos was the nearest land, but it was a thousand miles to windward, a hopeless beat. To make the coast of South America, they would have to run south seven or eight hundred miles before they found variable winds to help them eastward. But the Marquesas were no more than fifteen hundred miles away, southwesterly, the Trades blew that way and the chance of encountering another ship in those waters was a fair one.

At dawn on the third day they set sail and bore away; before noon the three boats were alone upon the lonely sea.

Captain Bent had no illusions about the ordeal ahead of them. There would be hunger, and thirst, and long privation. When they had dropped the wreck out of sight, he studied the men in his boat, appraising them. Dave Merry was bold and strong and daring; but he was always too ready to laugh. Levi, the big Negro who pulled bow oar, was as empty of emotion as a crocodile, with the capacity for passive endurance that is native to his race. Huss was an Austrian, the smallest man in the boat, and probably the toughest. He might well survive them all. Captain Bent guessed that Pedro, the Cape Verder who pulled the after oar, would be the first to die.

At noon he announced their daily ration. One hard biscuit of ship's bread weighing a pound or more, and a half-pint cup of water to each man. He himself distributed the biscuits, and he filled their cups, pouring it carefully lest a single drop be spilled. Dave Merry protested that a good healthy bird would eat more than that, and drink more too; but Captain Bent did not even answer him. The men gulped their water, then ate the hard bread and were thirsty, with their mouths full of crumbs. They looked at the casks, the same thought in every mind; and Captain Bent said, awkwardly and almost timidly:

"Best way is eat your bread first, I guess. Tomorrow we'll serve the water after the bread."

No one spoke. The breeze was stronger, and the small boat pitched and bucked, and she sidled down the long swells crabwise; and spray wetted them and the sun burned them dry. At their first dusk, Captain Bent spoke to the other boats.

"We'll want to stay together," he said. "Then if any of us get in trouble, the other boats can help. We won't get lost in daylight, but at night we might get separated. If we do, heave to and show a lantern till we're all in sight again."

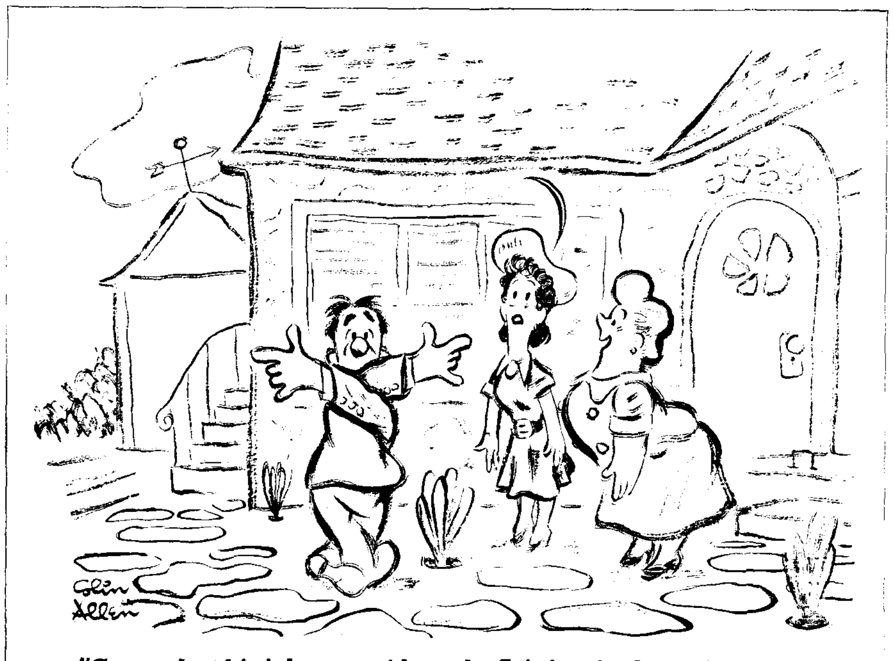
The stars gave light enough so that they had no difficulty that night; but Dave Merry presently crawled over the heap of stores—ship's hard bread wrapped in sailcloth against the weather, and the casks of water, all piled in the boat's waist—to talk to Captain Bent.

"We ought to separate, Cap'n," he said. "This way, if one boat starts to leak, we're all gone. We're all loaded as deep as we can handle." And he urged: "This is the only sound boat in the lot. We could go to China in it; but they were bailing all day yesterday in Mr. Olney's boat, every few minutes; and Mr. Coffin's is no better."

Captain Bent said mildly: "We'll stick together, Dave. We're all in this together." Harry was curled at his feet on the after platform, the other men forward. The captain touched his son's shoulder. "We'll come through, Dave," he said.

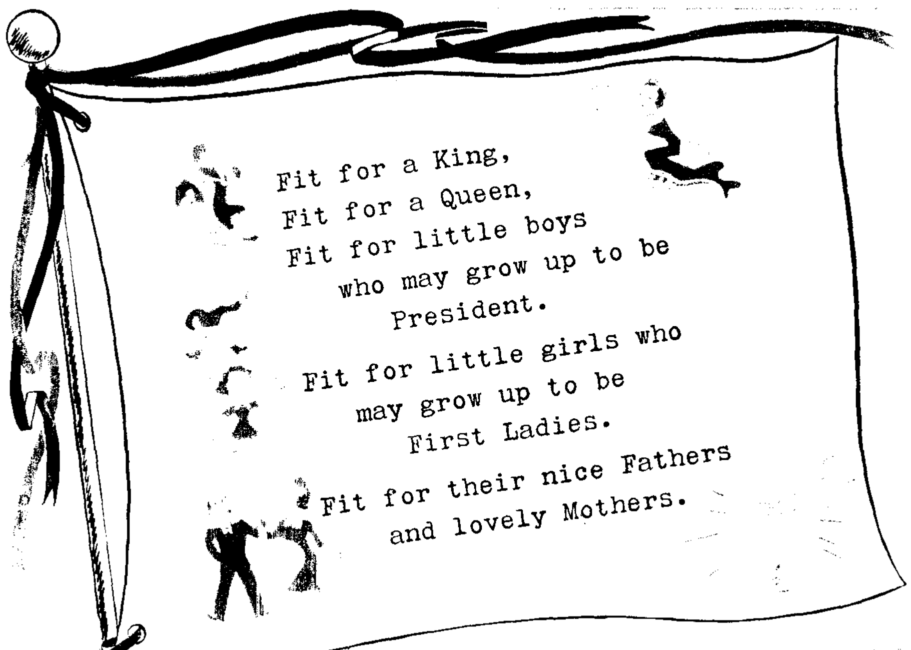
An hour or two before dawn of the third day, Mr. Olney's boat suddenly developed a bad leak somewhere forward. Big Sam, the mate's harpooner, woke to feel the cooler water swirling around his bare toes; and he cried:

"Goramighty, Mist' Olney, dis here



"George lost his job as a guide at the Fair just in the nick of time"

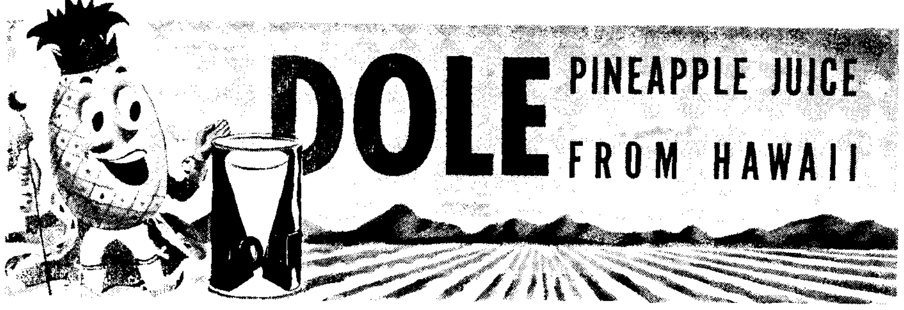
COLIN ALLEN



Fit for a King,
Fit for a Queen,
Fit for little boys
who may grow up to be
President.
Fit for little girls who
may grow up to be
First Ladies.
Fit for their nice Fathers
and lovely Mothers.

Because the pineapple is often known as the "King of Fruits." No wonder its juice has a regal quality . . . with its abundance of natural fruit energy . . . and its flavor, rich in tropical tang and zest!

DOLE PINEAPPLE JUICE FROM HAWAII



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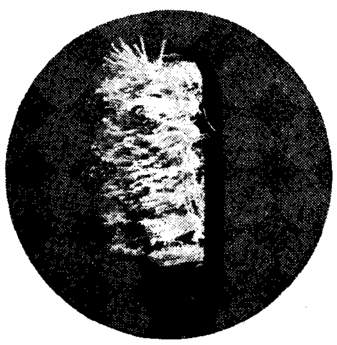
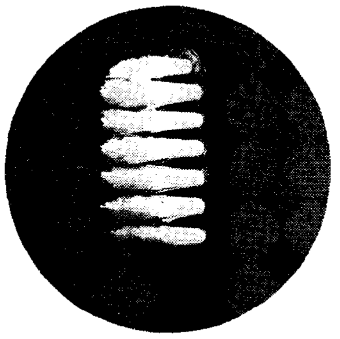


WORN OUT. Here's what happens to old-style brushes with ordinary, natural bristles! Now look below: New Tek *after 6 times longer wear* in our laboratory test.



SAVES MONEY. With one new Tek at 50¢ outlasting 6 old-style brushes, you can easily save $1 to $2.50. Tek Jr. 25¢.

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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

Tek

TOOTH BRUSH

Now lasts 6 times longer

* Natural bristle brushes without the benefit of Tek's exclusive new process.

boat's a-leaking bad!" His startled voice was easily heard in Captain Bent's boat. Harry, huddling half asleep against his father's knee, caught his breath in a quick helpless terror. Captain Bent pressed his hand against the boy's head; he called to the mate:

"Can you plug it, Mr. Olney?"

The mate lighted a lantern, and the small points of light through the pricked tin were lonely in the great darkness of the sea. Captain Bent brought his boat alongside, and Will Coffin too, and the lantern faintly illumined the gaunt, bearded faces of the men. Mr. Olney pried up the boards of the forward platform to investigate. He found a plank started there.

"Be easy enough to fix if we could get at it," he said quietly.

Dave Merry laughed grimly. "No trouble to that! We'll go ashore and haul her out and turn her over."

Captain Bent felt Harry tight against his knee. He said: "Mr. Olney, you and your men come into my boat and into Mr. Coffin's. We'll lift the bow of your boat out of water between ours, high enough to get at it somehow."

They managed it; but dawn broke before the job was done. Mr. Olney and his men resumed their places, and sails were raised again and the boats drew apart; and when they could not be overheard, Dave Merry came to kneel on the midships thwart, facing Captain Bent, and he said hotly:

"Cap'n, that boat will fall to pieces, first real weather hits us." His voice rose in a sharp challenge. "You saw how deep we were with three of them in here a while ago. We couldn't carry them."

"We'll worry about that when it happens."

"We'll worry about it right now!" Dave insisted, brave with terror at his own imaginings. "It'll be too late when their boat's awash. The thing to do is separate now."

The captain said steadily: "We'll stick together, Dave."

"But if we stay together and one boat breaks up and we have to take the men out of her aboard us, it'll be the end of all of us," Dave pushed his point.

Huss growled agreement. Pedro cried: "By Gar, yes!" Levi, the Negro, took no part in the talk; but Harry, at his father's feet, got up on the after thwart and sat facing Captain Bent, by the movement somehow aligning himself with the men forward who watched the captain over his shoulders now. He said hotly:

"Doggone it, Pop, Dave's right! That's sensible!"

CAPTAIN BENT had counted on Harry, somehow. His face set like a block of granite, stern against the sea, yet he was suddenly very tired, and old, and lonely. He shook his head slowly as though to clear it; and he looked at Harry, and beyond Harry he saw the others. What Dave said was true enough. This was the best boat of the three. They had a better chance alone. He might save Harry and the other men in this boat if he agreed to Dave's proposal; but—he was responsible for them all. And to save them, he must hold them all.

He was a practical man. The heap of stores amidships was in some degree a barricade. If he could keep the men in this boat beyond it, keep them from coming to grips with him, he could manage; but he did not want Harry to go forward. He wanted his son here beside him. He said mildly:

"We'll see by and by."

Dave Merry urged: "We ought to separate now."

"Why, Dave, if we decide to try to sneak away from them, our best chance is at night, in the dark!"

Harry protested: "Sneak away? We don't have to do that, Pop! We can all decide to separate, fair and square!"

But Dave said quickly: "No, Cap'n's right, Harry. They know our boat will last longer than theirs. They'd try to follow us. Best wait till dark."

So they fell into a grumbling silence. Just before noon, Mr. Olney hailed them and drew alongside. "Cap'n Bent," he said, "that water we took in last night wetted our bread. Part of it's soaked in salt water, not fit to eat. Shall I throw it away?"

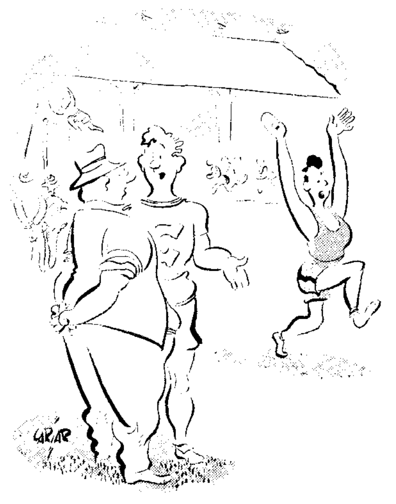
"So, Mr. Olney? How much of it?"

"Forty or fifty pounds, maybe more, Cap'n."

CAPTAIN BENT hailed Will Coffin. The boats came together. The captain told the second mate what had happened; and he said:

"We'll each take a third of Mr. Olney's wet bread, give him the same of ours to take the place of it. We can't waste the bread; so we'll eat it before it spoils. Sharing it this way won't be too hard on any of us."

There was an angry mutter from the men, but the captain did not appear to hear. Mr. Olney made the division; he passed fourteen somewhat soggy sea biscuits to the captain, received an equal quantity of dry bread in return. He gave fifteen to Mr. Coffin's boat. The boats separated; and Captain Bent handed one wet biscuit to each man. He laid the others on the cuddy boards around the loggerhead, to dry in the sun. He began to eat his; and the men nibbled at theirs, grimacing at the salty taste, and Dave Merry swore, and threw his overside.



"Jervis is practicing winning!"

LAWRENCE LARIAR

"I'd rather do without," he declared. "Blast it, Cap'n, that's what I've been telling you! Just because Mr. Olney's boat springs a leak, we all have to eat his wet bread. And if his boat sinks, we all drown! There's no sense to it!"

Captain Bent did not speak. After a moment Harry cried in a shrill, angry terror: "Darn it, Pop, who made you boss?" His father looked at the boy; and Harry colored, but he insisted with the cruel tongue of youth: "You were captain of the ship, but you lost her! You're not captain now!"

No use trying to explain. Being captain was more than just being boss. It was taking care of your men, too—making them take care of themselves. But you could not explain that; so Captain Bent said nothing.

Harry looked at him for a long time, waiting for him to speak. Then, suddenly, as though he expected his father to restrain him, he slid over the canvas-covered heap of stores into the bow where they were.

Captain Bent was left aft alone.

For two days their rations were that brine-soaked bread; and the salt produced a violence of thirst that their half pint of water could not begin to satisfy. A fierce, increasing agony beset them. They wanted water; and there was water in plenty in the casks. They wished to drink their fill now, and risk the future.

Captain Bent restrained them by his stronger will alone. He did not yet produce the revolver. He must hold them as long as possible by other means.

He did, somehow; and after the last of the wet bread had been eaten, their thirst was not so agonizing but Captain Bent felt an increasing tension in them, like the humming in a kettle soon to boil. That fifth day they had a gusty breeze and a tossing sea, and Will Coffin's boat was leaking more and more. Someone in her bailed almost constantly. The men in Captain Bent's boat watched this in silence; and the captain knew this silence was more dangerous than words.

That night, as soon as it was dark enough so his movements could not be seen, he shifted the cuddy boards and took his heavy revolver out of the bag in the cuddy on which he sat. He made sure it was loaded and ready, then stuck it in the front of his shirt, under his coat.

Sometime in the night he slept too long. He had, like many men used to endurance, the trick of sleeping as a dog sleeps, dropping off, coming instantly awake again. During the first days after they left the ship he had sometimes surrendered the tiller to Harry, for an hour or two; but since his son joined the men in their resistance to his will, Captain Bent trusted no one. He sat alone in the stern, his hand on the tiller, sleeping perhaps one minute out of every five, instantly awake at any shifting of the balance of the boat that warned him the men were moving.

He thus slept a while tonight; and when he woke, the other boats were lost in the darkness. He hove to and bade Dave hang a lantern to the mast.

AT DAWN they saw the boats, together, almost a mile away. The breeze was failing fast, and by the time the sun rose they were completely becalmed; but the other two boats put out oars and came near them jealously.

At first they had all welcomed this sudden calm, glad of the respite from the boat's ceaseless motion; but as the sun rose higher it began to bake them, and there was no wind to cool them, and not enough moisture in their bodies to give them the cooling relief of perspiration. They could only lie gasping, like chickens on a hot summer day, panting with open mouths. The insides of their mouths were dry as dust. Pedro whined for water. He took salt water in his mouth to wet his tongue, yet still had wit enough to spit it out again. From the cloudless sky the sun burned down, searing everything it touched, frying the moisture out of their bodies, so that their single cup of water at noon did no more than wet their lips and tongues.

They lay becalmed, broiling on the brazen griddle of the sea, all that day and the next. The second morning found them all together; but the third revealed the mates' boats at some distance, and this time they were too weary to use the oars.

When at noon that day Captain Bent filled their cups, Dave sipped his, and in a sudden release from restraint, he drained it at a gulp. "By God, Cap'n," he cried hoarsely, "that hissed like spit on a hot stove! I'll have more." He came crawling toward the water keg, till he saw the pistol suddenly in the captain's hand. He stared at it; and Captain Bent said:

"Dave—don't touch the keg."

"Blast it, Cap'n, we'll be dead by

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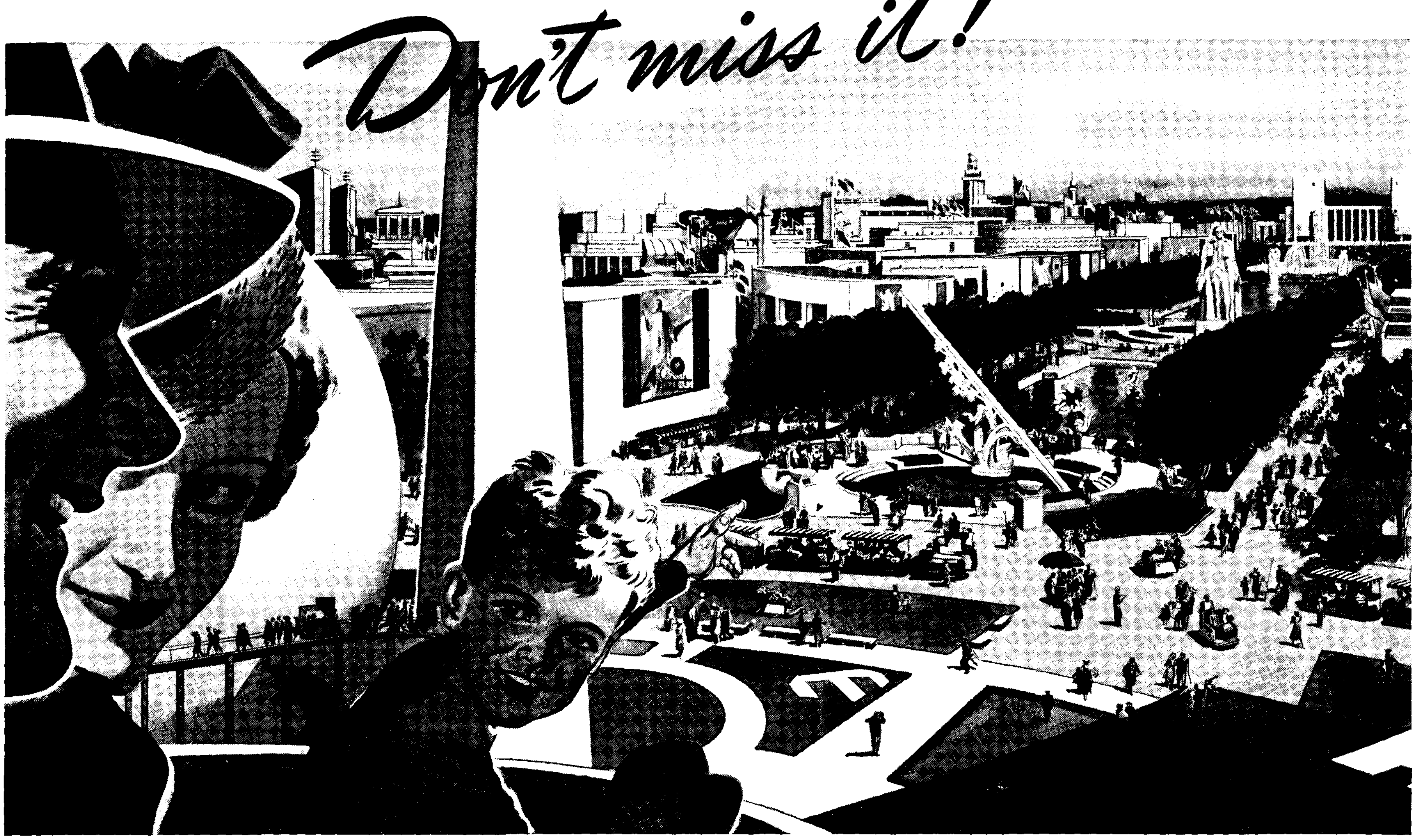
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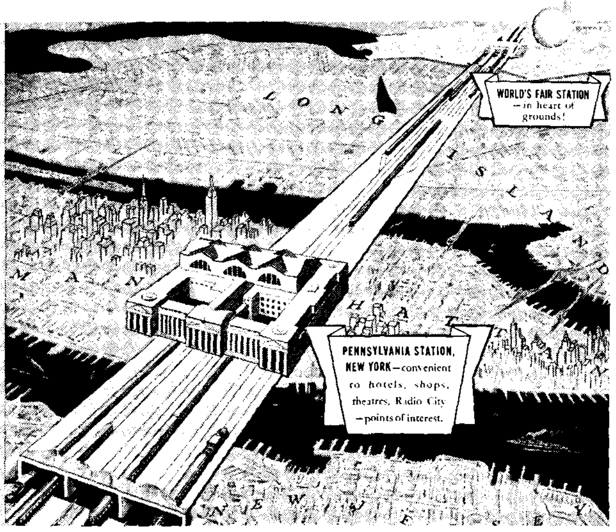
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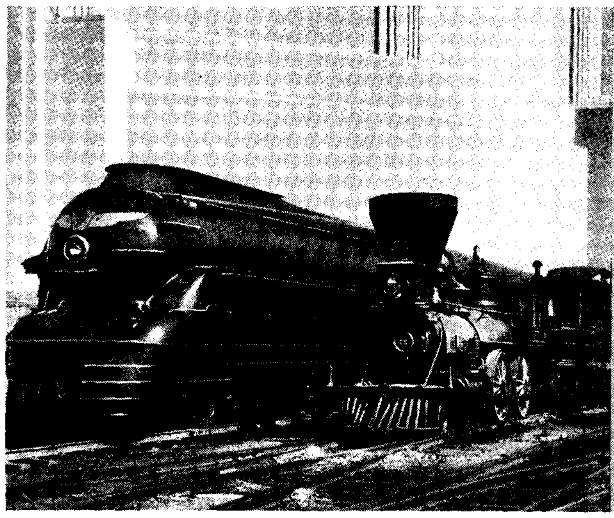

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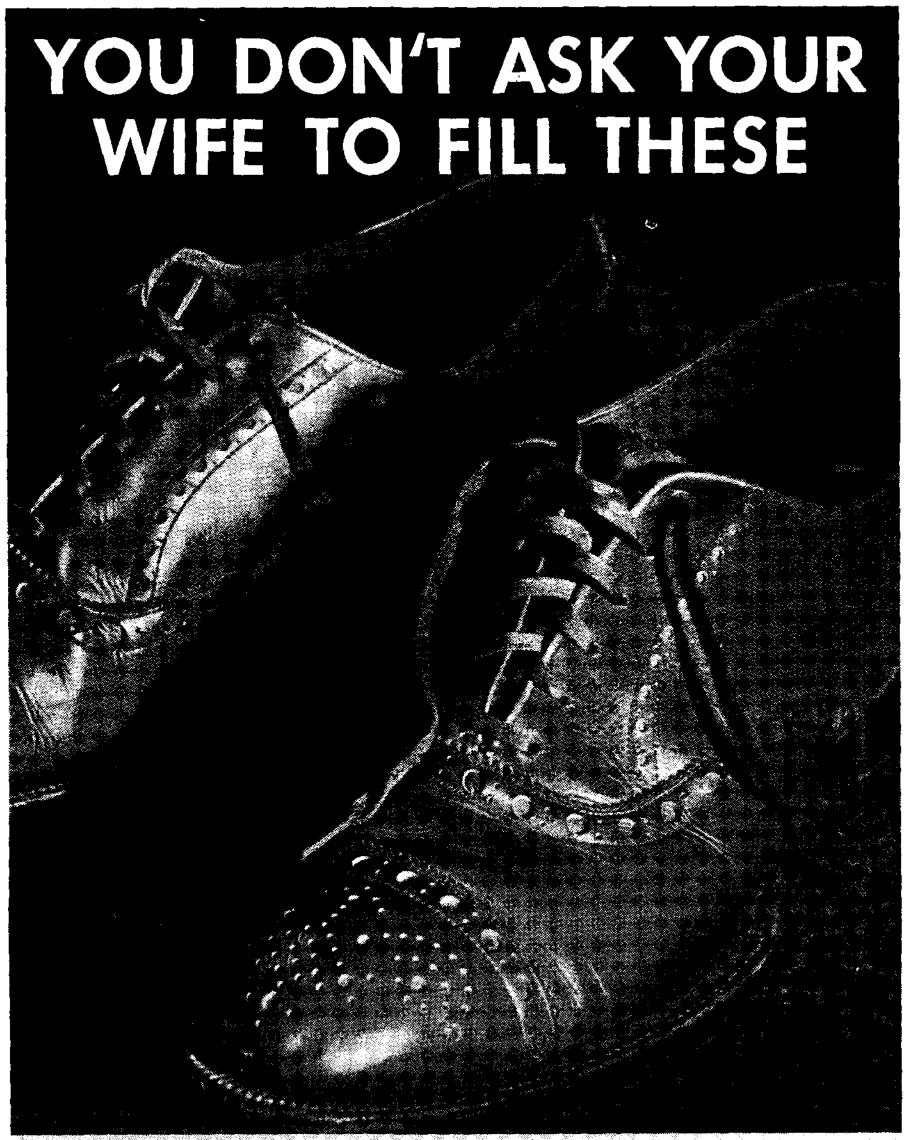

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night, cooked to death for want of a drink of water, with casks full of it that you won't let us touch!"

Captain Bent did not speak. For a long moment their eyes held. Then in a strange, slumping surrender, Dave sat down again.

Captain Bent watched the sky for any sign of a coming breeze that would let them run down to the other boats before night should fall; and sometimes he watched Harry. The boy was a skeleton, the bones of his skull outlined through parchment skin burned black by sun. But they were all, the captain reminded himself, thin, with sunken eyes, their beards straggling. Harry was no worse than the others. They might be hungry, and thirsty; but they were alive. He promised himself to keep them so.

He waited for a breeze, but none came; so in midafternoon he said reluctantly: "We'll have to paddle down to the other boats." His tone was mild, reasonable, persuasive.

Harry and the three looked at him without moving; but Levi, the Negro, took one of the short paddles and dipped it overside, and the boat stirred faintly under the impulse he gave it. There was a paddle under the after thwart, in cleats against the boat's ribs; and Captain Bent reached down to draw it free, but a water cask wedged against it held it there.

"Hand me one, from forward, Harry," he said. "I'll paddle too." No one moved; and he spoke again: "Harry, hand me a paddle."

Dave Merry squinted at the distant boats. Levi continued to paddle, and their own boat turned slowly on its axis, aimlessly. Dave said sullenly: "I'm not going to kill myself paddling, just to get to them!"

"Hand me a paddle, Harry," the captain repeated.

The boy looked at his father in a long wonder. Then, as though experimentally, he drew one of the paddles from its cleats and crawled aft far enough to pass it to the captain. Captain Bent and Levi between them got a little way on her; and the old man urged:

"Come, men!" He sought to win them one by one. "Harry, give a hand!"

Harry after a moment lifted a paddle from its place and dipped it overside; but then Dave Merry shouted in a hoarse madness: "No!" He snatched the paddle out of Harry's hand, dropped it clattering in the boat. "No, Cap'n! Let 'em go!"

CAPTAIN BENT did not hesitate. He laid his paddle across his knees. He drew out the revolver in his shirt. It was heavy, but he managed to cock it and lift it. He said moderately:

"Paddle, Dave."

Harry was sitting on the midships thwart, facing forward, his back to his father. Now with a sudden violence Dave caught the boy up and held him as a shield across his own body. He cried:

"Come on, Pedro, Huss, we'll take that damned gun away from him! He'll have to shoot through his own kid to stop us! Come on!"

Their movements made the boat rock unsteadily. Harry, helpless in Dave's arms, faced his father; and he began to struggle to be free. "Let me go, Dave!" he demanded. "I'll get the gun! He won't shoot me!"

Dave cried exultantly: "That's the lad! Go ahead!"

He freed the boy; yet he and the others kept in line behind him. Harry stepped up on the midships thwart, honest enough in his intent to get that gun. Dave was right, his father wrong!

But as he took that one step aft, Captain Bent said gravely:

"Stop, son!"

Harry stopped. A deep compulsion overpowered him. It was not fear. He stared at his father in a groping wonder. Captain Bent held the revolver firmly aimed at his son's breast. Ten feet apart, they faced each other; and Harry was frowning, peering through narrowed eyes like one who tries to see through darkness or a fog.

After a moment he said in a sort of whisper, wonderingly: "You would, Pop, wouldn't you?" Captain Bent did not speak; but Harry cried almost eagerly, in belated and incredulous comprehension: "Yes! I see! I see!"

He turned swiftly to face Dave behind him, as though to explain. But there was a hatchet in a cleat against the gunwale forward, kept there to cut a running line in time of need. Pedro picked it up; and as Harry turned, the Cape Verder threw it. He missed his throw to the extent that the handle, not the blade, struck Captain Bent above the eye. But that was enough. The old man's world exploded, and he toppled backward senselessly, and of what immediately followed he knew no more.

MR. OLNEY, far away across the sullen sea, heard a faint "pop" of sound from the direction of the captain's boat; and when he looked that way he saw men standing up. But then they sat down, and he made out that they were using the paddles, paddling toward where his boat and Mr. Coffin's lay.

He was too dull with thirst and hunger to wonder about that sound like a shot. It might have been the clatter of a dropped paddle against a thwart. He closed his eyes.

Later he heard the paddles quite near, and looked again. Four men were paddling. Dave Merry had a red smear on cheek and neck. Young Harry Bent was steering. Captain Bent was not in sight. Mr. Olney pulled himself up on the cuddy, and from this higher vantage he saw the revolver in Harry's hand. Then the boat was near; and Mr. Olney heard the murmur of Captain Bent's voice. The mate asked hoarsely:

"What happened?"

Harry answered him. "Pedro threw the hatchet at Pop and hit him, but I jumped aft and got the pistol and told them to paddle. Dave started to take the pistol away from me and I shot at him. I missed him, just shot his ear off; but—after that they did what I told them to."

Mr. Olney nodded. Captain Bent spoke weakly from where he lay at his son's feet. "Harry—I thought you were on their side."

"I was, Pop, till I—sort of got the idea!" He grinned shyly.

The boats rubbed gunwales, and Mr. Olney looked down at the captain lying weak and helpless still. There was a long silence.

Then the mate said: "Well, I'd better change boats with you, Harry. I can handle them."

He saw Harry's face set like a block of granite, strong against the sea. The boy said evenly: "No, sir, I'm all right. They'll do what I say."

Mr. Olney grinned. He liked that. He said: "All right, Harry." After a moment he added, to the older man: "Cap'n Bent, I never noticed before how much he looks like you."

Captain Bent felt warm and fine. "Yes, he's like me," he said. No one said anything more. The three boats lay close together till an hour after dark they got enough breeze to fill their sails. Captain Bent thought their luck had turned; and he was not surprised when dawn came sharply as a struck gong from the sea, and showed them the Lucinda, three hundred and forty tons, Captain Barker, twenty-one months out of New Bedford, coming down on them not half a mile away.

Grieve No More

Continued from page 21

Jungle, the Tiglon, saw the door open and shot into the arena, his nostrils trembling with the scent of horseflesh. Through the fog of his frenzy he heard the cry of the trainer:

"Seats, Jungle! Seats!"

But instinct told him to kill. He leaped; a great, tawny-striped engine of death that sprawled high through the air, struck upon the heavy platform, then in sheer madness tore with tooth and claw at the studded armor protecting Old Toby's neck and head.

"Steady, Toby, old boy! Steady there—"

Then Allie Morton screamed from the doorway:

"Stop it—stop it! Look! Toby's bleeding."

SHE whirled and ran then, arm across her eyes. Thompson shouted for the safety bar and the wooden beam was shoved into place, scraping the giant Tiglon from atop the horse. Then, with kitchen chair and blank-cartridged revolver the trainer forced the raging beast into its cage. Instantly then he was beside Old Toby, petting the ancient animal, soothing his trembling, feeding him sugar by the handful. The old horse nuzzled him, champing delightedly. Everything was swell; what if his neck was scratched? Jimmy Thompson cauterized the slight wound. Then he whipped out through the safety door and nodded Pop to a far end of the cage barn:

"I can't go on with this!" he snapped. "It's too cruel for the girl!"

The fat old show owner put an arm about his shoulders.

"Kid," he asked, "have you been in the ring barns? Do you know she's riding better? Nothing exciting—but it's better. Know why? Something's coming to life, waking up. Listen, did you ever see a mother sob her heart out over her dead baby's shoes—and feel better for it? A woman's got to be able to grieve, to let it all wash away in tears and anguish—before she can forgive or forget!"

Jimmy Thompson rubbed slowly at his throat.

"Maybe so, Pop. You know better than I. But I'm telling you now: if she doesn't come back tomorrow—"

But on the next day, she did come back, first peering through a tiny crack, then slowly opening the big door as Toby, equipped in his new armor, was led into the arena. Once more the Tiglon roared and bellowed and tore and clawed; the girl found herself mentally urging Old Toby to hold steady; it was not until the signal was given to thrust the barriers in place that Allie Morton, like a person suddenly returning to consciousness, turned and hurried away. She rode better than ever that afternoon. And she found herself thinking, not of the roaring Jungle, but of the courageous, faithful vagabond, Old Toby, willing to risk anything for the man he loved.

The old Percheron had come to believe that as long as Jimmy Thompson was there, nothing mattered. Nor was this a one-sided proposition. Old Toby was giving much to Jimmy in return. For the horse, there were dainties, comforts, better health, more fat. For Jimmy Thompson there was a return of his old alertness—and the thrill of seeing Allie Morton each day come closer and closer to the training den, until at last she stood beside Pop O'Day, almost at the bars. It gave Jimmy Thompson the confidence to force his luck.

The length of the training sessions had gradually been increased to a quarter of an hour. But today Thompson anxiously held the horse and Tiglon to their gait long past any previous quitting period. Fatigue nettled the giant hybrid.

Time after time, the blows of the great beast's paws shook Old Toby into unsteadiness, as the Tiglon struck with the rapidity of a boxer. Louder and fiercer became his roars; his eyes were crazed; his body knotted with muscular action.

Suddenly Jimmy gasped; he heard Allie Morton cry out, and Pop O'Day shout for caution. The Tiglon had whirled upon his platform, and in his madness was chewing at its wooden edges. Then, as quickly he reared upon his hind feet and dropped with all his weight upon Old Toby's neck, his jaws dripping as he sought to deliver a kill stroke at the base of the skull. Frustrated, he rolled to one side, toppled to the ground, hissed madly, and with green eyes glaring, rushed for Jimmy Thompson, only to be fended off by the four extended legs of the kitchen chair and the harmless barking of the blank-cartridge revolver. Anxiously the trainer looked past him toward Old Toby and took heart. The Percheron had not broken gait; he was pacing, pacing, neck arched under its armor, big hoofs rising and falling without the miss of a beat.

"Good work, Toby!" he called. Then: "Steady now—steady, fellow!"

For Jungle, in a last frenzy, had writhed away from the trainer to attempt an attack on the horse from beneath. But here too, the heavy hangings of studded leather held him off; once more he wheeled upon his trainer, again to be repulsed. The animal roared with a queer, new note. He halted, glaring dazedly about him. The trainer touched him gently with the whip.

"Seats, Jungle!" he shouted.

IT WAS the signal to jump, a signal that had been pounded into this hybrid brain for weeks and months. Almost without realizing it, the great beast moved with a series of short, crouching steps, then, with the flexing of giant muscles, spread his tremendous form into a flying leap. Again he was on the back of the horse, hissing, his forelegs padding in nervousness. He raised a claw-fringed paw, as if to renew his ceaseless assaults. But the effort was halted in mid-air, the hybrid suddenly staring about him in bewilderment, as if realizing at last the futility of attack. Then slowly he drew back, and settled, his shoulders hunched, his fangs still bared to emit the fury of his hisses, while outside the ring Allie Morton caught at Pop O'Day's arm with a trembling hand.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "He's learned it! He's—"

"Sh-h-h-h!" It came from a dozen throats, and there was silence, except for the heavy breathing of the Tiglon, the pound of Toby's hoofs, and the ever-present phonograph.

"Good boy, Jungle! Hold it, fellow! Everything's okay—hold it now—hold it!"

Around and around and around—then Thompson called for the placing of the barrier that would sweep the Tiglon from its perch so that he could be caged.

Cagemen and animal handlers babbled in celebration. Snipes shouted to Hoedown some cryptic message about what was going to happen the night before the show left. All of this was a jumble to Jimmy Thompson; he could only see the extended hand of Allie Mor-

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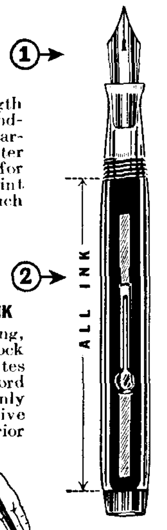

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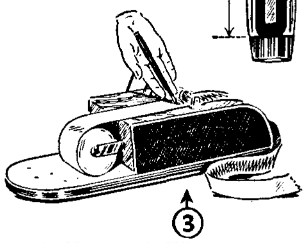

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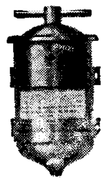


ton, the light of her eyes, the sudden, new warmth of her smile.

"Well," he said, somewhat awkwardly. "I guess we've got a riding Tiglon."

Pop O'Day interrupted with his entire three hundred pounds:

"And what a horse! What a horse, that Toby!"

There he halted. Allie Morton was speaking, rapidly, almost hysterically:

"Did you ever see our old Toby—that my mother rode? He was just like this one. We could make him do anything. For instance, on the fire hoops—Mamma used to jump through them, remember? Every other horse but Toby would shy at them. But he wouldn't—he'd just—" As suddenly she halted, as if amazed by her excitement.

Pop O'Day said quickly:

"Might be the same horse, honey?"

She did not answer at once. The wish was in her eyes, hope was on her lips. But it faded.

"That was so long ago," she said finally. Then, almost shyly: "I'd better get back to the ring barn."

Jimmy Thompson came beside her.

"Mind if I watch you?" he asked. "They say you're riding great!"

The next day, Thompson changed his training hours. Thus Allie was a spectator in the mornings, while Jimmy worshiped her in the afternoons. A week passed. Then, one day, Jimmy Thompson lost his head, walking from the ring barn with Allie Morton.

"We'll be pulling out day after tomorrow," he said. "Going to France—Paris—" Then he blurted: "Can't we make it a honeymoon?"

The flush faded from her cheeks and her eyes became haunted.

"Let me think, Jimmy," she begged, and added, "For—your sake."

THE next morning he watched for her in vain, as the Tiglon went through a final period of training on Old Toby's back. At last, with workmen tearing down the steel arena to pack it for shipment, the trainer sought out Pop O'Day.

"Where's Allie?" he asked.

The show owner growled:

"Over in the ring barn, trying to ride. She's got all the grace of a fence post. What's happened to that girl?"

The trainer fenced:

"We're eating together at Tony's tonight. He's putting on a little going-away spread for us. I'll try to find out if anything's wrong."

He knew the answer before the first course was finished. Embarrassment, long silences followed. At last, she was saying:

"I'm thinking of you, Jimmy. You really don't want me—"

"Allie!"

"I know best." A napkin twisted in her pale hands. "For the last few weeks I thought I could beat it. But—some things aren't beatable, are they?"

"Why, everything's been so swell—"

"Excitement, Jimmy. You brought me to my senses yesterday—realizing that some day you might wake up and see that your circus girl hated it all, hated everything about it—"

"Oh, you can't do that, Allie!"

"I'm not going to, Jimmy. I'm not going to let it go that far." She paused. Then: "I've—you see, I've decided not to go to Paris."

"Oh." He sank back, staring. From somewhere a bell tinkled; he heard it vaguely. The girl sat with her eyes down, intent upon the ceaseless turning of a spoon in her nervous fingers. At last Jimmy realized that Tony, the proprietor, was beside him, repeating:

"It's important, Mr. Thompson."

Foggily, Jimmy Thompson reached the telephone. A jangle of sounds came through the receiver, topped by Pop O'Day's bawling voice:

"Get out here—quick!"

They heard the screams of sirens as Jimmy wheeled his car away from the restaurant. Bells clanged in the faraway. Then Allie caught at the trainer's arm, nodding toward a distant glare.

"It's winter quarters!" she gasped.

"That would be our luck!" the man snapped. Then there was only the roar of the motor, the scream of tires as they rounded corners, the grit of gravel against wheels as they struck the outskirts of the city, suddenly to bump over tangles of hose, dodging firemen, twisting in and out of apparatus. The car jerked to a halt. Thompson turned to the girl, but she fended him with outstretched arm.

"I'll be all right. Hurry!"

"It's the cat barns!" he answered. "Snipes must have—"

The sentence was cut short as he leaped from the car. Jimmy could hear Pop's voice, shouting commands, all but drowned in the roars and bellows and shrieks of trapped animals. The trainer shouted to a menagerie man:

"Why haven't those cages been pulled out?"

"Waiting for rifles," snapped the answer. "Jungle's loose."

"Jungle? Loose?"

"That you, Boss?" The voice was thick with whisky as Snipes reeled forward: "I didn't mean to do it, Cap! I fell down—knocked over the big acetylene lamp—into a lot of hay. Then all I could think of was Jungle. Figured maybe he'd run out of the barn if I opened his cage—"

"You fool!" Jimmy Thompson leaped for the big doors of the cat barn. Smoke blocked him for a second as it billowed forth with the draft. Then with clearing air, he stepped within, moving cautiously until he had reached his little office at one side. Instantly his blank-cartridged revolver, his training chair and his whip were tight-gripped in his hands. He swung forth, peering against the glare of crackling flames.

"Jungle!" he shouted above the screaming fright all about him. "Jungle!" He went on slowly, searching. The cage was empty. Instinctively Thompson turned toward where the training arena had been; perhaps habit might have lured Jungle here—but there was only vacancy. Onward he went, coughing against the smoke, shouting the name, peering against the smoke, into the flame. Then galvanized, he halted, at a growl from above.

"I've found him!" he shouted. "Up in the rafters. Get to work on these cages!"

Gingerly a few obeyed, led by the bawling commands of Pop O'Day, while Jimmy Thompson, head thrown back, chair ready to fend off assault, watched the weaving form of the fear-crazed, crouching beast above him. He heard the truckling of wheels, slowly, evidence of insufficient man power. And Pop's voice sounded:

"Get in here! Help with these cages. Come on—all of you!"

A fearful workman answered:

"Why can't we use horses?"

"Horses?" It was Allie Morton's voice. "You can't force horses into fire! We've got to get those cages out by hand!"

"STAY out of here, Allie!" Jimmy shouted it. Her only answer was to strain beside a menagerie helper at a cage wheel. Other women—performers, workmen's wives—joined Allie. Men flooded in. The place became alive with rushing humans, while Jimmy Thompson, muscles set for instant effort, moved and swayed with the weaving of the great beast above him, seeking to guess from the flexing of his muscles where movement might lead him—

"Look out, everybody!" The place cleared at the trainer's command. Jungle, the Tiglon, driven forward by heat, had leaped to another rafter. Again the work of clearing the building began. Now water was flooding through to the crash of glass and hissing contact with strengthening flames. Once more Jimmy gave warning as the Tiglon moved. Again the rush for safety gave way to the work of salvage. Pop shouted:

"Only five more wagons now, Jimmy."

"Get 'em out fast. That heat's bad up there!"

The Tiglon was fretting on his lofty perch. Now he whirled, lashing out at the oppressiveness about him as though it were a material thing. A deep rumble came from his throat. It grew greater. Then, above the distant bellowing of rescued animals, above the noise of flames and the rush of water, Jungle cut loose the full force of his lungs in the thunder of his fear. From somewhere Allie called:

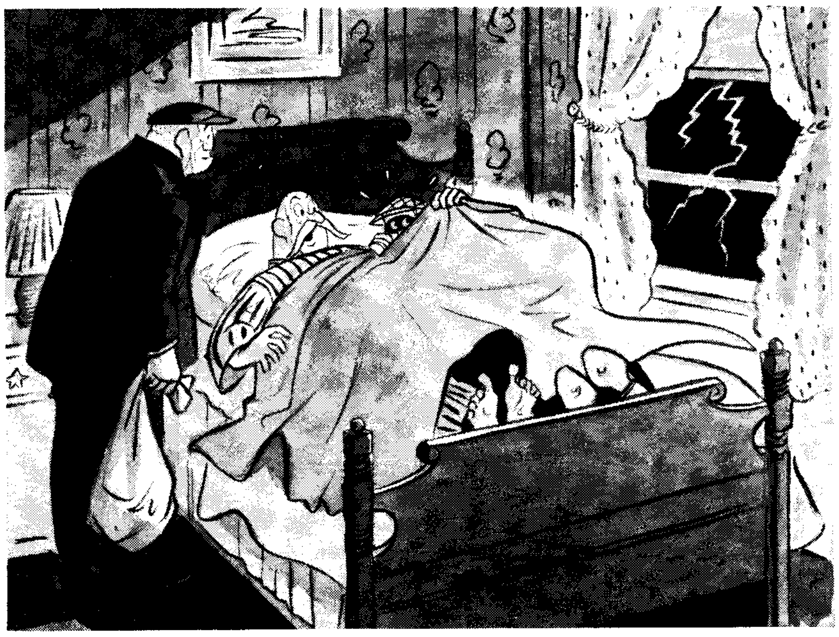
"Pop says all the cages are out! Except Jungle's—and the door's open. Can you force him into it?"

"If he jumps, he'll go straight for the outside—and into the crowd!" Jimmy answered desperately. "Tell Pop to set up the steel arena, out in the yard. And somebody go get Toby!"

"Toby?" Allie's voice broke.

"Get Toby and hurry it!"

The Tiglon was again flexing for



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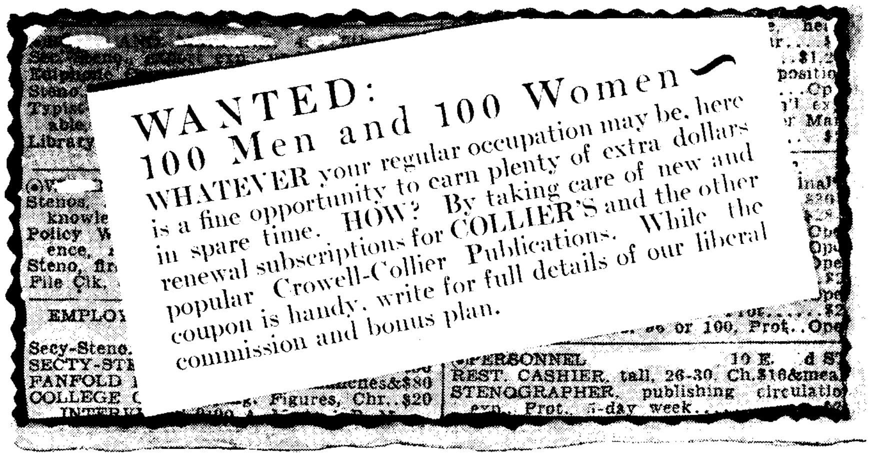

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action. A sprawling leap and he had made another rafter, to writhe there an instant, screaming against the heat about him, then to move on again. Beneath, Jimmy Thompson followed every action, attempting vainly to calm the beast. An eternity passed. The flame was coming closer now; the Tiglon and his trainer reeled from heat and smoke. Then from the doorway:

"Here's Toby. We've got him blindfolded."

"But he isn't going to go! He mustn't go in there."

In a glance over his shoulder, Jimmy Thompson saw Allie transfixed with fright. He was backing up now, feeling his steps, with every attention still fastened on the nervous hybrid in the rafters. Step by step—closer—he felt backward with his whip hand and caught for the checkrein of the old vagabond. He missed, to feel instead the touch of flesh as Allie Morton, hysterical with excitement, strove to pull Old Toby back to safety. Then Pop's voice called:

"Okay, kid. I've got her—" Fading, it continued: "Calm down now, honey—"

AGAIN, Thompson, his eyes ever above, groped backward. He touched Old Toby's shoulder; the animal was quivering.

"Easy, Toby. Easy, old boy. Stick it out, fellow—we're together. Stay by me, boy, come on now—stay by me!"

Old Toby hung back for a moment, shaking in the terror of noise, the crackle of flames, the smell of smoke. In the rafters, the Tiglon roared and leaped again, scratching and clawing to hold its new position. Ceaselessly Jimmy's voice went on:

"Come on, Toby. You can make it. Come on, fellow. We're together!"

At last the old horse moved a foot forward. Another step followed and he took confidence. Deeper they went into the building. At last Jimmy Thompson took the great risk. He raised an arm and whipped the blindfold from the horse's eyes. Momentary frenzy resulted: *Old Toby, fear at his vitals,* strove to run. It was the trainer's chance.

"Gait, Toby!" he shouted, leaping before him. "Gait—take your stride—pick it up!"

He blocked him again and for the third time, turning him in a circle. He touched the old animal with the whip, doubling and twisting that he also might watch the panting beast above him. With a leap of the heart, he saw something of form come into the Percheron's stride.

"Pick it up! Pick it up! 'At's a fellow!"

And Toby answered, with the old spirit back in his eyes, the canter again in his gait, courage and faith in his heart for a man he loved. Around and around he went beneath the rafters, while Jimmy Thompson changed his command:

"Seats!" he shouted. "Jungle! Seats! Seats!"

The gasping Tiglon moved its head in bewilderment. Again and again the command came, breaking through the fear-dazed insulation of fear, pounding upon his dulled brain; the animal craned its neck downward. It settled its stance and gauged its distance. Then in a flash of tawny stripes, down it came, hard to the platform on Tony's back, jaws bared, claws extended, as with a recurrence of madness, it lashed futilely at the armored neck before it.

"Everybody away from that arena!" shouted Jimmy Thompson. He leaped for the horse's rein. "Okay, Toby! We're homeward bound!"

It was a long time afterward before Jimmy Thompson could think of anything to say to Allie. Jungle, the Tiglon, was safe in his arena. The remnants of the cat barn were only a black smolder. In the ring-barn stables, the trainer stood beside Toby's stall, trying vainly to tell the girl he loved that she must not suffer like this. It had been this way for more than an hour—as she held Old Toby's head close to her breast and sobbed away the things that had been chained in her heart for years.

"My Old Toby!" she said over and over again. "My Old Toby—when you weren't afraid of that fire—I knew you were Toby; I knew it—!"

Pop O'Day passed and paused. He signaled with a wagging thumb. Jimmy, lips trembling, went beside the girl.

"Won't you stay with Toby and me?" he begged. "We both love you."

She whirled, childlike, into his quickly outstretched arms, and he held her sob-racked form in agonized silence, until at *last there were no more tears to shed.* Then he tightened her convulsively to him, kissing her eyes, her dampened cheeks. Conscience swept him.

"Toby wouldn't lie to you, would he?"

Her eyes transfixed him with life, sparkle, rebirth. Her lips broke into a trembling smile that grew into radiance. Her arms crept upward about his shoulders, closing closer into trembling tightness. He felt her rise on tiptoes, her lips seeking his. She whispered:

"I wouldn't believe him—if he did!"

Water Boy

Continued from page 17

Coach Bob Kiphuth, in charge of the party, expressed his willingness to oblige but regretted that his youngsters had not brought along their swimming suits.

The Nipponese rubbed his hands in delight. "Thank you so much," he said. "We will supply your boys with suits." That settled it.

The Americans went in to dress but instead of the one-piece suits they were accustomed to wear, each youngster was handed two yards of white cotton strips.

"What are these supposed to be?" they exclaimed.

"Those are your suits, honorable sirs," answered the Japanese. "Look and I'll show you. You wrap the cloth around you this way and you are completely covered."

Dubiously, the boys wrapped themselves according to instructions.

They edged toward the door and peered out at the crowd of 20,000 eager Japanese—and there was a mad race to the pool. Fourteen embarrassed American swimmers speedily covered their blushes with water.

When the exhibition was over, a fleet of cabs was lined up outside the stadium to take the boys back to the hotel. Crowds milled around to get a close look and, if possible, a stray autograph or two.

The police cleared a path to the cabs and the taxis pulled away. Then out of the dressing room strode Fick. He had waited for Flanagan and the pair of them immediately discovered that they were stranded.

Each of these six-footers towered over the Japanese. There could be no mistaking them. Almost instantly they were engulfed by the throng. They signed autographs by the hundreds, utterly unable to gain an inch against the press of the people.

Suddenly Peter felt a tug at his coat. A button that had been firmly attached a moment before was there no more. Another button went. Then he could feel little pinches all over and segments of his clothing began to go. When the police finally rescued them, two tattered American boys stared at each other in disbelief. They were practically down to their shorts.

Back at the hotel at last, Peter mused on the transformation that had come over the truckdriver of three short years before. His bulky muscles had become streamlined from his swimming and his entire outlook on life had undergone a streamlining with it.

Swimming had opened up vistas of a new world. After his first success in 1933 he sought membership in a club where he would be supplied with a job. He first tried the Illinois A.C. under Bill Bachrach, the coach who had developed the mighty Weissmuller. But rotund Bill showed only casual interest.

Then he tried the New York A.C. where Joe Ruddy, veteran water-polo star, was chairman of the swimming committee. Peter arrived one Sunday morning and introduced himself.

"Off with your clothes," barked Ruddy, "and get in the tank."

When Fick had finished the time trial, Joe stared goggle-eyed at his watch and the near-record figures he saw there. Peter became a member on the spot and the next morning he was working as a clerk for a Brooklyn importing firm.

But Peter Fick had the wanderlust in his veins. As soon as his younger brother, Bill, was able to support their widowed mother and three still younger sisters in their modest Philadelphia home, Peter felt that he was on his own.

Twice he was fired from his Brooklyn job for going away on trips. After the first jaunt he was reinstated but not after the second. Unemployed again, he entered Staunton Military Academy on an athletic scholarship. However, he found himself too old for his classmates and the notion of continuing through to college faded from his thoughts.

Since then he has had selling jobs of sorts, advertising and insurance, nothing very much but sufficient to keep him in spending money. None of his odd jobs, in all probability, ever paid more than $25 a week.

Genuinely Amateur

Peter worked hard before he became a champion swimmer, and he will have to work hard as soon as his championship days are over. So he is merely taking his "retirement" at the beginning of his career instead of at the end. He won't have these same opportunities for travel later.

A few jumpers-at-conclusions might suspect that Fick makes his living from swimming. That is far from the truth. The sport has no gate receipts to speak of and hence is far removed from such moneyed amateur endeavors as tennis, hockey, track and boxing. Peter winds up with no more than room and board in addition to his railroad fare. For him that is enough.

Daniel J. Ferris, secretary-treasurer of the A.A.U., has had many uncomfortable but never losing bouts with athletes who attempt to chisel on their expenses. Not once has Fick ever quibbled over a penny.

Peter is an openhearted individual who is living proof that travel is broadening. This writer saw him in his first swimming race in New York. He was then a shy, retiring youngster, completely ill at ease.

But now he has poise and assurance that many a college graduate would envy. He speaks in a quiet, cultured voice, using perfect grammar in spite of his lack of a formal education. He makes friends quickly and easily.

Fick has too much intelligence to think that the rest of his life will be one gay gambol, the way it is at present. He knows full well that when his speed leaves him his trips will stop, too.

Peter's immediate ambition is to win the Olympic 100-meter championship at Helsinki next year, which he should do, barring a cruel break like that at Berlin in 1936, the most fantastic experience of his life.

Fick broke the Olympic 100-meter record in his heat that year and analyzed the field very carefully just before the final. Perhaps it was a mistake for him to think, because athletes generally are not supposed to engage in cerebral gymnastics. But here is the way he catalogued his chief rivals:

Fick had beaten Csik of Hungary consistently the year before. The three Japanese—Yusa, Arai and Taguchi—were dangerous but Peter had beaten them, too. The other finalists hardly counted.

Victory had come to Peter in Tokyo because he had outsprinted the Japanese with his more powerful and stronger finishing drive. So he determined to slow down the sons of the Rising Sun in the early going and then step on the gas near the finish. At the halfway mark the plan was working perfectly—or almost so. The American and the three Nipponese wheeled together at the end wall and came churning down the stretch.

Peter Gets His Revenge

Each watched the other but a howling crowd of 20,000 in Berlin's Olympic Swimming Stadium saw something that the Japanese-American quartet never noticed: Csik, the Hungarian outsider, was swimming his own race and had a two-yard lead on them all at the turn.

In a smother of foam they came flashing down the tank, the pale green waters boiling with the fury of their mad rush. Csik hit the finish line a foot ahead of Fick. Peter, submerging slightly—a fatal mistake as later events were to prove—struck the wall with his hand. came up, and saw Yusa complete his journey. Arai had not finished his last stroke. Taguchi was half a body length behind and Helmuth Fischer of Germany still farther to the rear.

Peter hung onto the gutter, gasping for breath. "Thank heavens, that's over," he said. "Boy, what a relief!"

The American was in the dressing room when Jack Medica, the Olympic 400-meter champion, came rushing in.

"Hey, Peter," shouted Medica, "do you know where you finished?"

"Did I really win?" Fick stammered.

"No," said Medica, "they gave you sixth."

That decision set a new Olympic record for astigmatic judging. Months later the jury viewed motion pictures of the finish and, much against its wishes, elevated Fick from sixth to fourth. But it was a botched-up job at best.

Last summer, though, he did get an immense feeling of satisfaction.

Fischer, the German, had been chosen ahead of our hero, please remember, in the unrevised Olympic standings. Peter met him five times in various German cities and beat him five times.

But the big punch of Fick's third European excursion was an international meet on Marguerite Island in the Danube at Budapest. Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, and 25,000 wildly cheering Hungarians jammed the stands to watch Csik repeat his Olympic victory in a race against Fick. Peter gave him the walloping of his life.

Revenge was sweet.

It's a long way from driving a truck to being an international hero. But Peter Fick's hat is the same size as it ever was.

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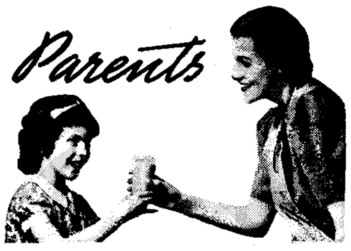

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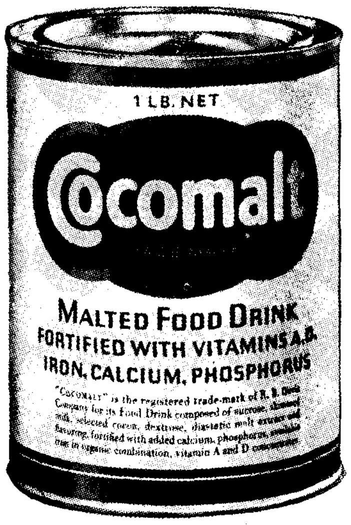

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Undertow

Continued from page 14

To go home by subway would be ridiculous. Only a taxi would suit this occasion. A taxi and then a movie. A movie, and a beer afterward. Maybe, just for fun, a lot of beers.

A line of taxis occupied the middle of the Boulevard Montmartre. Traffic was held up by a stop sign. Jean Dupont ran out after a cab. But he was not halfway across when the blare of a horn sent a chill through his veins. A car, passing the rank of motionless taxis, was coming straight at him. He tried to step back, slipped, fell to the ground. Two callous headlights bore down on him through the darkness.

"Hey!" cried Jean Dupont. And all at once, he felt an enormous weight crushing him, grinding into his shoulder. Then a black, deep silence. When he opened his eyes, he saw muddy shoes almost touching his face, and above, the heads of frightened strangers. He was afraid. A terrible pain ran through his body, and he lost consciousness.

Multiple fractures and contusions. "Two months in a plaster cast," the doctor said, adding: "A mere nothing."

TWO days after the accident, Jerome Cliche, who worked with Jean at the office, came to see him. He sat down at the bedside, with a serious and understanding look. "Poor old boy," he said. You could tell he was sincere.

As a matter of fact, Jean Dupont was a pitiful sight. He had so many bandages on his head that you couldn't see anything but a tiny square of boiled flesh, with the eyes, nose and lips all huddled together. His left arm was in a plaster cast. His hands were two packages of absorbent cotton, bristling with safety pins. His voice was solemn. "Yes," he said. "I'm kind of bunged up."

His friend shrugged his shoulders. "And you did it for a woman! What an idea!"

"What woman are you talking about?"

"Don't try to kid me. I'm talking about Denise."

"I don't get you."

"She drove you to it, didn't she?"

Jean Dupont uttered an anguished cry, as if another car had hit him square in the body: "You're absolutely crazy!"

"No, I'm not. Denise Paquet told me the whole story. Weren't you engaged to her?"

"Sure."

"Didn't you go see her the night of the accident?"

"Yes."

"Didn't she admit to you what everybody else knew already—that she was in love with somebody else?"

"Yes, she did."

"Well?" Cliche smiled triumphantly.

"So what?" Dupont asked.

"It's as plain as day. When you discovered your misfortune, you went outside and threw yourself under a car."

Jean Dupont made a gurgling noise. "You poor idiot," he groaned. "You forget that I'd been trying to get rid of her for nearly four months. Denise made things easier for me by taking the initiative. She did me a favor. She—"

"Funny you never said anything to me about being tired of her. . . ."

"That's because I'm a gentleman."

"That wouldn't have kept you from telling me."

"Listen, Cliche, you've got to believe me. On the night of the 7th of December, when I left Denise, I was as happy as a lark, as a drowning man brought back to life, as a—"

"So happy you went and threw yourself in front of a car?"

"But I didn't!" Dupont howled. "I slipped, I lost my balance, and that's all there is to it!"

Cliche smiled the deplorable smile of the man who wasn't born yesterday. "Very clever," he said. "It's a shame the witnesses don't agree with you. 'Obviously the action of a man driven to despair.' That's what they say."

Jean Dupont shook with rage. "You heel!" he muttered. "You heel! What about Denise? You saw her at the office. Did you ask her? Didn't she explain?"

"She said you were hypersensitive, and she made a mistake in not breaking the news to you more gently."

Sweat poured down Jean's face. He put his big snowman's hand to his chin and loosened the bandages. His breath came in short gasps. There was a drunken, demented look about him.

"Listen," he said finally. "I'm going to tell you something. I don't love Denise any more. Not only that—I detest her. She means nothing to me. You could hand her to me on a platter, and all I'd say would be: 'No, thanks. Not for me.' She's heavy, she's lumpy, she's colorless. Her teeth are bad. She walks like a duck. She doesn't know how to dress. She has hands like a child-strangler."

"Sour grapes!"

"Cliche," Jean Dupont groaned. "You keep this up and I'm going to hate you."

"If you hate me the way you hate Denise, I'll be all right," his visitor answered with a knowing look.

The sick man had closed his eyes, as though to rally all his energies for a supreme effort. "Cliche," he said finally, in a low voice, "I never want to see you again. Get out. And don't come back. It'll be better for you and better for me."

Cliche did not seem to be listening. With the kind indulgence of a nurse, he arranged the blankets. "There, there," he said, "you start moving around, you get uncovered, and the first thing you know you'll be catching cold. What a funny little fellow you are!"

"I forbid you to call me a funny little fellow."

"Did I tell you the boss, Malandrin, is coming to see you tonight?"

"I don't give a damn!" Dupont yelped. "I don't give a damn about anything!"

He raised himself on one elbow, but a sharp pain ran through his shoulder. He fell back on the pillow, an inert mass. He thought for a moment he was going to faint. Through a dizzy fog, he saw Cliche get up, put on his overcoat and the limp mushroom he called a hat. A neighboring clock struck one.

"I'll be late for my lunch," said Cliche, in a voice that seemed to come from afar, through a thick mist and a wild ringing of bells.

MR. MALANDRIN was a round little man who smelled like soap. His face was puffy with yellow fat, with a bulbous nose, and little black eyes like horseflies. "Well, my young friend," he said, sitting down near the patient, "you certainly upset the peaceful routine of our department!"

"Very nice of you to say so," said Jean Dupont.

"It's a fine thing to be so much in love that death means nothing to you."

"But I'm not in love, and death means a great deal to me."

"My friend," said Mr. Malandrin, "I am forty-seven years old. But I was young once myself. I might have done the same thing myself, if I were you. It's always the most sensible men who give way to the wildest passions."

Jean Dupont, although worn out by the morning's scene with Cliche, managed to protest in a feeble voice: "It was an accident. . . . It wasn't a suicide, Mr. Malandrin."

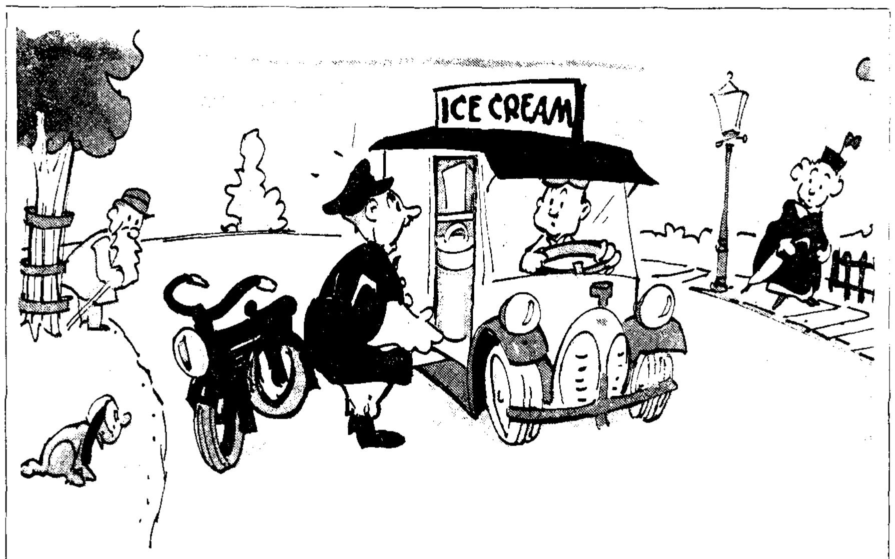
Mr. Malandrin smiled in a fatherly way. "You're a very decent chap," he said, "and your discretion is a credit to you. Let me tell you something. I've asked Mr. Mourgue to put you down for the first promotion."

"Thanks, Mr. Malandrin," Dupont stammered, "but I assure you . . ."

"Shake hands, Mr. Dupont. We are men. We understand each other." And Mr. Malandrin took in his plump fingers the enormous bandaged paw of the unfortunate Dupont.

WHEN he was alone again, Jean Dupont reflected on this last visit. At first, he had been revolted by the romantic interpretation everyone had given his accident. No doubt, Denise Paquet was preening herself over the thought that he had tried to commit suicide for her sake. She was probably enjoying her new role—the *femme fatale,* the vampire, the ruin of men.

He could see her covered with costume jewelry, her lips blood-red with lipstick, and her lashes loaded with mascara until her eyes looked like a couple of crumb brushes. It was too bad! And he, who no longer loved her, who had been trying to break with her



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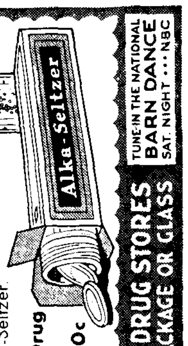

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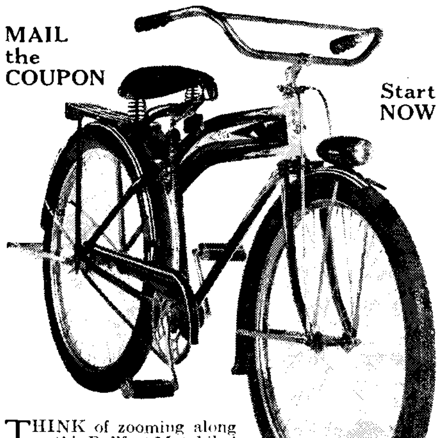

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long before she had any such intentions toward him, here he was relegated to the grotesque role of a cast-off lover! . . . In the eyes of their friends, he was the victim. That was what he could not bear. . . .

And yet, since his talk with Mr. Malandrin, Jean Dupont was not quite so sure of his resentment. As a matter of fact, it looked as though people sided with him. Right-thinking folk condemned the behavior of Denise and applauded his conduct. The mere thought that anybody could die for a woman was flattering to every woman, and to a few superior men. But that was the point . . . he really had not tried to kill himself for Denise. His reputation was as false as hers. He, too, was carrying on a deception. He no more deserved his friends' compliments than she did. Why couldn't they believe him?

Jean went through a terrible night. In a dream he saw the big wall mirror facing his bed. He went up to it, and looked at himself. He saw no one. Then, suddenly, his reflection appeared, but at that instant he himself ceased to exist. A terrible anguish shook him from head to foot.

THE next day, at noon, one of the stenographers in his department came to see him. She was a pretty girl, with curly hair, and a complexion as fresh as a window dummy's.

"It was wonderful, what you did," she said, blushing. "You must have been terribly in love."

Jean was in torture. He wanted to explain everything, but he did not have the courage. He turned his head away.

"If all men were only like you," she went on, obviously with somebody definite in mind. "Did you suffer dreadfully?"

Jean Dupont looked at her, as she anxiously awaited his reply. He could see she was afraid of being disappointed, and he took pity on her. He said: "It was very painful."

"Did you just suddenly decide to do it?"

"Yes . . . no . . . well . . . of course, you don't analyze your feelings at a time like that."

He fell silent, astounded and somewhat disgusted by his own lie. He felt ashamed of arousing admiration that he did not deserve.

"As long as there are men like you, love means something again."

Jean assumed a modest expression. "Let's not talk about it," he murmured.

As the days went on, the patient was visited by other colleagues. One and all declared their deep regard for his chivalrous attitude and for the intensity of his passions. He found in his mail heart-warming anonymous letters:

"I wish I could be loved the way you love. A BLONDE YOU DON'T KNOW."

Also a little poem:

"For her sake you tried to die,
Won't you try to live for mine?
No ungrateful girl am I . . .
Say the word, and I am thine!
"A STENOGRAPHER WHO APPRECIATES REAL LOVE."

Little by little, Jean Dupont found his own convictions yielding to the opinions of his friends. He tried to remember his state of mind the night he went to see Denise for the last time. He could not be positive. On the night of the accident, obviously, he no longer thought of Denise in the same exalted way as he had when they first fell in love. But surely his tenderness for her had remained unchanged. He must have suffered secretly when he lost out to an Austrian dentist. He had not been willing to admit it, even to himself. But, way down deep, there must have been a painful wound, a wound he hadn't got over.

When the car came at him, couldn't he have got out of the way in time? An unconscious reflex had kept him from doing so. Strictly speaking, of course, he had not thrown himself under the wheels. But if he hadn't got out of the way in time, it must have been because life meant very little to him.

"That's the truth," he thought, "the real truth."

When Jerome Cliche came back to see him, he asked: "Well, how's the morale?"

Jean answered: "Not so good, old man. Still the same." He inquired after Denise. Was she thinking about him? Was she coming to see him?

Jerome, very embarrassed, had to admit that Denise Paquet had not even asked how Jean was.

"She's as proud as I am," said Jean. "She doesn't want to give the impression she has any regrets."

When his friend left, Jean asked the housekeeper to bring him a certain shoebox in which he kept the letters and pictures of his sweetheart. He reread her long missives, and every phrase brought back a clear memory. He was deeply touched by the mere thought that in the old days she used to call him: "My Sunday bonbon," or "My heart's desire in spun sugar," or "My little furnace of love." . . .

He tried to remember how she was dressed that Saturday they went boating on the Marne. He set the photographs up against his knees and spent an hour examining all those smiling faces . . . every one Denise. Then he had the pictures fastened up on the wall, the pictures of "the woman he tried to die for." He was sad and disheartened. The office, meals, sleep and then the office once more . . . that was all he could look forward to. He wept softly.

Why didn't Denise come to see him? She was to blame for his accident. She knew that. Was she afraid of giving way to pity? Was she afraid their love would start up again? If she was afraid, it was because she still felt a weakness for him. If she did not come, she must still love him. She loved him!

He asked the housekeeper to write a letter for him:

"My own Denise:—

"I forgive you. I am waiting for you. Come— JEAN."

The following week was a terrible ordeal. He jumped nervously every time the doorbell rang. When one of his friends came in the room, he received him with a surly look, and hinted that anything but a very short stay would be too tiring for him. Presently his discouraged colleagues gave up coming to see him. For days on end, he was alone, wrapped in his delusions, talking to himself, weeping. The housekeeper began to be afraid of him, and declared that that creature had driven him out of his wits.

AFTER two months, the doctor said Jean could go outdoors for an hour's walk. On his first day up, he went to the apartment house where Denise lived. He had shaved carefully, put on a new suit, and flooded himself with perfume. He was not dissatisfied with the effect he made.

When he reached her apartment, on the fifth floor, his heart was beating so violently that he had to lean against the wall for a moment. "I'm going to see her, I'm going to see her!" he kept saying, "and everything will be just as it used to be!" At last he rang the bell. But there was no answer. He rang again. Once, twice, three times. After

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each ring, the silence within the apartment cast a chill over his heart. He hammered on the door.

"What do you want?" somebody howled from downstairs.

Jean leaned over the staircase and saw the concierge on his way up.

"Mlle. Denise Paquet, please."

"She moved out three weeks ago."

"Three weeks ago?"

"Sure. After she got married."

Jean felt his legs turn into flannel and his head began to hum. Somehow, he went down the steps one by one and out into the street. For almost two hours he wandered aimlessly in the neighborhood, his head in a whirl, but very calm in spite of his misery. A strange life had opened before him, a life that bore no resemblance to his former existence. He looked at the people hurrying past him, was struck with a kind o wonder at the idea that the world coulc go on without him.

He came to the Boulevard Montmartre. It was raining. The electric signs scattered their brilliant fire ove the glistening pavement. Jean Dupon remembered the day of the accident This was just where it happened. He had taken one step forward, two steps . . .

He lifted his eyes toward the dark evening sky, streaked with mauve. Then he looked at the gutter, strewn with dead and rotting leaves. A car was coming toward him, close to the curb. Jean Dupont pulled his head between his shoulders, hugged his elbows to his body, and when the car was within two yards of him, let himself fall under the wheels.

Business Woman

Continued from page 23

pretend to take that quite seriously. What is important is the fact that this little gal has drawn something like $3,000,000 through the turnstiles of theaters and fairs during the past six years, which makes her one of the best drawing cards in show business. She has been the supreme attraction at the Chicago, the San Diego and the Fort Worth fairs —and today she does capacity business at the San Francisco Exposition without even appearing. Only Sophie Tucker and Harry Richman rank with her as night-club draws, and no one comes close to her drawing power in the vaudeville and picture houses of our land. And seven years ago she was sleeping on park benches in New York.

The metamorphosis from shabby, undernourished, out-of-work chorus girl to wealthy business woman is one well worth studying. She did it by outsmarting theater and fair owners, and by a genius for publicizing herself. Here's her story.

When she was a kid an influenza epidemic hit Kansas City and the schools were closed for several months. Sally, who was then Helen Gould Beck, and eleven, found time hanging heavily on her hands, so she got herself a job trimming hats. When she was thirteen she was working as a cigarette girl in the Old Green Mill Café in Kansas City, and a year later she became a member of the Empress Theater Stock Company.

"Even as a kid I was more interested in what created the illusion than in the illusion itself," Sally remembers. "I'd watch them paint the scenery down in the cellar and I learned about perspective and color. I'd watch them experiment with lighting and I'd ask the electricians a thousand questions. I was learning to dance, but I was learning the technical end of the theater, too."

Eventually Gus Edwards came to town with his troupe of kid actors, and when he left, Sally went along. For several years she played vaudeville, and of course, eventually wound up in Hollywood. She haunted the studios and played extra parts and modeled on the side. Then she was a stock player with De Mille, which meant that she had a steady job and a check coming in every week.

"When silent pictures died," Sally says now, "I thought I'd better get myself wired for sound. I got a few dancers and a comedy act together and we toured the West Coast. We did well, too, and I made plenty of money. I made so much that I thought I'd take a year off, go to school and learn something. My ultimate goal was the legitimate theater."

It was a good idea for any year except 1929. Sally went to New York, put herself on a budget of $400 a month, and signed up for a flock of Columbia University extension courses. English, public speaking, typewriting, drama—these were the things she thought she needed. Then one day the basket that held all her eggs fell with a dull thump. That is, her bank failed and she found that she didn't have a cent—literally.

The depression was on and the brisk sound of theater doors closing rang through the land. For a time she was in the chorus of the Capitol Theater in New York, and now and then she'd get a brief night-club job. Between engagements she took in hats to trim and she modeled. Things went from bad to worse, and there was one period when she didn't have a place to sleep.

Sally Figures It Out

Sally's voice was a little bitter and a little hard as she said, "I'd dream of the time when I'd be rich and could live decently. Then I'd wake up and find myself on a park bench. It wasn't fun. But I had exalted ideas about the theater. I'd suffer anything to get on the legitimate stage. And finally what I thought was my chance came along."

A Chicago newspaperman had written a play called The World Between, and Sally heard that they were casting it. She was given an audition and won the ingénue part. Sally was blond, and her eyes were big and blue and she looked even younger than she was. She was all right for the part—but the part didn't live long. The play opened in Chicago and the notices went up the same night. It wasn't a very good play.

Now instead of starving in New York she was starving in Chicago. It hurt just as much. Sally sat down to figure things out. She knew that she could dance pretty well, and she knew that she was smart. Those two attributes should add up to something commercial, she thought. But how? How about some kind of dance that would lift them right out of their melancholia?

When Sally was a kid she used to get a great kick out of watching birds in flight—large birds that swooped down gracefully and then arose apparently without effort. Now and then their wings moved. Sally worked on a dance that would suggest a large bird in flight. She hit on the idea of two huge fans that would simulate the wings of the bird. Two circles and a straight line—that's what she'd be. A bird's body in flight is a straight line and its two wings move in what looks like a circle.

"I tried it in front of mirrors," Sally

says, "and it lacked something. I held onto my idea of two circles and a straight line, and then I suddenly realized that I didn't have the straight line. The clothes I wore interfered with and destroyed the pattern. So I tried the dance without clothes and it seemed just right.

"No one believes it, but my dancing without clothes was a sheer accident. I did it by eliminating everything else; nothing else worked just right. Oh, I wasn't naïve enough to think that the dance would go unnoticed. I knew that it might be sensational, but I never thought it would attract as much attention as it did."

She used a heavy, dull white body make-up, and blue-tinted spotlights brought out high lights and shadows, much as clever lighting enhances the beauty of a piece of sculpture. The owner of the Paramount Club gave her a chance and $100 a week. She didn't cause much excitement at first. The World's Fair was on the way and people were more interested in that than in an obscure dancer.

Sally studied the make-up of the Fair and decided that it lacked something. It was going to be beautiful but not exciting. There was no big attraction the people would feel they just *had* to see. Owners of Fair concessions occasionally came to the Paramount, and Sally contrived to meet them and sell herself to them. Finally she got what she wanted.

The Hit of the Fair

She was signed up for $125 a week at the Fair. Sally was shrewd. She knew that she'd have to throw a bombshell into the public that opening night. She conceived the idea of riding through the Streets of Paris on a white horse, à la Lady Godiva. She rented herself a white horse, but they wouldn't let her in the gates at the Fair. Undaunted, she hired a boat, put herself and horse upon it and rode around the gates to land at a pier within the fairgrounds. And as she rode around the Streets of Paris hidden—half hidden—by long golden hair, she was laying the basis for at least a million dollars. The Fair's opening was dull; half the attractions weren't ready. There was nothing for the boys to write about but Sally. All over the country papers carried the story. She was the hit of the Fair—and she was getting $125 a week.

The Fair killed attendance at the local theaters. The Chicago Theater offered Sally $500 a week to appear. She didn't have fifty dollars in the bank, but she held out for a thousand. They finally agreed to the thousand if she'd give them a two-weeks option. She laughed at them, inwardly quaking that they'd turn her down. Finally, they agreed. Five shows a day at one thousand dollars for one week. The first week she drew 73,000 people, which ranks with anyone's all-time theatrical record. The second week she asked for and got $2,000. The third week she received $3,000.

Sally was off and she hasn't been headed since. When the Fair closed for the winter she made a picture ($20,000) and she made a tour ($50,000). The Fair reopened, and Sally was not asked. They didn't think she could pack 'em in again.

"I just waited," Sally says. "I knew that someone would get hungry and need a sure-fire attraction."

Finally the Italian Village at the Fair called her, and she went. "I insisted upon having a big show with 24 dancers and 16 show girls," Sally tells it.

Seventeen per cent of all Fair visitors went to see Sally. The gross was enormous and Sally, in five months, averaged something like $12,000 a week. She was doubling up at theaters and still playing at the small night club where she got her start.

"I still got only $100 a week from that," she said, "but the owner helped me when I needed it and I wanted to pay him back."

The Chicago Fair ended and she went back on tour. Then came the San Diego Fair, and she introduced her Nude Ranch. She stole that show and then wowed 'em at Fort Worth. Once more she went on tour to make the most remarkable gate record ever made by a performer.

Good for Everybody

First of all she found out what the usual receipts were at every theater where she was to play. She found out what the weekly expenses amounted to. Then she'd do business with the management. Always she'd demand a comparatively small guarantee, which delighted the manager. Then she'd want fifty per cent of the gross over a certain amount. The manager liked this too, because he didn't know that Sally was red hot and was drawing bigger crowds than anyone in the business.

Sally made a 79-day tour and she grossed $291,790. She didn't play one big city. She played spots such as Oil City, Pennsylvania; Harlingen, Texas; Ambridge, Pennsylvania; Fairmont, West Virginia—and in virtually every place she broke house records. She gambled upon her drawing power and won.

"I work hard," Sally says. "I want plenty of money and I'll work for it."

Then came the San Francisco Fair. Sally appeared in town several weeks before the Fair opened. She knew that she wasn't very hot in San Francisco. She went to George Riccumi, whose Music Box hadn't been filled in years. She wanted to be known and she was willing to gamble. Once more she won. San Francisco went for her just as Oil City, Pennsylvania; Harlingen, Texas. She bought a concession at the Fair, putting up most of the money herself.

"Funny, but no one wanted any part of it," Sally says. "I offered a percentage of it to lots of people and they all shied away from it. They didn't think my ranch would go. So I put up most of the money myself."

She designed a building that she wanted. She hired forty girls at $30 a week. She "dreamed up" a routine for them. The initial cost was $21,000. Sally got that back within two weeks, and San Francisco financiers are still kicking themselves for not knowing a good investment when they saw one.

One out of every five people who visits the Fair pays to see Sally's girls. It is the biggest attraction that the Fair has.

Sally isn't in the show herself. Later on she's going to open a night club on Treasure Island, and one shudders to think of the income tax she'll pay next year. Only seven years ago she was sleeping on park benches in New York. She had nothing but her dreams. Today her dreams have all come true. Night-club audiences watching her go through her fan or bubble dance think that she sells her talents as an original and unclothed dancer. Actually she sells one of the most astute and clever brains ever to hide behind big blue eyes and golden hair.

I had lunch with her at her apartment, and she served a very delicious orange salad.

"I own a ranch in southern California, and my mother lives there," Sally said. "These oranges came from the ranch."

"I'll bet five to one the ranch pays for itself," I suggested.

Sally smiled with contentment. "Oh yes, the ranch pays for itself—in fact it does a little better than that."

That's Sally Rand—Business Woman.

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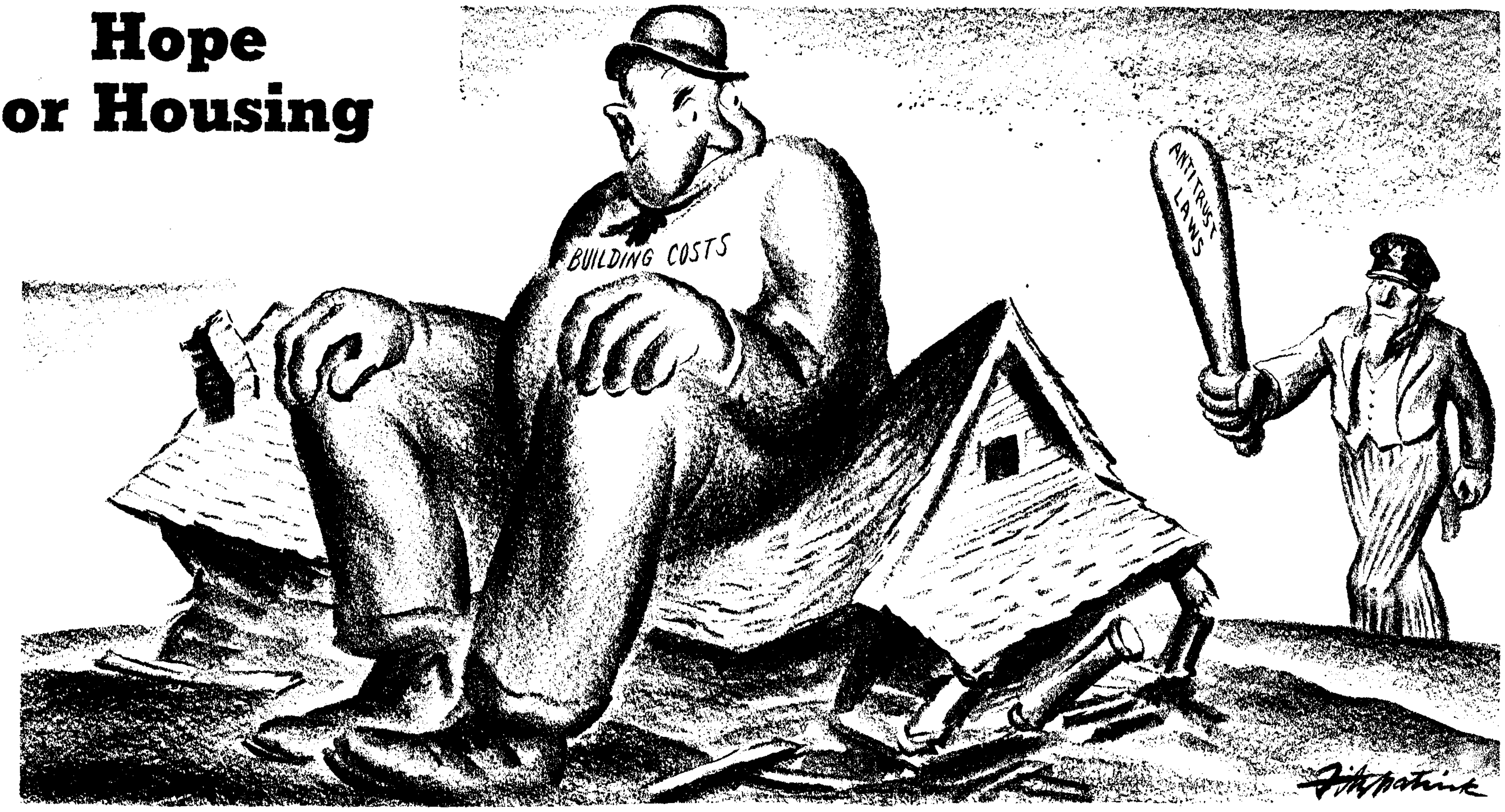
Hope for Housing



AFTER a good deal of foozling around, the Senate's O'Mahoney-Thurman Arnold antimonopoly committee seems to have tackled a real problem and to be going about it in the right way.

We refer to the committee's plans for a nonvindictive probe into various building trades monopolies, to be followed if necessary by friendly, fact-finding, helpful lawsuits. (Yes, there can be such lawsuits.)

As pointed out by John T. Flynn in his recent Collier's article "Why Rent is High," the building industry is in a mess that can be conservatively described as terrific. We are short 2,000,000 dwellings, more or less. Many a man who would like to buy a home listens to the sad experiences of friends who have taken the plunge and then decides to go on renting for a while longer. Miseries beset the home builder from the time the foundations are mapped out to the time the last lick of paint is applied.

Materials men conspire to keep prices up, or to keep newer, better and cheaper materials off the market. Contractors play along with the materials men. Building trades unions keep their hourly wage rates almost prohibitively high, and their work methods almost semi-medieval.

Result: The nation is down to less than one half as much building as it carried on in 1928—and the government is guaranteeing more than one half of that half.

Nobody, apparently, is to blame. The situation just grew. And nobody, apparently, except the federal government, can break it up so that normal and needed residence and business building can be resumed. The building industry's assorted elements have come to a point where they remind you of six or eight characters at the climax of an old-time horse opera, all covering one another with horse pistols and every one of them afraid either to shoot or to lower his gun.

The antimonopoly committee hopes to learn and list each faction's real troubles, figure out what can be done to ease them, and then knock the boys' heads together in firm but friendly fashion, and so put the private building industry, as a whole, back on a stable basis.

It will be a huge task. We don't know whether the committee can swing it. We earnestly hope it can. If the committee does succeed, it will at least start the nation on the road to adequate housing, and it may touch off a long and economically justified boom in building and all the industries that contribute to building.

Nothing to Worry About

THROUGHOUT the summer pother that started when the American Youth Congress almost blew up over the resolution condemning all forms of dictatorships, we've found it easier to get excited about other things.

It seems established that boys and girls with Red ideas do most of the steering and recruiting in the Youth Congress, which is a conglomeration of some sixty-three organizations of college and noncollege young people. But does that indicate, as some excited people suppose, that American youth is going Communist?

We think it indicates the opposite.

As we see it, the time will have come to worry about American youth going Communist when the American Youth Congress begins to whoop it up for democracy, and when Red ideas take serious root among the Alpha Delts, the Betas, the Dekes, the Kappa Alpha Thetas, the Kappa Kappa Gammas, the SAE's, the DeMolays, the younger Knights of Columbus, etc.

Those are the youth organizations that enlist the really big memberships, or the aggressive and success-minded young people, or both.

As for the American Youth Congress and the strange groups that it claims as its component parts—when this writer was in college the campuses all over the country were as cluttered up with long-hair, bucktooth, beetle-brow and piercing-eye organizations as they are now. Always, in this breezy country, the rule is that not a crackpot idea can be hatched anywhere but that organizations to push it will spring to life in the colleges.

But the further rule during this reporter's time in college was that only a handful of fanatics among the students ever joined these groups. To the overwhelming majority of their fellow students who didn't join, these students were known as The Boobs.

We are reliably advised that the situation has changed since those days in only one respect—namely, that the boob groups in the colleges today are known to their fellow students by various much more uncomplimentary and derisive names, which you can discover for yourself if you are interested enough.

We gather that the same is true of the noncollegiate part of American youth.

It follows that the American Youth Congress is no more a mouthpiece for American youth in general than were the student pacifist handfuls of the war days, the Anti-Saloon's dummy young people's dry clubs during prohibition, or the college technocracy lodges.

Heavily red-streaked though the American Youth Congress is, we think it represents only the eternal boob minority among American youth; and if you don't mind we'll look around for something else to deplore.

There are 3 ways to go to the "Fair"—*or anywhere*—by car

6M 9249
5Y69·14

THIS MONDAY NIGHT... Tune in **"Tune-up Time."** Columbia Broadcasting System, 7 P.M., E.S.T.; 6 P.M., C.S.T.—9 P.M., M.S.T.; 8 P.M., P.S.T.

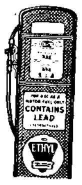
WHETHER you drive East or West, take the long route or the short, cover hundreds of miles a day or take it easy, *you have a choice of three grades of car performance on the way.* Here's why:

Under the hood of your car is a device that is almost as important as your gearshift or throttle. It's the spark adjustment that controls *engine* performance.

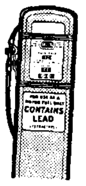
When your motor service man tunes-up your motor . . . a smart thing to have done before a long trip . . . the closer he can advance the spark to the point of maximum power, the more power and mileage you will get.

But he cannot advance the spark any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline in your tank permits. If he does, a "knock" or "ping" will develop that will *lose* power and economy.

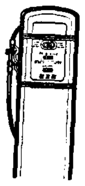
That's why the better the gasoline you use, the better your engine's performance—as shown at the left.



BEST PERFORMANCE—with gasoline marked "Ethyl." It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power without "knock" or "ping."



GOOD PERFORMANCE—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "ping." Most "regular" gasolines now contain tetraethyl lead to improve anti-knock quality, as shown by "Lead" signs on the pumps.



POOR PERFORMANCE—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern high-compression car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

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By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

Here are the facts about cigarettes recently confirmed through scientific laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Yes, those choicer tobaccos for which Camel pays millions more *do* make a difference! Camels are the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

"With a cigarette as good as Camel, it's swell to get those extra puffs!"

SAYS LLOYD CHILD,
FAMOUS POWER-DIVE TEST PILOT

LLOYD CHILD at Buffalo Airport, scene of his recent world record power-dive—more than 575 m.p.h. in the Curtiss Hawk 75-A—pauses to give his slant on cigarettes: "I've smoked Camels for about fifteen years. I knew that they were the long-burning cigarette. That means more smoking for my money. On a pack of twenty, as those scientific reports show, it's like getting five extra smokes per pack. It's the *right kind* of smoking, too—mild and swell, cooler, non-irritating, better for my kind of steady, day-after-day smoking." Don't *you* miss the fun of smoking Camels. Enjoy their matchless blend of choice tobaccos... while enjoying the economy of that long-burning feature that makes Camels "penny for penny your best cigarette buy."

MORE PLEASURE
PER PUFF—

MORE PUFFS
PER PACK—

**Penny for penny
your best
cigarette buy**

—the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos

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Winston-Salem, North Carolina